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[COLT, LORAIN, SECURES HIS LEGACY.]

BELLE OF THE SEASON.

By W. E. CHADWICK.

CHAPTER XII.

My grief lies all within,
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence to the tortured soul.

Richard III.

For some moments, Walter remained overwhelmed with despair at the sudden blasting of the hopes he had so suddenly conceived, and entirely forgetful that the cause of his anguish had not departed. He was at length aroused to a consciousness of the fact by a dolorous sigh from Loraine—a sigh so deep that it seemed to come from the profoundest depths of his being.

Looking up, Walter beheld his visitor still standing near him, and regarding him with a tearful but benignant visage.

"Don't cry, Walter," said Loraine, soothingly. "May be, she'll come back again. If don't, let her go! Women great trouble, Walter. You're well rid of her. What want of wife? Live jolly bachelor 'xistence like I do."

The young artist struggled to repress his grief, as something too sacred for any eyes to behold, and he soon managed to say, calmly:

"Sit down, father. I have much to say to you!"

"Don't scold me, Walter!" cried Loraine, entreatingly. "Don't be cross to poor old father! Didn't mean do nothin'. You won't be ha'sh, Walter?"

"I am not going to scold you, father," replied Walter, with a gentleness that might have resulted from utter weariness and hopelessness. "I shall not be harsh with you."

"Ah! you won't be mad at me, Walter?"—
"No, I shall not be angry with you," responded the artist. "Perhaps," he added, sadly, "I ought to thank you for coming when you did—you probably having saved me from the humiliation of a refusal. At any

rate, you aroused me to a timely recollection of the difference between our ranks of life!"

"You're real good not got mad, Wal'er!" exclaimed Loraine, tearfully, as he extended his hand. "Think good deal of you—as much as it's my own father! Do really! Never'll forget kindness, Wal'er, if live thousand years. Received me with open arms, when 'turned Australia—never flung second wife in my face—and now treat me like a brother!"

Overcome by his emotions, Loraine sank into a chair, and sobbed aloud.

Although he was under the influence of liquor, it was easy to see that the man was not utterly bad, indeed that he was really good-hearted, although he had many terrible faults, not the least of which was his utter lack of principle.

It was this very good-heartedness that had ruined him—he having never been able to resist a temptation, or deny a friend who presented one.

"Calm yourself, father," said Walter, kindly. "I wish to talk to you about—about mother!"

"That's right, Wal'er. Came on purpose to hear what old woman had to say. Concluded time you had answer to letter—telling I was 'live. Old lady mad on 'count of second wife, Wal'er? Might kept that yourself!"

Walter hesitated a moment, desiring to break the news of Mrs. Loraine's death as gently as possible, and he finally said:

"You had hardly left me the other day when I received a telegram from Martha Williams, our old neighbour, stating that mother was very ill. I started homewards at once, but on my arrival at Rosenbury found that she had just died!"

"Dead!" repeated Loraine, somewhat sobered by the intelligence. "Old woman dead! Possible? Was she sick long?"

"Only three or four days," replied Walter, anxiously.

Loraine was thoughtful a moment, and then he said:

"Was she 'digious Wal'er?"

"No. She retained her consciousness to the last."

"Who—who was with her when she died?"

"Lord Rosenbury!"

"Lord Rosenbury! Possible? Can it be—" Loraine suddenly checked himself and glanced at Walter. "How came his lordship to be with her? Looks odd! What he want with her?"

"When the physician told mother that her hours were numbered," replied Walter, "she became very much agitated, and declared that she must see Lady Rosenbury, or Lord Rosenbury, or me, without delay. Martha Williams telegraphed to me, but it became evident that mother could not live until I should arrive. She then sent for Lady Rosenbury and her son, imploring them not to deny her last request, as she had a communication of great importance to make to them."

"Communication?" faltered Loraine, his face blanching and his manner becoming nervous and uneasy. "What did la'ship do?"

"Her ladyship was absent on a visit, and word could not have been got to her in time. Lord Rosenbury, however, was kind enough to go to mother, and he was with her when she died!"

"Any one else present?" questioned Loraine, anxiously.

"No one but Lord Rosenbury!"

"How long she live after he went to see her?"

"Over an hour, Martha Williams said."

"Then—then she made the communication?"

"Oh, yes."

Loraine became paler, and he bent forward, with a keen, scrutinizing glance at Walter.

"Have you any—any idea of what the communication was?" he asked.

"Certainly," responded Walter, with considerable surprise at Loraine's strange manner.

"You have?" cried Loraine, springing from his chair.

"Of course. Lord Rosenbury was still at the cottage when I arrived, and he told me all my mother wanted of him!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Loraine, in an incredulous tone. "What was the communication?"

"It was simply to commend me to Lady Rosenbury and her son. My poor mother fancied that Lord Rosenbury's friendship might be of use to me in my career!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Lorraine, in a tone expressive of great relief. "He's a deep one—is Lord Rosenbury! I mean that he'll be a good friend to you, Walter. So, he told you all about it, did he?"

"Oh, yes. And he kept his promise well, endeavouring to comfort me and console me under my great sorrow! I know I ought to feel grateful towards him for his great kindness to me, and yet I can't help thinking it singular that he should so suddenly take such extraordinary interest in me!"

"How extraordinary?"

"Why, he wanted me to become intimate with him, and after the funeral, yesterday, he came to me and seemed to want to get me out of the country. At least, it seemed so to me. He tried to induce me to travel, to live in Paris, to go to Egypt and Palestine to paint pictures, and offered me a thousand pounds a year if I would go!"

"Coarse you 'cepted?"

"No, I refused. I have money enough, father, and I like my country too well to leave it. Besides, I can sell all the pictures I can paint, without going to the East for subjects!"

Lorraine looked thoughtful and troubled.

He looked at Walter furtively from under his brows, as if he would read the very thoughts of the young artist.

"I see nothin' extraordinary in his offers," he said, after a pause. "He feels kindly towards you, Walter, 'cause your mother was his nurse. Natural 'nough. You're foolish you don't go!"

Walter shook his head.

"Well, well, take your own way, Walter! I've vied you. Do as like. Nothin' to me. Is my lud in Lunnun now?"

"Yes, he returned when I did yesterday. He remained at Rosenbury to attend to mother's funeral, a kindness which I feel deeply!"

A strange expression flitted over Lorraine's face at this remark.

Walter was silent a few moments, during which his visitor regarded him narrowly, and then he said:

"You don't seem as shocked, father, as I had expected you would be, on hearing of mother's death!"

"Oh, I'm man the world, Walter—man the world! No use bein' sentimental, or makin' fuss! If I loved the old woman, should stuck to her! Shouldn't married 'gint! Too old for makin' fuss over her! S'pose she left a little sun'thin', eh?"

Walter restrained the disgust he felt at this question, and the worldly-mindedness of which it was the expression, and answered:

"Yes, she had a few things to leave. I will tell you what disposition I have made of them: The cottage was well furnished—nearly as well as these chambers, and at my expense. I therefore had the furniture boxed up and stored in a neighbour's house!"

"Very well. S'pose you had a right to, since you gave the things to her!" remarked Lorraine, disconcertedly. "And her clothes?"

"Those I presented to the same neighbour, Martha Williams. She had been my mother's untiring and faithful nurse in her illness, and her nearest friend always. It was therefore fitting that they should go to her!"

"But the china, Walter, as Lady Rosenbury gave her, and the silver spoons as her 'ship also presented her?"

"Those I shall keep!" returned Walter. "They are of little value peculiarly, but to me of great importance, on account of the associations connected with them."

"And there ain't nothin' for me, Walter?"

"Yes, father," said Walter, going to his desk. "My mother, during her life, saved every penny she could for me. But Lord Rosenbury, having so kindly cared for me, I had no longer need of her savings. She declared on her death-bed that she believed you to be alive, and that you would sometime return to England. In such an event, she desired her money to go to you. Here it is!"

He drew a bag containing the savings of the late Mrs. Lorraine from his desk, and handed it to his visitor.

Lorraine took it with some emotion.

"Who'd given the old lady credit for s'much 'gracuity?" he observed, plunging his hand into the bag. "I didn't serve her, Walter. She was too good for me. How much money think there is here?"

"About three hundred pounds."

"Possible? Where could the old lady get so much? She must ha' scrippled herself a good deal. What 'fectionate creature women are! Minds me what poet says bout 'em—how woman 'll stick closer to you than—than—that's it, ain't it? You get the meanin'?"

Having assured himself that Walter was not mistaken in the amount contained in the bag, Lorraine said his treasure on his knees, and wept.

"I never served her, Walter," he sobbed. "Realise now what brute I was! Wish I'd done different!"

Broke her heart—know I did! Give anything if she'd forgiven me!"

"She did forgive you—I know she did!" said Walter, touched at Lorraine's distress. "She mourned deeply and sincerely over your supposed death, and she forgot all your faults!"

"Poor thing! Wish could have seen her 'fore she died! If ever marry 'gain, 'll treat wife better!"

With this resolution, Lorraine wiped his eyes, and regained his composure.

"Taint everybody, Walter," he resumed, after a pause, "as would be so honorable as you. 'Most men would a kept this ere money. But you're chip old block, Walter. Honour runs in your blood—I mean—that is—your mother was a good woman, Walter, if I ain't! Yes, if I ain't! Don't think I shall forget your kindness, Walter! Colte Lorraine ain't the f'ta to do that! Never forget a kindness or an injury—never! Remember that!"

His tones showed that he was in earnest.

In fact, Colte Lorraine had been distinguished in his youth and early manhood—until his departure for Australia—for an Indian-like devotion to those who served him, and an Indian-like hatred towards those who injured him. The latter characteristics had often brought him into serious difficulties, which the law had been called upon to settle.

"You must have considerable money now?" said the artist. "With what I gave you the other day, and with this legacy, you might get into a little business, and gain a comfortable income!"

"Yes, but I haven't got what you gave me th' other day, Walter. It's 'bout gone!"

"About gone? Have you lost any of it?"

"Not exactly," replied Lorraine. "But livin's 'sensitive—things cost, Walter."

"Very true, but how could you use so much money in so short a time?"

"This the way of it," answered Lorraine, somewhat reluctantly. "I went to a tavern, an' gave out I was 'turned Australian. All took for granted I was rich. B'lieve said made my pile—some such light remark. Thought I was 'centric, on account of clothes. Then showed money you gave me, an' somehow everybody wanted to be treated, and bills were bigger 'n ought to be, an' servants hung 'bout for money, an' finally a f'ta took me gambler's house, an' there lost 'bout all! Had good drinks there, though!"

Walter comprehended the case.

After a moment's thought, he said:

"You had better change your residence, and the sooner the better. How would you like me to set you up in a neat little business?"

"No. No need work," responded Lorraine, with a grand air. "Can live without work. Don't like be tied to shop. Prefer walk 'bout. Like be man 'bout town, you know!"

"But you cannot be that," said the artist, kindly but firmly. "It is true that I have a very good income, of which I do not use the whole. It is true also that I get good prices for my pictures, which cost me months of labour. But how often can I give you fifty pounds at once without feeling its loss? You therefore have need of economy, or to do something for your own support. Of course, while I live I will care for you—"

"Thank you, Walter," interrupted Lorraine, extending his hand. "Shan't forget kindness to me. But I have private means—sun'thin' fall back on—sort of private bank, you know. I know where can get lots money for askin'. Shan't take any more from you. 'Twouldn't be fair. Know somebody's got a better right s'port me than you have!"

"I don't understand you!" said the artist, quite puzzled.

"All right. Don't want you to," responded Lorraine, mysteriously. "But really couldn't take shop, you know."

Walter dismissed Lorraine's words as idle boasting, and remarked:

"You will, of course, allow me to recommend to you apartments better suited to your means than your present hotel? When I first came to London, I lodged in Kensington at a very neat house, where you will feel perfectly at home and not be in any danger of being cheated!"

"Jes' suit me, Walter!"

"Then I'll give you the address and a letter to the person who keeps the house. I know her rooms are vacant, and it will not be necessary for me to go with you!"

He wrote the promised note, and gave it to his visitor, who was profuse in the expression of his thanks. Walter then gave him a little good advice, and Lorraine soon after arose, saying:

"Must go, Walter—I'll probably be in see you 'fore long. Come in the evenin' when don't hav' company. Sure you ain't mad me, Walter, on 'count of girl?"

Walter nodded.

"Shan't forget kin'ness, Walter, as said 'fore. Good-by. Good-by, my son!"

He extended his hand again, then gathered up his bag of money, securing it on his person, and took his departure with many expressions of affection.

When he had gone, the artist flung himself back on the lounge on which he had been sitting and covered his face with his hands.

Although he had been so patient with Lorraine, so kind and gentle to him, he could of course neither love nor respect him as a father.

"It is hard to call that man father!" he thought, with a pang of anguish. "I could almost wish he had really died in Australia! Then, perhaps, I might have been happy! Then, perhaps, the Lady Geraldine had not scorned me, as she now does! Oh, this is terrible! It seems as though my heart would burst with its emotions!"

He arose and paced to and fro, his pale, set countenance looking ghastly by contrast with his gay cap and gown.

"My picture is finished," he said, at length, "and I am free. I have nothing to detain me in London. I will go somewhere and hide until I have conquered my grief, or until I can conceal it skillfully. Perhaps the sea-coast would be best for me, where I can work at a marine picture, and have for companionship the screaming sea-gulls and the moaning waves. Yes, I will go to-morrow! I will write a note to Lady Rosenbury, explaining the scene of to-day, but I can not see even her!"

He went to his desk, busying himself with a letter to her ladyship, and when he had finished it, he touched a bell near him.

Parkin immediately made his appearance.

"You are to post this letter, Parkin," said the artist, indicating it. "I wish you also to purchase a little tape and the necessary appurtenances, as we start to-morrow morning for the sea-coast, where I shall begin a picture. As soon as you have made the necessary purchases, you are to pick up paints, brushes, clothes, everything we shall need!"

"Yes, sir," said Parkin, betraying no astonishment, his master having made out or two such trips before: "shall I purchase some provisions, sir?"

"As you like, Parkin—anything you want," replied his young master, wearily. "You need not trouble me with anything."

He handed his valet a handful of gold, and Parkin departed, greatly pleased at the proposed change of scene.

The strange pallor, that had momentarily fled from the artist's face, then returned, and he resumed his reclining position and endeavoured to school his tortured soul into calmness and fortitude.

But the effort cost him a pang almost like that which parts the soul from the body!

CHAPTER XIII.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;

And in his simple show he harbours treason.

Shakespeare.

HOURS passed, and when his valet returned from fulfilling all his commissions, Walter still lay upon his lounge with shaded brows. Parkin, believing his young master to be affected with a headache, moved about with noiseless step, drawing the curtain to the sky-light and closing the blinds to the front window, so that the studio was bathed in a dim twilight. He then retired to the ante-room, drew from a small cupboard a spirit lamp and a tiny copper tea-kettle, and proceeded to prepare a cup of tea. An inland caddy supplied the principal ingredient, and he soon filled a large porcelain cup with the fragrant beverage, which he carried to the artist.

"Go away, Parkin," said Walter, wearily. "I don't want to be disturbed!"

"But, sir," pleaded the faithful fellow, who was devotedly attached to his master, "you won't be able to go to-morrow, if you don't do something for your headache. Please drink this tea, sir!"

Walter yielded to his valet's importunities and drank the contents of the cup.

"Thank you, Parkin," he then said. "Have you made all the preparations for our journey?"

"I have made all the purchases, sir, but I haven't done my packing yet."

"That you can do this evening. Ah! it is getting late. You may light up, Parkin!"

The valet removed the cup, and hastened to light the gas-jets, placing shades over them that the glare might not annoy his young master, and then he quietly retreated to the ante-chamber.

Walter had relapsed into his previous quietude when he was disturbed by the entrance of Lord Rosenbury.

"Excuse me, Walter, for my intrusion," said his visitor, coming forward. "Your valet tried to keep me out—told me you had a headache, and could see no one—but I assured him that I was your best friend, and entered despite his remonstrances. Are you ill?"

"Oh, no," replied Walter, arising. "I have a headache, but I am in no need of a physician. Be seated, my lord."

"I'll just take a look at your pictures first, Walter," responded Rosenberg. "Lie down again, and don't stand on ceremony with me!"

Walter resumed his seat, and his visitor proceeded to make a tour of the studio, expressing the utmost admiration for the works of the artist.

Lord Rosenberg's visit to Walter was not without an object.

The consciousness of how deeply he was wronging him had inspired him with a sudden dislike to him, and he would gladly have removed him for ever from his path, could such a thing be accomplished without actual crime.

His disappointment was therefore intense when the artist refused to accept his offer and go abroad.

In listening to the conversation between Lady Rosenberg and Walter, he had been further annoyed and troubled. Her ladyship's private fortune was very large, and her proposed disposition of it galled him to the quick.

But the facts which appeared to him the most menacing of all were the affection her ladyship had expressed for the artist, and her sudden recognition of the resemblance between him and the late Lord Rosenberg.

When he recollected this, and the fact of his own likeness to the late Mrs. Lorraine, he grew anxious.

"Something must be done to check the friendship between her ladyship and Walter!" he had said again and again to himself, when brooding over the subject. "If they could only be estranged from each other, I should be safe!"

It was singular that while he was ignorant of the relationship existing between the two, he had viewed their friendship with indifference, but now that the secret was known to him, their every word or glance of affection towards each other struck a pang of alarm to his heart!

But how could he estrange them?
He might speak falsely to each about the other, but the probabilities were that neither would believe him, and that his baseness would be revealed.

It was vain to hope that Walter would leave the country.

But one course presented itself to Rosenberg, and that was to render Walter unworthy of her ladyship's affection!

He thought earnestly of every plan by which he might corrupt him, and had finally decided upon a course of action.

He knew that the artist had been so absorbed in his profession that he had seen little of what is popularly termed "life," and he imagined that, once plunged into a whirl of gaiety and vice, he would not pause in his downward career until he had reached the lowest level.

It was with this errand that he had now called upon Walter.

It was singular with what facility Rosenberg had conceived and arranged in his own mind every detail of his wicked plan. It had seemed more natural and easy to him than the eavesdropping of the previous day, venal as that act was in comparison. In fact, since the barriers of his virtue had been thrown down, Rosenberg was fast losing sight of all distinctions between right and wrong.

As he now walked about the studio, indulging in rapturous praises of Walter's pictures, he was preparing himself for the evil work he had planned.

"You shouldn't shut yourself up this way for a headache, Walter," he observed, taking a seat. "You are simply spoiling yourself. You should rush into the open air and throw off your lassitude!"

"That seems like good advice, my lord," responded Walter, "but it hardly suits me. When I have a headache, I cannot bear the jarring noise of the streets!"

"That's because you humour yourself too much, my dear Walter," declared Rosenberg. "You absolutely look feverish. Come with me into the streets. In truth, Walter, I came this evening to take you with me to my club. The cheerful gaiety of the place will be just the thing for you. Will you go?"

As Walter's headache sprang from his heartache, and not from physical exhaustion, he accepted Rosenberg's offer without hesitation, hoping to forget his sorrows for a few hours.

"I will be ready in a few moments, my lord," he said, springing up, "if you will be good enough to amuse yourself in my absence!"

Heretofore into the adjoining chamber, and Rosenberg proceeded to amuse himself in making an examination of the studio.

The well-filled book-case, the statuettes, the pictures from the hands of foreign masters, the luxuriant furniture were scrutinized—not a single indication of the tastes and pursuits of the artist escaped his keen gaze.

He then proceeded to the easel and looked at Walter's last picture.

For a moment the quiet dreaminess of the subject, the tropical beauty of the scene, and its charming priestess seemed to appeal to his higher and better nature, but a moment's survey of the maiden showed him that she was but a likeness of the Lady Geraldine, and his heart was instantly filled with bitterness and malice.

He felt strongly tempted to seize the artist's brush and dash out the portrait that so disturbed him, but he conquered the temptation, promising himself that, under his skilful tuition, Walter would soon become a being utterly beneath the notice of the Lady Geraldine, as well as Lady Rosenberg.

As he turned away from the easel, Walter re-entered the studio, equipped for the street.

As he approached his visitor, the latter could not repress a pang of envy on noticing the superior personal appearance of Walter, for he realized how immeasurably Walter was above him in every respect. But none of his bitter feelings were apparent in his manner, as he exclaimed:

"Ready? Why, you're a model of promptness, Walter!"

"My simple toilet is soon made!" responded the artist. "Shall we go now?"

Rosenberg assented, and the young men proceeded to the ante-chamber, where the artist gave some directions to his valet, and thence into the street.

"By the way, Walter," observed Rosenberg, carelessly, as he drew the artist's arm in his own and led the way towards Pall Mall, "Lady Rosenberg called upon you to-day, did she not?"

Walter replied in the affirmative.

Rosenberg bit his lips with vexation. He had suspected that her ladyship would hasten to see her picture, and had intended to offer her his escort, in order that she might have no more private interviews with Walter, and he was greatly annoyed on learning that the visit had been already made.

The evening air had a grateful coolness to Walter's fevered brow, and as they walked onwards, he endeavoured to forget his own thoughts in the pleasant remarks of his companion.

A brisk walk soon brought them to the club-house which Rosenberg favoured with his membership, and they were soon in its magnificent dining-saloon.

The dinner that followed was unexceptionable, and Walter exerted himself to appear pleased with his entertainment.

"Take some more wine, Walter," said Rosenberg, filling his glass. "You are very temperate. I begin to think you are one of those persons who preach total abstinence!"

"Not so," responded Walter, putting his glass to his lips. "I use wine like all other good things—in moderation!"

"Take some more then. Let me fill your glass again!"

And Rosenberg raised the decanter.

"No more, thank you, my lord!" said Walter, laying his hand upon Rosenberg's. "I have had all I desire!"

Rosenberg especially desired to reduce the artist to a state of intoxication, but although he was so gentle, there was a firmness and resolution in Walter's manner that instantly convinced him that any attempts to do so would be perfectly futile.

"If I could only get him intoxicated," thought the baffled tempter, "I would induce him to call upon the Lady Geraldine and upon Lady Rosenberg! He would of course then receive a dismissal from both houses. But his weakness does not lie in this direction. In what way then can I corrupt him?"

He devoted some thought to the subject while he finished his wine, and looked over the daily papers afterwards.

As they prepared to take their departure, Walter remarked:

"Will you not return with me to my studio, my lord? I can offer you some good cigars."

"Oh, I haven't done with you yet, Walter," said Rosenberg, pleasantly. "I want you to make a call with me before going home."

"But I am in no mood for making calls—"

"Oh, you'll see no ladies, Walter. You needn't speak to a person, if you don't like. I won't take a refusal!"

So saying, Rosenberg drew Walter's arm in his own and led the way to the street.

The artist made no objections to the proposed call, having confidence enough in his companion to follow his guidance implicitly, and not caring to return to his chambers so soon.

Rosenberg conducted him through several streets, and finally ascended the steps of a handsome but deserted-looking dwelling, and gave a peculiar knock upon the door.

It was instantly opened, but very cautiously and only a few inches, and a person demanded:

"Who is there?"

Rosenberg responded with some words Walter could not catch.

They were instantly admitted, and found themselves in front of another door of green baize, in the centre of which was a circular pane of glass, through which a pair of eyes made a brief but searching survey of the intruders.

The baize door then swung open, and Rosenberg led the way up a flight of richly-carpeted stairs.

"What a singular house!" observed Walter. "How many precautions they take with their visitors! It looks very odd!"

Rosenberg smiled, and conducted his proposed victim into a large and brilliantly-lighted apartment which was already well tenanted.

A glance at the tables, and the occupations of the men around them, instantly showed Walter the kind of house he had entered.

It was a gambling-house.

"Pardon me, my lord," he said, in a low tone, "but do you frequent such places as this?"

"No, Walter," responded Rosenberg, involuntarily colouring. "In fact, I have been here but once. A friend introduced me last week, and as I found it very pleasant to look on, it occurred to me that you might also."

"I can see no pleasure in such things," responded Walter.

"Were you ever in such a place before?"

The artist replied in the negative.

"Then come with me and look at yonder table and watch the players. You will soon become interested in the game!"

Walter accompanied his guide, as requested, and watched the progress of the game.

Rosenberg had said truly that he had been in the place but once before. Whatever his faults and weaknesses, gambling did not find a place among them. He, therefore, took little interest in it himself, but occupied himself in furtively watching his companion.

But he seemed doomed to be disappointed.

Not the faintest flush of excitement came to the artist's pale cheek, not the slightest sparkle of interest to his violet eyes. He looked on, it is true, but only from a feeling of politeness to his conductor.

Rosenberg bit his lips with chagrin.

"You do not enjoy the play, Walter?" he asked.

"To be frank, I do not. And I think you enjoy it scarcely more, my lord?"

"Oh, I think it very exciting," responded Rosenberg; "but perhaps you would prefer roulette. Let me show you!"

He conducted the artist to a roulette table, and explained its mysteries to him, staking a little money himself in order to interest Walter in the game.

"This is the game of the German watering-places," he observed, "and a charming one it is. There—I've lost! I'll try again!"

He did so, and won.

"See what I have gained, Walter," he said. "Try your luck now!"

Walter shook his head.

"I have no interest in it," he observed.

"No interest in it—and you so impulsive, so ardent in your feelings. To hear you talk, Walter, one would think you were an old man who had outlived his youthful excitability!"

"My principles would not allow me to gamble, my lord, even if I took an interest in the pursuit," said Walter, gravely. "See that poor man there watching the turn of the wheel to see what fortune will bring him! Notice his countenance, my lord. It is a picture of agony and suspense! Who would wear out his life with such corroding emotions, if they could look at the matter from a disinterested point of view?"

"But look at him now, Walter!" returned Rosenberg, eagerly. "He has won. His countenance is the image of joy and relief, which are all the keener and sweeter by contrast with his late suspense!"

"True, my lord, but what a life, to alternate like a pendulum between such extremes of emotion!"

"You would change your opinion, Walter, if you should win something."

"Not so, my lord. I doubt if anything could give me love for play. You see I am absorbed in other things—pictures and painting—and this sort of thing lacks to me the element of interest. I have read a great deal about gambling, my lord, but this is the first I have seen of it. I think, however, it will be quite enough!"

Rosenberg made another effort to interest the artist, taking a seat at a table and affecting great enthusiasm in his play, but the result was only that Walter, as soon as he could do so, proposed a return to his studio.

"Baffled again!" thought the tempter, as they left the place. "He will not drink. He will not gamble. His 'principles' stand in the way of everything. He seems determined to be a pattern of saintship, and hold

himself up to the admiration of Lady Rosbury and the Lady Geraldine!"

He walked with the artist as far as the chambers of the latter, and said, as Walter inserted his latch-key:

"I think I won't go up with you, Walter. I have an engagement, late as it is. You will call upon me soon?"

"I should be pleased to do so," was the reply, "but I leave town to-morrow for the sea-coast!"

Rosenbury drew a sigh of relief.

"It's pleasant out of town this hot weather," he observed. "Shall you be gone long?"

"I do not know, my lord—several months, I think!"

Rosenbury was delighted with this information.

If the Lady Geraldine really loved the artist, as he was inclined to think she did, he would now have a favourable opportunity to supplant him in her affections!

After expressing a few hypocritical regrets that he was to be deprived of the pleasure of Walter's society, and desiring him to write to him and let him know how he liked his country retreat, Rosenbury bade him good-evening and departed.

There was an exultant feeling in the heart of Lord Rosenbury as he sauntered down the street.

He felt that he had now the field to himself!

Walter looked after him with a puzzled expression on his countenance.

"I wish I knew what to make of his lordship's sudden friendship for me," he thought. "I cannot be so foolish as to think that the death of my mother, his nurse, can have so changed his feelings towards me! I am the same man I was before, when he disliked me—and I begin to think that he has not materially changed! Why was he so anxious that I should gamble this evening? He seemed annoyed at my repeated refusal, and yet I could see that he had no particular interest in the game!"

Still thinking on this subject, Walter went up to his chambers, where Parkin was waiting for him.

"The packing's all done, sir," said the valet, arising, "and everything's ready for a start in the morning. I've spoken to a cabman, sir. Does your head feel better now, sir?"

"Yes, Parkin, the cool air has done it good. It is quite late and I will not keep you up longer, if you like to retire!"

With a quiet good night to his valet, the young master passed into his studio.

The night that followed was to him one of sleeplessness and anguish. Such dark hours he had never known before, but through their darkness there came to him at last a kind of resignation to his fate.

At an early hour the following morning, he, with his valet, departed for the sea-coast.

(To be continued.)

CONFEDERATE BONDS.—At a meeting of the holders of "bonds, stocks, and shares of the United States of America, whereon the coupons, interest, or dividends are now in arrear, arising from the late war and other causes," a committee was unanimously appointed. It was also resolved that the committee shall be paid a commission of one overdue coupon or dividend, being half a year's interest, out of each settlement, to repay the expenses they may incur. It was remarked that the total amount of the arrears due could not be less than £4,000,000, nor the aggregate of the debt less than £27,000,000. This amount did not include the Mississippi Bonds, which amounted to £4,000,000, nor the indebtedness which was created by the late war. Of the debt due, South Carolina owed £700,000; Missouri, £500,000; Tennessee, £800,000; North Carolina, £1,600,000; Arkansas, £600,000; Virginia, £11,200,000; Louisiana, £1,100,000; Georgia, £600,000; guaranteed debt, £3,300,000; besides £2,000,000, representing the debt of cities and corporate bodies.

COFFEE.—The selling of mixtures of coffee and chicory having been for many years permitted, it was not unreasonable to expect that when the duties on the two commodities were equalized, the unscrupulous dealers in coffee would seek to retain their illicit profits by resorting to other substances than chicory, in order to impose on the public and defraud the revenue. It was at first thought that chicory itself would become an object of sophistication, and that the consumers of coffee would be victims to an adulteration within an adulteration. This however does not as yet appear to be the case, and there are good reasons for believing that coffee is now being extensively sold mixed with large proportions of burnt sugar or caramel, a substance of comparatively little value, but much better adapted for the purpose than even chicory itself, and one which enables the dealers to command a higher price for coffee containing it than they could obtain for the coffee alone, some of them selling the mixture at 1s. 10d. and even 2s. per pound. Several prosecutions of dealers who have

sold coffee mixed with burnt sugar are now depending, and the evil will, it is feared, rapidly spread, unless prompt and energetic measures be persisted in for its suppression. One sample of coffee purchased in London was found to be largely adulterated with mustard husks, a form of adulteration which has but very rarely occurred.

THE MARRIAGE ANNIVERSARY.

Lines to a—

This day and thirteen changing moons
Have waxed and waned since thou,
With orange blossoms wreathed around
Thy fairer, purer brow,
Trembling, yet trusting, nigh me knelt,
And pledged to me thy vow.

And by thy side, in love and hope,
I also bent the knee,
And, though I dreamed not then of half
The joys that were to be,
I pressed thy hand and fondly gazed,
As now I gaze on thee.

And how hast thou thy vows fulfilled?
And how have I kept mine?
Thy heart, my true and gentle one,
Has been a spotless shrine;
But mine, perchance, might oft have beamed
With steadier light to thine.

Then, say, shall we this day renew
The vows that blessed our lot?
No—no, thou hast no need—thy truth
Has never had a blot;
And vows are only empty air
Where truth and trust are not.

And human vows, moreover, spring
Too oft from human pride:
But let us humbly pray, this night,
While kneeling side by side,
That we may ever love as now,
Whatever else betide.

JOHN FLINT AND HIS CLERK.

"Oh, how I wish I could stay and share your watch to-day," said the young man, as he bent over the pillow of his boy. "But I dare not be five minutes too late, or that iron-hearted miser would turn me off, and then where will the bread come from? Oh, it would be easy to serve a man with a soul, or even a fraction of a heart. Keep up your courage, Mary, dear. I will be home the instant I can get away. Get Ruby everything he wants or needs. I'll sell my coat before he shall ask for a luxury he cannot have."

"You can pray, Harry, wherever you are," said the wife, "and oh, pray that God will spare our only treasure. I cannot cannot lose him," and she laid her head upon her husband's already overburdened heart, with a burst of anguish which only a mother's heart can know.

He tried to speak words of comfort, and then, after a hasty attempt to eat the food she had provided, he drew on his overcoat and was gone.

"Four minutes behind time," said a severe voice, as the eye glanced up to the hard face of the relentless-looking clock on the wall. "Punctuality is my motto, Mr. Graham; and if you cannot conform to it, you had better seek employment elsewhere."

"I am very sorry, sir; but my child is extremely ill, and I have been up all night watching with him."

"Of course it is easy to make excuses," said the other, coldly, as he bowed his iron-grey head. "But let no more time be lost, we have busy work for all day."

And there was busy work for twice the force which Mr. Flint employed.

His principle was to keep all hands at work on the high pressure principle. No rest, no relaxation, no encouraging words, from the least to the greatest. Continual rebuke was the watchword in his establishment.

The youngest was the hardest worked of all. He was a poor orphan, "bound out to Mr. Flint," and feeding in his kitchen from such scraps as his master allowed him.

Many a time had Harry Graham slipped a couple of biscuits into his hand on the sly, and an apple or a cake which kind-hearted Mary had sent him, and the boy's famished way of devouring them showed very plainly how he fared.

The poor orphan's heart was bound to him by cords of gratitude and affection, and there was no service in his power he would not render him.

The weary day dragged on. To the anxious father the hours seemed days in length, and the old clock

seemed for once to have forgotten his duty altogether. Noonday had passed, and the long, lingering finger of the time-keeper pointed to one o'clock.

"A little messenger came up the broad stone steps and asked for Mr. Graham."

"There he is," said the errand-boy, and he listened anxiously to hear the message, for had not Harry said to him that very morning, "My little Ruby is very sick, Hugh, and may not live till I get back." It was worth a great deal to have the warm sympathy of even that poor oppressed child so near him all day.

"The doctor says Ruby cannot live long, and his mother wants you to come," said the child.

With a groan he put down his pen and walked to the private office. There sat Mr. Flint, deep over his papers, with his whole soul wrapped up in stocks and sales of merchandise. He was just then driving a sharp trade with the Mandarins, and was impatient at being brought back so unconceringly to his native shore.

"What has happened now? Is the place on fire?" he asked sharply. "One might think so from your looks."

"My child is dying, and I must go home."

"You must not go. You know it is impossible to spare you an hour on such a busy day. All the week's duties would be thrown into confusion. No, Mr. Graham, go back to your desk and don't speak of leaving until those invoices are made out. It may take a few minutes over-time to-night."

"I must go, Mr. Flint. Have you no compassion?"—the words were wrong from him by his agency, but they only served to harden the iron heart more than ever.

"If you do go I wish you to remember that your services are no longer wanted here. Your last month's wages are still in my hands. Good afternoon," and with another frigid bow he shut the door in his face.

"All humbug about his sick child, I dare say," said the man, as he turned to his paper again.

That last threat was as he meant it should be, an effectual argument.

He dare not forfeit a month's pay, or his landlord might turn him into the street. He might not even have the money to bury his child!

So he toiled with a bursting heart until the wretched day was done, and then sought with dark forebodings his lowly home again.

She met him at the hall door, and her tear-stained face forbade all questionings. They sat down by the little crib, and each took a clay cold hand and held it for a long, long time.

They could not speak, they could only weep together.

At length, when she was calm enough to speak, the mother told him of the last sad hours, when she sat with only one kind neighbour by his side and watched the little light go out.

She was weeping by his side, and he looked up with baby sympathy into her dewy eyes, and raising one thin hand, said, with great effort:

"Ruby's sorry, mamma."

Poor lamb, he could not know the cause of her sorrow.

It grew dark to him at last, and he mistook the shadow of death's wings for the happy twilight which brought his father home.

"Papa, take Ruby," was his last request. By-and-by his lips moved faintly, and her listening ear caught the familiar words of his little evening prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep," and in a little while he was asleep.

Ah, how heart-rending to the absent one was this recital; and even in that hour of sorrow a burst of indignant passion rose in his heart against the iron-hearted man that had kept him away from that dying bedside.

"I will repay, saith the Lord! We will leave our wrongs in God's hands," said Mary.

As quickly as he could, Harry Graham procured a new situation. A lower salary was more than made up for by the considerate kindness of his employer. He was a noble-souled man, who delighted in doing good to all around him.

And God prospered him as he ever does those who are kind to his poor.

Harry, too, was rewarded a hundred-fold for all his acts of kindness to the oppressed errand-boy. He was not in the least sorry when he learned he had run away from his protector, and took pains to answer many letters which he received from him in after years.

Unloved and unloved, John Flint lived long enough to learn that wealth cannot buy happiness, nor a quiet conscience. It cannot bind to it one loving, sympathizing soul. One pound of all his possessions could not go with him over the river of death!

M. N. G.

UNLUCKY DAYS.—An old Latin manuscript, of the time of Henry VIII., contains an account of certain days alleged to be unlucky. It says: "These are the evil days according to old philosophers amongst the Greeks: For if on any of these days a child be born, it shall die soon; if any one fall ill, he shall never get well; if any one undertake a long journey, he shall never return; if any one marry, he shall soon be separated from his wife, or else they shall live together in the greatest misery; and if any commence a great undertaking, he shall never attain the desired end." The unlucky days are then enumerated as follows: January 1, 2, 4, 5, 9, 11, and 20. February 16, 17, and 19. March 15, 16, and 18. April 7. May 16 and 17. June 6, July 15 and 19, August 19 and 20. September 16 and 17. October 6. November 11 and 17. December 6, 7, and 9.

BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Author of "Self-Defence," "All Alone," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand;
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And home-bound fancy runs her barque ashore.
Philip Van Artevelde.

SEPARATING herself from her school friends, Britomarte in the early morning took her way into the grounds; wandering among the trees and shrubberies as if to take a last farewell of quiet scenes that had been silent witnesses of many an hour of painful or sombre reverie. At length she seated herself upon a rustic seat beneath the bending branches of an acacia. The eyes of the Amazon had a vacant preoccupied look in them, her glance strayed dreamily over the bright fresh grass, glittering with the thousand jewels into which the sunbeams had transformed the dew. But neither the radiant verdure nor the balmy breath of the morning—neither the brilliant sunshine chasing the shadows over the fresh grass at her feet, nor the morning songs of the birds in the branches above her, seemed to have any power to dissipate the cloud that evidently brooded over her features, or break the reverie in which she was lost.

Grave, with a gravity which seemed like sadness, Britomarte, with her fair head bowed, and her bosom labouring, agitated in her hands a delicate, lace-bordered handkerchief, which appeared very likely to meet the same fate as the scarf of Penelope; on a closer view, too, it was clear that in her eyes there were traces of tears, and that her face betrayed a sleepless night.

When her absorption or despondency appeared the deepest, however, she raised her head with a brisk and sudden motion, while a soft flush spread itself over her face.

"Some one was approaching behind her."

In an instant Britomarte's doubt as to who it might be was dispelled; for Alberta Goldsborough threw her arms around the Amazon's neck, and leaning over the back of the rustic seat kissed Britomarte on the cheek, and begged her pardon for surprising her, all in the same minute.

"Alberta! It is you, then," said Britomarte, with an accent as much of surprise as of disappointment.

"Myself!" exclaimed the heiress. "And I must again beg your pardon for surprising you; for I see that I have broken in upon your reflections."

"No excuse is needed, Alberta," replied Britomarte; "and you would make none did you guess what a benefit you had conferred on me by your appearance."

The accent and the words of Britomarte struck her friend with surprise. But she made no comment, and answered:

"That is very fortunate then, dear Britomarte, for I have something to confide to you and take your advice upon before we separate."

And the heiress seated herself beside her friend.

These few words of Alberta seemed to create some interest in Britomarte. The preoccupied expression of her features vanished, and she prepared to listen attentively.

"Something has happened, Alberta? What is it?"

Alberta Goldsborough, however, did not answer; and only bent her head.

The keen and intense gaze of Britomarte was fixed upon the heiress.

"You may judge how surprised I am at your silence, Alberta; you, who are so communicative at most times," said Britomarte.

"It is because I am so unhappy."

"Unhappy—you unhappy, Alberta?"

"More than you can think—oh, much more unhappy than you or any one can dream of!" said Alberta, bursting into tears.

"In heaven's name, what is it, Alberta? If you have anything to tell me, why do you not speak of it?" replied Britomarte.

"Because—because I fear that even you will blame me, too, Britty dear."

"No; I will not—very probably not. Now, what is it, Alberta?" questioned Britomarte.

Alberta, with some hesitation, at last opened to her friend the cause of her unhappiness. It was, in brief, that she had been made the subject of a preconcerted marriage arrangement; her father having promised her hand to the son of one of his earlier friends. But we need not recount all the particulars and circumstances connected with this projected marriage as detailed by Alberta; suffice it that, for reasons best known to herself, she had declared to her stately father that the marriage was distasteful to her, and that she could never agree to it.

"I know well," continued Alberta, "how grievously disappointed my father must be; for this marriage was a dream of his which he had long cherished. The idea of a refusal on my part, or any obstacle whatever occurring to prevent it, never presented itself to his mind, I'm certain; and therefore, dear Britty, you may imagine how dismayed I felt last evening, when he informed me that my intended future husband was coming shortly to claim my hand."

"Your father was stern and resolved; was it not so, Alberta?" inquired Britomarte, with the slightest possible curve of her lip.

"Not so, indeed, Britty dear. He was, on the contrary, full of kindness and consideration. 'Alberta,' he said, 'I wish you to understand that I do not attribute to an unreasonable caprice your refusal of the husband I long ago selected for you. You must have a motive or reason for it, or you would not oppose my wish, and reject the love of one whom I have for years looked on as a son, and whose affection for you has only increased with time.' That was what father said, and I could not refrain any longer from speaking out plainly. I confessed to him that if I could not meet his wishes by accepting the husband he had designed for me, it was because I loved another. Yes, Britty dear, and that is the truth. I saw that father's brow grew angry at this avowal, and I could guess from his face the contest which was going on in his mind—a contest between his affection for me and his wounded feelings, that I had so opposed his will, and destroyed his cherished project. But his love for me triumphed, and after a short silence he said, 'So be it, child; but you have caused me a grievous disappointment. Still, in my life, I have experienced many such, and seen my designs counteracted. We will speak no more of it; after all, you are the person most interested, and since you have opened your heart to me, I do not feel that I have any right to crush its confidence.'"

"What a kind and considerate father you have, Alberta," interrupted Britomarte; "you should be very happy to be so blessed."

"You are right, Britty dear, and I was deeply touched by his kindness, which is all the more unexpected that he has never been remarkable for that quality as regarded any other person—not even my poor sister Ethel."

"Have you a sister, Alberta? I always understood that you were an only child—in short, your father's heiress?"

"No, Britty; I am my father's second daughter; my poor sister Ethel is the eldest."

"Is she the eldest? I do not clearly understand you, Alberta. Do you mean to say that you have an elder sister, and that she is still living?"

"Yes; that is what I mean. But my poor Ethel might as well be dead; for she is just as wholly lost to us as if she were," replied Alberta.

"Your words seem to convey a mystery of some kind, Alberta," said Britomarte.

"There is not much mystery in it, Britty; but poor Ethel's history is a sad and painful one in truth."

"Will you tell me it? What is her history, Alberta?"

"I might answer you in the words of your favourite poet, Britty, and say 'a blank,' my dear; but if you think you would like to hear it I will tell it to you, briefly, which I have never done before to any one."

"You quite pique my curiosity. Yes, I should like to hear it, Alberta; and thank you for your confidence," replied Britomarte.

"Well, Britty dear, my sister Ethel fell in love, when she was a girl of about my age, with a young French music-master who taught the pupils where she was finishing her education. My sister Ethel was very beautiful, and had some genius for music; two attributes which speedily awakened in the young music-master a feeling of passionate attachment for her. Ethel reciprocated this feeling; and neither of them thought of the consequences. What the end of such an attachment must be, they did not trouble themselves to think; but it was not long before it

came. Ethel was a rich man's daughter, and Ernest, her adorer, was himself poor, and a poor man's son—two capital offences in any man, according to my father's creed; and, as such, an absolute and utterly insurmountable barrier to any claimant for his daughter's hand. And notwithstanding his inferior position, and his want of means, Ernest did claim from my father the hand of Ethel. The Goldsboroughs are a proud race, Britty, and my father is perhaps the proudest of them all; so I leave you to judge what his answer was. His anger was dreadful; he insulted poor Ernest terribly; had him, in fact, ejected by two footmen and flung like a dog into the street, before Ethel's eyes. My poor sister swooned at the sight; she was carried to her chamber, and placed in bed, for it was evident, when she recovered from her swoon, that she was perfectly delirious; and when our medical man came, he pronounced her case to be extremely grave. In fact, Britty dear, my sister was a lunatic; and she has so remained from that day to this hour."

"How shocking! Poor Ethel! She should have loved no man," said Britomarte, icily.

"Yes, it was terrible, Britty dear—terrible for me, for 'ma—but worst of all, perhaps, for 'pa. He could not endure to hear the ravings of poor Ethel—they made us all indeed nearly frantic; and so at length Ethel was placed in a private asylum. There she remains; she is wholly dead to the knowledge of the world, and lives only in the recollection of her own family. Is it not a dreadful story?" asked Alberta, sadly.

"Yes, indeed, a dreadful story; but man's love makes the largest portion in very many dreadful stories," replied the man-hater. Then she added, "It seems very curious, though, that your father should have received so mildly the information you conveyed to him, does it not?"

"Yes," replied Alberta; "but doubtless he feared that if my wishes were opposed and my affections blighted, as in poor Ethel's case, a similar fearful fate might be mine. That would kill him, I'm certain; and so he has yielded, as I have intimated. 'If, as I am sure is the case,' he said to me, 'you have chosen a man who is good and honourable—in a word, worthy of yourself—I will not oppose your wishes; and am ready to give my consent!' You may judge, Britomarte, if these words did not render me happy!"

"You said just now you were so unhappy!" commented Britomarte.

"Dear Britty, have patience with me; so I am unhappy, but have not yet told you why."

"Proceed, Alberta," replied her friend.

"I told 'pa who it was that I had fixed my affections on—his name, and family, and position in society. And although 'pa did not recollect any of these particulars, he said I was free to satisfy my own heart—that his house would be opened to receive my future husband whenever he presented himself; and that there need be no obstacle to securing my happiness."

"Less than ever can I understand why you call yourself unhappy, Alberta," said Britomarte, coldly.

"In truth, Britty, I do not myself know any positive cause for my being unhappy; unless it is that I fear my hopes may be disappointed," said Alberta, somewhat sadly.

"And what reason have you for such a fear?" inquired Britomarte. "Your intended husband is unobjectionable to your family, it seems, in every way; and your father consents to your union. There seems no reason for your fears, Alberta; and nothing that calls for my advice, as far as I can see," added Britomarte.

But still Alberta's face wore a look of sadness. She placed her hands in those of her friend, and said:

"Ah, dear Britty, for more than a year I have not seen him."

"That is certainly strange," replied Britomarte; "but strange things in this life may sometimes be explained by very simple causes. You have doubtless heard from him—he has written to you?"

"No—neither."

Britomarte was at a loss what to suggest. But after a moment's silence, she said:

"Of what do you accuse him, Alberta?"

"I do not accuse him of anything, Britty, since I love him. But my fears suggest a thousand things, and my dreams are full of the most dreadful phantoms."

"Have you no clue at all, Alberta?—did he give you no intimation at all that circumstances might occur to prevent him from seeing you for a time?"

"Only that he might be under the necessity of going a long voyage," said Alberta, sadly.

"You little goose! Why that is the reason, then!—nothing can be clearer. Who knows whether his long voyage may not be wholly connected with his proposed marriage with you?" said Britomarte.

"But why not have written a letter?" queried Alberta.

"Nothing is more common than for letters to go astray, even in our well-served country. I have known a letter addressed to Belgravia go to Belgrade, and never find its way back," said Britomarte, amused; "and your absent lover may have sent a dozen, and not one have reached you."

"I have thought of that, but could not believe in it, somehow," said the heiress, disconsolately.

"Still, that is the most probable explanation of your trouble, Alberta. If I were you, I should prefer to believe that something fortuitous had prevented his letters reaching you, and not disquiet myself with dreaming about phantoms, that have no grain of sense or reason in them," said Britomarte, in her philosophical way.

Poor Alberta presented a curious study—for she looked at her friend with a wistful face, in which doubt and incredulity were mingled with a faint glimmering of a dubious hope.

The two friends at this stage of their conversation rose to return; but they had not proceeded far before they were met by Mr. Goldsborough and Colonel Eastworth, who were advancing along a path bordered with flowering plants, and having vases and statues at intervals along the sides.

Alberta uttered a little cry of pleasure, and sprang to meet her father, while Britomarte drew herself up in the restrained manner which was peculiar to her.

After the usual forms of polite introduction were gone through, Mr. Goldsborough drew two letters from his pocket; one of which had been opened, the other was still sealed, and this he handed to Alberta, saying:

"Alberta, my dear, this gentleman, who has just returned from foreign travelling, says he met a friend of yours abroad, who desired him to bring this letter to you. I did not know that you had any acquaintances or correspondents abroad."

As her father spoke and handed Alberta the letter, Colonel Eastworth bowed, as if endorsing his word.

Britomarte looked at Colonel Eastworth closer than she had done the night before in the ball-room, and a strange flash came into her eyes, but died out again as suddenly as it had come.

Alberta had noticed the colonel very little the preceding evening; and did not much observe him now, being absorbed in reading her letter, which, stepping aside, she proceeded to do eagerly. Thus it ran:

"Miss Goldsborough,—Circumstances which I need not trouble you by recounting, render it wholly impossible for me to fulfil the hopes which you may have entertained in a proposed union with me. I restore you your liberty, and also at the same time take leave to resume my own. Believe me that I sincerely trust you will meet with some one more worthy of you, and more able to afford you the happiness you deserve."

To read this letter, written in a hand which she clearly recognized, only required an instant; ere the lapse of another, Alberta had fallen on the gravel path, striking her head against a marble vase, and lying there utterly insensible.

The consternation of the party may be conceived; but the catastrophe was not in reality so terrible as it seemed, and the unhappy Alberta rallied with wonderful quickness, and came back to consciousness. Copiously bathing her forehead with water from the marble vase against which she had fallen, Britomarte bent over the heiress, who whispered to her:

"I know this Colonel Eastworth now, Britty; but dear, dear Britty, do not speak of what has happened here to any one. Will you promise me?"

"Yes, Alberta, I promise absolute silence. I also—know—something," she added, slowly and significantly, "of Colonel Eastworth; he will not speak of this occurrence, I feel sure."

"Thanks, Britty dear," said Alberta, taking her father's arm, and laying the same injunction as to silence upon him, much to his amazement. And then Alberta and her father returned.

But Colonel Eastworth had disappeared; whether to procure assistance or not, did not transpire, either then or afterwards.

Britomarte continued her solitary walk in the grounds.

CHAPTER X.

Farwell: a word that must be, and hath been:
A sound which makes us linger—yet, farewell!

Childe Harold.

"Bright and early" in the morning, the four belles of Bellemont and their school companions had arisen. The sun was shining, the river sparkling, the trees waving, and the birds singing.

All nature was in harmony with their own joyous spirits.

This was the day on which they were to be emancipated from school for ever! And not even the

thought of their approaching separation from each other had power to cloud their joy.

Their morning ablutions were hastily made; their festive robes were carefully folded, and laid in the upper trays of capacious school trunks, and travelling dresses were assumed.

All being ready at the ringing of the bell, they descended to the hall, joined in the morning devotions, and then went to breakfast together in the school refectory for the last time.

Early in the forenoon their parents, guardians, relatives and friends, who had gone to pass the night at the village of Bellemont, had returned to take them away.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldsborough, and Mr. Albert Goldsborough came for Alberta, their handsome travelling-carriage, blood horses and liveried servants creating quite a sensation among the owners of the humbler conveyances.

Papa Fielding came in an old gig, drawn by an old mare, and attended by Uncle Tom and Uncle Bob, mounted on their respective nags, to fetch Elfrida.

Dr. and Mr. Rosenthal and "Mr. Loring," as the great soldier preferred to be called, arrived in an open barouche to convey Erminie to her home.

No one came for Britomarte, but she, too, was to leave for her own residence.

This large party of visitors were assembled in the drawing-room, where they were received by their impatient charges.

And a gay, exciting scene was presented in the arrival of so many people, the interchange of so many morning salutations, the busy preparation for immediate departure, the adieux, the messages, the charges, &c.

Everybody, old as well as young, men as well as women, were so anxious to talk, that no one was willing to listen.

In the midst of all this noise and confusion, one pair remained quiet, but oh! how full of latent emotion!

In the bay window, half veiled by a fall of snow-white lace drapery, stood two figures—Colonel Eastworth and Erminie Rosenthal. He was bending over her, holding her hand, looking upon her face with earnest eyes, speaking to her in low tones. She lingered there, unwilling to go, yet afraid to stay, with her head bowed, her eyes cast down, her cheeks suffused, trembling with timidity, yet blushing with delight as she listened to his low-toned words.

It would have been difficult for any chance spectator who knew the parties to understand that scene. A mere stranger happening to look upon it, would have taken it at once to be a love-passage of the warmest description.

But no one who knew Colonel Eastworth could have suspected that distinguished scholar, that learned *seant* and great soldier, either of the weakness of feeling, or the baseness of feigning, a passion for a pretty school-girl.

And not one who knew Erminie Rosenthal could suppose that meek maiden capable of the presumption of raising her thoughts to one so high above her in station, in learning and in fame, and so far beyond her even in years, for the colonel was double the age of the minister's daughter.

Justin Rosenthal, gently making his own way through the crowd, and cautiously looking about himself, soon saw this scene in the bay window, and at once went up to it.

With a little start of dismay, Erminie perceived his approach, and snatched her hand from the clasp of Colonel Eastworth.

"Erminie, where is your friend, Miss Conyers?"

"I do not see her in the room," said Justin, quietly.

"I don't know. You need never look for Britomarte in a crowd. She may be upstairs in our dormitory, or out in the grounds," answered the girl.

"Come with me and look for her."

"If Colonel Eastworth will excuse me," said Erminie, with a gracious gesture that would not have misbecome a princess.

Eastworth bowed, and Justin drew his sister's arm within his own, and led her through the crowd and out upon the lawn.

When they had passed all the waiting carriages and got into the grove, and found it unoccupied and solitary, Justin said:

"My sister, I wish you would not in future permit yourself to be detained in bay windows and other such retreats for a *tête-à-tête* with any gentleman, not even with Colonel Eastworth."

"Oh, Justin, was it improper?" inquired Erminie, in a distressed tone and with a vivid blush.

"No, my dear, not improper, but—not expedient. But, above all, my sister, do not permit yourself to become interested in Colonel Eastworth. He is not of us, and he will be going away very soon."

"Oh! Justin, why should you tell me that? What do you think of the colonel or of your sister? Do you think—"

A vivid blush ended the question.

"I will tell you what I think, Erminie," said Justin, with the trenchant candour that always distinguished him. "I think that you are, quite unconsciously, one of the most alluring beauties that ever lived. If I, your brother, perceive this, how intensely must other men feel it. You have no mother, my poor little sister, and so I must myself speak to you plainly. Without intending to do so, you will allure Colonel Eastworth to pass so much of his time in your society as to make his presence necessary to your own happiness. When he perceives this, he will think that honour demands his departure from your side; and you—may regret him. I state the case as mildly as I can, my dearest, and I beg your pardon for having to state it at all."

"Oh! Justin—how can you talk to me so? Dear Justin, it is so cruel and so unnecessary! I should as soon think of daring to covet the society of a king as that of Colonel Eastworth," faltered Erminie, amid painful blushes.

"What do you think of him, then, Erminie?"

"Oh, I don't know. I think he was very—very condescending to show me any attention at all. Not, mind you, because he is a colonel and I am a school-girl, but because he is a great soldier and I am such a little, coward; and he is an accomplished scholar, and I am such a little ignorant," said Erminie, smiling.

"My sister, you are well-meaning, and he is, doubtless, honourable; but I have warned you, and I will watch over you. Now tell me, where do you think we can find Miss Conyers?"

"Ah, Justin! it is my turn now to lecture. We can find Miss Conyers somewhere in the grounds, perhaps; but I would not look for her if I were you," said Erminie, shaking her head.

"Why?"

"Because your case is quite hopeless. Shall I tell you what she thinks of you?"

"Yes, if to do so will not be to betray her confidence."

"It will not."

"Well?"

"She thinks you are a—man."

"She is quite right, thank heaven; for if I were not a man I could not hope to win her regard in the way I intend to do."

"Ah! but, Justin, when she says you are a man she means that you are the incarnation of all her antipathies. She is a *man-hater*."

"So you said last night; and all that you tell me does not affect my feelings toward her or alter my intentions in regard to her. But about these intentions, Erminie—they are as grave and as earnest, my sister, as those that I have formed in regard to the sacred calling I have chosen. I have been perfectly frank with yourself and with our father, as it is my nature to be; but I do not wish this matter lightly spoken of to others, or even in the presence of others."

"Oh, Justin dearest, how could you think that I would speak of it to any but yourself, or even to you unless you should introduce the subject?" said Erminie, looking at him with her soft hazel eyes full of reproachful love.

"Forgive me, darling. I only thought to warn you, because young creatures like yourself are very impulsive," replied Justin, affectionately pressing the hand that rested on his arm.

As they talked, they walked on through the footpath leading from the grove down to the shaded banks of the river.

But there was no sign of Britomarte, and so they turned to go back to the house.

"Is any one coming for her?" inquired Justin.

"No; she has no one to come—she has no one in the world connected with her, so far as I know, except a very venerable great grand-aunt."

"A great grand—aunt! What manner of relation may that be, my dear?"

"Miss Pole, the ancient lady in question, is, I believe, the sister of Britomarte's deceased great grandmother."

"Ancient, indeed, she must be! And where does this antique dame live, Erminie?"

"At an awful old place called Witch Elm—a fit abode of witches, by all accounts."

"And where is Witch Elm, my dear?"

"In the midst of a thick wood near Melrose."

"Does Miss Conyers go directly there from here?"

"Yes, of course; she has no other place to go to."

"I am glad of that—I am very glad of that. We shall be neighbours, and we shall see her often."

"Justin, hope nothing from our near neighbourhood to Britomarte. She might as well be in Paris as at Witch Elm, for all the visits you will make to her."

"Why? Oh, but I will see about that."

"Miss Pole is a gloomy recluse, attended by two old servants, and living otherwise quite alone, and refusing all visitors."

"And that house is Miss Conyers' only home, and that recluses her only companion?"

"Yes, Witch Elms is Britomarte's only home and the presiding witch with the two familiar spirits her only companion—Oh! I didn't mean to say anything so wicked as that; but the words sprang out of my mouth before I could stop them!" exclaimed Erminie, looking shocked and clapping her hand to her lips to prevent further indiscretions.

Justin Rosenthal walked on in silence, looking so grave that Erminie hastened to cheer him by saying:

"I am glad to be able to tell you, Justin, that we shall have the company of Britomarte all the way."

"I am very glad to know it, my dear sister. And now I have a favour to ask you. Such a home and such a companion as you have described can have neither a happy nor a healthy effect upon a young lady like Miss Conyers. I wish, therefore, that you would invite her to pass some time with us at the parsonage."

"Why, dear me, Justin! don't you suppose, as much as I do on Britty, that I have invited and prayed her to come with me, over and over again and again? But it was all to no purpose. However, I will beg and entreat her again."

As Erminie said this, they reached the house and entered.

Many of their fellow pupils had already departed with their respective guardians. But Erminie found her own immediate friends in the dormitory, putting on their bonnets, and saying their last words to each other.

"Mind, Britty! You won't promise now! But I am determined you shall come and make me a visit some time! So if you will only write and let me know when it will be convenient for you to leave that gay dwelling-place of yours—Witch Elms—I'll make 'pa come and fetch you to Sunny Slopes," Elsie was saying.

"And you, Erminie?" she continued; "I trust that you will favour us. My papa will extend this invitation to your father, and brother also"—she added, hesitatingly.

Erminie smiled at this last clause, as she answered cordially:

"Thanks, dear Elfrida; I should be delighted to visit you at your charming sea-side residence. But my doing so will depend upon my father."

"And you, Britomarte?"

"Dear Elfrida, I am under the necessity of declining all invitations this summer; otherwise, I should be too happy to accept yours. If, however, by any strange freak of fortune, I should find myself free to leave home, I shall be glad to go to you," answered Britomarte, gravely.

The vans with the luggage had gone; the carriages to take the travellers were in readiness, and so the schoolfellows went downstairs, throwing back affectionate farewell glances to the dear little dormitory that had so long been their common bower of repose.

In the hall below they bade adieu to their teachers, and to each other.

Alberta, with no trace of the recent occurrence in the grounds upon her, was handed into her father's handsome travelling-carriage that was already occupied by the rest of her party.

Elfrida was helped up into the family gig beside her father.

Britomarte, at the earnest entreaty of Erminie, accepted a seat in Dr. Rosenthal's barouche.

And with last waves of adieu from the hands of their occupants to the friends left behind on the lawn, the carriages drove off to their several destinations.

(To be continued.)

THISTLE SEEDS.—Some say that they are carried five miles annually. One autumn I was with the members of a Natural History Society dredging some fourteen miles out at sea off the east coast. The wind was east, and during the afternoon many seeds of thistles passed by the ship. It was thought they had come from the continent. I was told by a sea captain that he had at this season of the year frequently met them at 50 to 100 miles from land.—R.D.

A FLOWER SPOON.—We are told that the Duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of a pretty shrub of jasmine, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, not so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful, had not love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portentious peasant, whose want of a dowry and his own poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birthday of his mistress he presented her with a nosegay, and to render it more acceptable, ornamented it with a

jasmine. The poor girl wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into the earth, and the branch remained green all the year. In the following spring it grew and was covered with flowers. It flourished and multiplied so under the fair nymph's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her, when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she gave her hand and wealth to the happy gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls to this time preserve the remembrance of this day by wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding-day, and they have a proverb, which says a young girl wearing this nosegay is rich enough to make the fortune of a poor husband.

THE BETTER WAY. A LESSON TO WIVES.

I HAD AN elder sister, married while I was yet a child, who was the most miserable woman I ever knew. She suffered from jealousy; and by long indulgence her jealousy had, so to speak, become chronic. I dreaded her; I dreaded her dreary home, and the very sight of her hapless husband.

Long before my youth should have been sullied by the knowledge of such evil, she had forced upon me the history of what she called her wrongs.

For several years I looked upon George Barnard as a monster in human form, who had deliberately destroyed the happiness of an amiable and confiding wife, who loved and trusted him supremely.

As I was forbidden to inform my mother of the confidence that had been made me, a long period elapsed before any counteracting influence or statements enabled me to modify my opinion.

Then I learned from my mother that Jane had been, for the most part, the author of her own unhappiness.

Her nature was suspicious and exacting. Trifles had been magnified into matters of great importance. There had been alternate moods of sullenness and violent reproaches.

Jane had talked much of her own rights and her husband's duties, and very little of his rights and her own duties.

This conversation with my mother led to an essential modification of my opinions and views. And I determined, if I should ever marry, to take care that my domestic happiness should not be wrecked by the same error which had destroyed poor Jane's.

I was twenty years of age when I became acquainted with Charles Mallory.

Our acquaintance fast ripened into intimacy, and it was not long before we became mutually aware that a warmer feeling than that of friendship existed between us.

Very soon after that discovery took place, we were engaged, and six months later our marriage took place.

I had not forgotten any of my previous resolutions; indeed, the spectacle of poor Jane's misery would have prevented that, even had I not always been tenacious of any resolve that I formed.

Charles was an only son; reared in seclusion by a widowed mother, and early initiated in the business pursuits which were to form the occupation of his life, he had either acquired or received from nature, a grave and somewhat subdued manner.

He made little demonstration of his feelings. I knew that he loved me fervently, but to other eyes he must have seemed almost chillingly reserved, even toward me.

A true gentleman always, he was not gallant in his attentions to women.

He treated them with a distant respect, never lapsing into even a semblance of familiarity.

I felt proud of having stirred the profoundest depths of this reserved nature, and my gratitude for all the love he lavished upon me showed itself in a thousand winning ways, which served to make his home a very heaven to him.

And so our happiness flowed on undisturbed, until we had been married nearly two years.

Jane, who seemed to have arrived at the belief that evil was a sort of underlying stratum in man's nature, which must inevitably crop out at some time, often predicted that our happiness would not last.

"Wait," she would say, with looks of dire foreboding. "It is sure to come at last. He will tire of you and his home some day, and then, do what you will, you can never bring him back to his duty. Enjoy your happiness while you may, but prepare yourself for the change that will surely come."

I used to laugh or grow impatient with her, but I dreamed of no change.

At rare intervals my heart would be momentarily chilled by her forebodings, and then I always renewed my vow that in no case would I allow myself to fall into the sad habit by whose indulgence she had driven her husband from his home.

I am thankful now that I was enabled, not in my own strength alone, to keep this vow in all strictness.

My little Ella was a sickly child, always moaning in pain, and requiring continued and patient attention.

My own health suffered from the close confinement thus entailed upon me, for I dared not entrust her to the most careful servant, and I lost the strength and elasticity that had hitherto enabled me to minister so unceasingly to the happiness of my husband.

I had not cared for society in those first days of unbroken happiness. I wished no one to intrude between me and my love.

But now I found myself welcoming, almost with delight, a letter from Isabel Clara, a school friend of mine, reminding me of her promise to visit me after I was married; and informing me that being now ready for the fulfilment of that promise, she would be with me on the following week, unless notified that it was inconvenient to receive her at that time.

I was delighted. I certainly could not enjoy Isabel's visit as I wished, but she would be such a companion for Charley, and would make his lonely evenings cheerful once more.

Isabel had married, since we had met, a man much older than herself, who had left her a widow within a year.

As she was still in her mourning weeds, she had not re-entered society, and I believed her affliction must have toned down her gay spirits to a pensiveness that would suit her well to Charley's grave companionship.

I think I never felt more joyfully than over the thought of Isabel's visit.

I replied at once, urging her in the warmest terms to come, and expressing the only regret I felt, namely, that I could not devote myself to her society as I should have wished; but promising her that of my paragon of a husband in exchange.

To my astonishment, Charley was not as pleased as I at the prospect of Isabel's visit. An "indiction," he called it, and for the first time since our marriage seemed thoroughly out of temper at the prospect.

As my letter had gone, however, there was no remedy; and though Charley railed against Isabel as one whom he had heard mentioned most unfavourably as a scheming coquette, I still believed in my friend, and relied upon her to win her way, through Charley's prejudice, to Charley's regard.

A week after her arrival my hopes seemed justified. It had been a very happy week for me. Baby had been less ill than usual, and I more at leisure. Isabel had proved herself charming.

The mornings were spent by me in my own room or in the nursery, living over again in our talk the old pleasant school-days, or our after girlish triumphs. In the afternoons I sometimes found time to go out with her, or Charley gave her a drive to some place of interest.

In the evenings, while I strove to hush poor wailing Ella's cries, she sang and played for Charley, or they diverted themselves with a game of chess or a pleasant book.

Charley brightened under her influence, and acknowledged to me that he had been grossly misinformed in regard to her.

He was glad she had come to us, and hoped she would remain a long time.

We both entreated her to do so, and not hasten her return to the home of her late husband's mother, where she told us, in tones of touching, patient sadness, that she was most unhappy.

Pleased to see that Charley no longer seemed lonely or unhappy, I did not reflect that I was now more alone than before.

It was Isabel who now accompanied Charley on those pleasant country drives which had done so much to cheer and invigorate me from my exhausting duties. He no longer stole up to sit an hour with me beside the cradle where Ella lay in fitful slumber. When she grew quiet at last, he no longer led me downstairs to enjoy with him the pleasant book, or conversation, or if I were too weary for that, smoothed my pillow and shaded the light that I might rest and repose in comfort.

We had now a guest to be entertained, and I was left undisturbed to my duties.

But Jane was not unsuspicious. Coming to call upon me one day, she found Charley at the door just handing Mrs. Clara to his carriage. She put on a look of commiseration the instant she entered my presence.

"Well, my poor child, it has come at last, I see. You'll believe me now, I suppose. I know too well how to feel for you."

I looked at Jane in surprise.

"What are you talking about?" I said. "I don't in the least understand you."

"Oh, that's your game, is it? Playing unconscious."

while your heart's breaking. Be it so, if you like. I'll not intrude my sympathy upon you. But I'll give you one piece of advice. Turn that baggage out of doors, before she goes of her own accord and takes your husband with her."

It was out at last. With a great pang at my heart, the vague restless sense of neglect that had possessed me for many days took shape and form. Others had noticed Charley's devotion to Mrs. Clare—there must be something noticeable in it. But I answered bravely:

"I hear your advice, Jane, and am ashamed of you for uttering it, and of myself for listening. Let me tell you, once for all, there is perfect confidence between my husband and myself, and Isabel is my friend, whom we both delight to honour."

Jane shook her head, sighed, muttered something, and went away much depressed because I refused to be miserable at her bidding.

But her words had left a sting.

I sat down beside my sleeping child and wept plentifully.

Presently I heard the returning footsteps of the nurse, who had been down to her dinner, and I hastened away to my room, to toss upon my pillow, in a mute but horrible agony, till I heard the trampling of horses in the street, and cheerful voices in the hall, which told me that Charley and Isabel had returned.

"I wish you would see that the parlours are lighted at evening," said Charley, presently coming into my room. "Isabel stumbled against a chair on entering, and I fear has hurt herself severely. And do get up and dress yourself before tea. One likes to see one's wife in a pretty toilette occasionally; besides, I think it due to Isabel."

Turning from me he went hastily from the room, softly whistling an air from one of the operas which I had heard Isabel play for him the previous evening.

I missed the accustomed cares and the kind questioning.

But I wept no more. I rose up and obeyed his suggestion. I was not quite dressed when Isabel came in.

"That husband of yours is a charming gallant," she said, gaily. "I wish heaven had made me such a man. I am not pleased that you should have monopolized him before I became the pretty Widow Clare. But good heavens!" she exclaimed, as her lips lightly touched my cheek, starting back, "what is the matter? Have you a fever? How red your eyes look. Don't try to come down. I can make Charley's tea, almost as well as yourself."

"Nothing is the matter," I answered, coldly; "I always make tea, and will be down presently. Don't stay for me," I added, for her presence had suddenly grown hateful to me.

As well as I could, I effaced the tell-tale redness from my face, and went down.

Charley asked me, now, if I was not well, and gave me the forgotten kiss. I controlled myself, and spent a pleasant hour in the parlours.

I resolved anew that I would not be jealous, nor indulge suspicion. When I had to go up to Ella I went smilingly.

After that, dreary lonely days rolled on. I could no longer conceal from myself that I was neglected. For a time I was paralyzed by despair.

I examined my conduct, resolved to exert myself, not alone selfishly for the salvation of my own happiness, but to save my beloved husband from the snare into which he was falling.

I did not believe him guilty as yet, and I meant to save him from becoming so. I think, also, that I did justice to Isabel, but I saw she was what common report had named her, a reckless coquette, fond of admiration, and willing to risk almost anything to obtain it.

With all her pretended love for me, no consideration for my peace would, for one moment, deter her in her course.

I seldom saw Charley now. All the afternoons saw him devoted to Isabel in some scheme of pleasure. I was not asked, or so carelessly that pride forbade my acceptance.

Every evening they occupied themselves with chess, music, and conversation, and late at night, long after I was supposed to sleep, they separated, only to renew the same course on the following day. I saw that I must not delay.

One evening after Ella slept I resolved to go down.

It was evident I was not expected. Isabel sat at the piano, Charley's chair drawn close beside her. One fair hand rested lightly on the keys, the other was imprisoned in Charley's own, while Isabel leaned forward till her curls swept his cheek.

"Yes, dear friend," I heard her say, as I silently stood upon the threshold, "you have my heartfelt sympathy. Alarmed to a mere domestic machine, a

woman whose only talent is for household details, who neglects the kindest of husbands for a puny, sickly babe, who has no sympathy with his tastes or pursuits, but, shut up in her narrow egotism, leaves him to a painful isolation, your case indeed demands sympathy. It is all I can bestow. I wish it were more valuable, more comforting; but it will always be yours. And now, I think, I had best return home. No? I must go some day, and our tastes lead us into such close communion that the world will talk of us soon. Yes, I think I must go."

"And I think so, also," I said, quietly advancing into the room. "If you could make it convenient to leave in the morning, it would perhaps be as well for all parties concerned. Charley, my dear, can I speak with you a moment? Perhaps Mrs. Clare will bid us good-night now."

My quiet manner and even tones made me mistress of the situation.

Isabel Clare rose up and opened her mouth as if to speak, but no words came.

She glanced at Charley.

His face paled and flushed by turns; he was painfully agitated.

"Alice is right," he said. "She has cause, and though I do not like to appear inhospitable, I cannot help saying that I accept your decision."

Lightly laughing, Isabel recovered herself.

"Let it be good night and good-by, then. I take the early train, and we will not meet again."

"Breakfast shall be prepared for you. Good-by, Isabel," I replied.

She left the room, and we have never met since. That night, before we slept, Charley thanked me and called me his saviour. I had no reproaches for him, but I had showed him the pit which yawned at his feet, and, shuddering, he drew back from it.

Restored love and confidence soon brought back the banished happiness to our home. There has been no more jealousy, and no more cause for it.

"If Jane had, only taken your course," Charley sometimes says to me, "what years of misery might have been saved!"

I don't know that it was the wisest course, but I have never been sorry that I kept my vow, and won my husband back to me by showing him untarnished trust and love, instead of driving him from me by anger and reproaches.

Ever since, I have so contrived that my maternal duties do not clash with my duties to my husband, and I think we are not the less happy than if there had been no trial, no temptation, no resistance.

M. C. P.

LAUGHTER.

JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY, in the early days of their public career, set forth one particular day to sing hymns together in the fields; but on uplifting the first stave, one of them was suddenly struck with a sense of something ludicrous in their errand, the other caught the infection, and both fell into convulsions of laughter, renewed on every attempt to carry out their first design, till they were fain to give up and own themselves for that time conquered.

There is a story of Dr. Johnson much to the same purpose. Naturally melancholy, he was yet a great laugh, and thus was an especial victim to the possession we speak of, for no one laughs in depression who has not learnt to laugh in mirth. He was dining with his friend Chambers in the Temple, and at first betrayed so much physical suffering and mental dejection that his companion could not help boring him with remedies. By degrees he rallied, and with the rally came the need of a general reaction.

At this point Chambers happened to say that a common friend had been with him that morning making his will. Johnson—or rather his nervous system—seized upon this as the required subject. He raised a ludicrous picture of the "testator" going about boasting of the fact of his will-making to anybody that would listen, down to the innkeeper on the road. Roaring with laughter, he trusted that Chambers had had the conscience not to describe the testator as of sound mind, hoped there was a legacy to himself, and concluded with saying that he would have the will set to verse and a ballad made out of it. Mr. Chambers, not at all relishing this pleasant, got rid of his guest as soon as he could.

But not so did Johnson get rid of his merriment; he rolled in convulsions till he got out of Temple Gate, and then, supporting himself against a post, sent forth peals so loud as in the silence of the night to be heard from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch. We hear of stomach coughs; this was a stomach, or ganglionic, laugh.

The mistimed laughter of children has often some such source as this, though the spirit that possesses them has rarely the gnomish essence. A healthy boy, after a certain length of constraint, is sometimes

as little responsible for his laughter as the hypochondriac.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in describing, and even defending, a Puritanical strictness of Sabbath observance, recalls the long family expositions and sermons which alternated in her youth with prolix meeting services, at all of which the younger members of the household were required to assist in profound stillness of attention. On one of these occasions, on a hot summer afternoon, a heedless grasshopper of enormous dimensions leapt on the sleeve of one of the boys. The tempting diversion was not to be resisted; he slyly secured the animal, and imprisoned a hind leg between his firmly compressed fingers. One by one, the youthful congregation became alive to the awkward contortions and futile struggles of the long-legged captive; they knew that to laugh was to be flogged, but after so many sermons the need was imperative, and they laughed, and were flogged accordingly.

Different from all these types is the grand frank laugh that finds its place in history and biography, and belongs to master minds. Political and party feeling may raise, in stirring times, any amount of animosity, even in good-natured men; but once being about a laugh between them, and an answering chord is struck, a tie is established not easily broken. Something of the old rancour is gone for ever.

There is a story of Canning and Brougham, after hating and spitting one another through a session, finding themselves suddenly face to face in some remote district in Cumberland, with only a turnpike gate between them. The situation roused their magnanimity, simultaneously they broke into laughter, and passed each on his separate way, better friends from that time forth.

No honest laugh knows anything about his own laugh, which is fortunate, as it is apt to be the most grotesque part of a man, especially if he is anything of an original. Character, humour, oddity—all expatiate in it, and the features and voice have to accommodate themselves to the occasion as they can.

There is Prince Hal's laugh, "till his face is like a wet cloak ill laid up;" there is the laugh we see in Dutch pictures, where every wrinkle of the old face seems to be in motion; there is the convulsive laugh, in which arms and legs join; there is the whinny, the ventral laugh; Dr. Johnson's laugh like a rhinoceros; Dominic Sampson's laugh, lapsing without any intermediate stage into dead gravity; and the ideal social laugh—the delighted and delighting chuckle which ushers in a joke; and the cordial triumphant laugh, which sounds its praises.

We say nothing of all the laughs—and how many there are!—which have no mirth in them; nor of the "ha! ha!" of melodrama, and the ringing laugh of the novel, as being each unfamiliar to our waking ears. Whatever the laugh, if it be genuine and comes from decent people, it is as attractive as the Piper of Hamelin. It is impossible not to want to know what a hearty laugh is about. Some of the sparkle of life is near, and we long to share it. The gift of laughter is one of the compensating powers of the world. A nation that laughs is so far prosperous. It may not have material wealth, but it has the poetry of prosperity.

When Lady Duff Gordon laments that she never hears a hearty laugh in Egypt, and when Mr. Palfrey, on the contrary, makes the Arabs proper a laughing people, we place Arabia for this reason higher among the countries than its old neighbour. And it is the same with homes. Wherever there is pleasant laughter, there inestimable memories are being stored up, and such free play given to nerve and brain that whatever thought and power the family circle is capable of will have a fair chance of due expansion.

TRUFFLES.—According to the French news this is to be a prodigious year for truffles. A few have already been brought to market much sooner than is usually the case; but the harvest has not yet begun, and the precious subterranean mushroom is still acquiring size and fragrance in the ground. Not only, it is stated, will the crop be unusually large, but the quality will be something very remarkable, the hot sun which came after some rains in August having been highly favourable to the perfume of these black diamonds of gastronomy. A century ago the whole of the truffles annually gathered in France did not amount to the value of a million francs; they are said now to produce more than thirty millions. Truffles are found in almost every part of France, and in many departments their collection and sale is a great resource to the poor in winter. Hitherto it has not been generally allowed to collect truffles in the forests of the State, but that prohibition is expected to be shortly removed. Abundant, truffles and a wonderful vintage, it is remarked, will make of 1865 a red-letter year in the gourmet's calendar.



EVA ASHLEY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SCHEMER AT WORK.

From the day of that exciting interview in the grove, the health and spirits of Mrs. Ashley perceptibly mended.

The great dread which had been the taenubus of her life seemed to be sufficiently removed to give her breathing-time at least, and her buoyant nature reacted at once.

From time to time she recurred to the subject of the squire's will, and used such *finesses* in her persuasions that he was finally induced to execute one to please her.

In that, the estate of Ashurst was bequeathed jointly to his beloved grandchildren, Frank Wentworth and Bessie Ashley, together with all the stocks and other investments made by the testator, on the sole condition that at a suitable age they should be united.

If either party refused to comply with the terms dictated, that one forfeited all right to any portion of the inheritance.

Armed with this, Mrs. Ashley felt perfectly secure as to the future fate of the two young people.

His large personal property, and such moneys as were deposited in bank, were unconditionally bequeathed to his beloved wife, Margaret Ashley, who had been the joy and comfort of his declining years.

No mention of his son was made, but a legacy of five thousand pounds was left to his nephew Leon Lorne, the half of which sum was to be devoted to the education of his son.

The Circé was quite satisfied with this document, which was placed in her hands for safe keeping, and henceforth her life was devoted to the accomplishment of her future plans.

The children were trained to implicit obedience to her will, though, at the same time, she contrived to gain from both the most fanatical attachment.

The fondness of Frank and Bessie for each other promised all she could desire, and as they grew in years, the charming traits of the young girl and the bright promise of the youth gave the scheming mother the fond belief that they were formed for each other.

The years flowed smoothly by, leaving scarcely a ripple on the stream of time, and only by the development of the young people, and the silent decay of the squire, could their fleeting progress be marked.

Mrs. Ashley seemed untouched by the lapse of

years; still lovely and enchanting as in those early days when she had made her haughty employer captive to her charms, time seemed only to mature her power to fascinate all who approached her.

Truly had it been said that the magic cestus of Venus was her birthright.

The prejudice against her supposed low birth and humble antecedents had gradually died out, as her exemplary course was observed by the surrounding families.

The county ladies at last called on her, and were surprised and pleased by the quiet grace of her manners, and the elegant ease with which she sustained her part in conversation.

The measured praise they accorded her became rapturous applause when their husbands had an opportunity to make her acquaintance, for as poor Martin had said, her bright smiles and buoyant humour charmed them all, till not a man among them but thought Squire Ashley the most fortunate of men to possess a creature of such radiant mould.

A thorough and highly accomplished education was bestowed on both Frank and Bessie.

Mrs. Ashley would not be contented with superficial attainments; what they understood they must excel in, or gain her deepest displeasure.

Luckily both possessed a fair capacity, combined with sufficient perseverance to enable them to attain the high standard she set up for them, and at the ages of twenty-three and eighteen it would have been difficult to find two more attractive young persons.

Frank had graduated with honour at college, and had added the lighter and more graceful accomplishments which grace society. He was nearly six feet in height, with a strong and well-knit frame, the activity of a panther, and an untiring love for field sports. He was a crack shot; could wrestle, fence and box in a scientific manner, and he excelled in dancing.

The squire had well said that he resembled none of his family. He was fair, with flashing blue eyes, and a profusion of light brown hair that still curled lightly around the massive brow on which a fair intellect was enthroned. Yet with all these attractions, he was far from being the *beau idéal* of Bessie, though she loved him with a tender sisterly affection.

Bessie grew up as lovely as her childhood promised. She was of medium height, with a charmingly rounded figure; a complexion of lilies and roses; a profusion of burnished hair that rippled around her well-poised head; and features possessing a most *piquante* attraction, though they could not boast of perfect regularity.

Petting had not spoiled her, and she was the radiant

embodiment of health, good humour and buoyancy of heart.

Already had the fame of her attractions been noised abroad, and more than one father of a promising son had hinted to Squire Ashley that an alliance with his heiress would be desirable on the part of that young gentleman.

But the old gentleman listened coldly to such intimations, and uniformly gave the speaker to understand that Miss Ashley was already betrothed to her cousin, and on her union with him depended the fortune she would inherit.

Neither was Frank backward in claiming his property in Bessie.

He loved her with all his heart, though he misunderstood the nature of his feelings when he imagined that Bessie was the one sweet minister who could alone render his future life happy.

She understood herself better, and dear as Frank was to her, she often sighed that fate had not left her free to choose her own lot in life. But she was submissive to the will of her grandfather, and always obedient to that dominant power which had thus far moulded her life.

She had no volition but that of her darling Minny; and such was her reverential affection for Mrs. Ashley, that she entirely surrendered herself to her control.

Bessie had been taught to think that her earthly destiny was fixed, and she tried to be satisfied with it.

Frank was invariably good-tempered; his bright eyes expressed the joy of young life and the kindness of an unwarping nature, and she hoped that in time she could love him as a wife should love her husband; but she had no idea of marrying him for years to come, and dreamed not that Mrs. Ashley was already laying her plans to bring on their union before another year passed away.

There was danger in delay; for if Bessie appeared in society, she might find one to charm her more deeply than Frank could ever do; for Mrs. Ashley, with her quick woman's wit, had already seen that if any difficulty lay in her path it would arise from the unwillingness of her daughter to give her hand to young Wentworth.

Frank's devotion to Mrs. Ashley was that of a *preux chevalier*, for he considered her as elevated far above the common level of her sex, and with all her intellect, the loveliest type of a household divinity that it was possible to find.

He often marvelled what could have induced so charming a woman to marry a man so much her senior as Squire Ashley was, but he had never been able to detect in her any regret for the sacrifice of her youth,

nor any relaxation of the devoted care which evidently made the happiness of the old man's life.

That Mrs. Ashley had been without fortune he vaguely understood; but the grace and refinement of her manners, the accomplishments she possessed, assured him that she had received the training and education of a lady, and further he sought not to know.

He had been told that she came to Ashurst as the governess of the heiress, for the servants were strictly forbidden to refer to their mistress as having served in any lower capacity, and Frank considered his grandfather as wise to perceive the value of so bright a gem, and give it a fair setting.

But if time had brought increased stature and maturing beauty to the young people, it had stolen from the squire the fire of life, and left only the smouldering ashes of age and decay.

His form was bent, his scanty locks fell in silvery waves over his wrinkled brow, and everything about him betokened that the close of his life was approaching.

The placid happiness of his later years had stolen the sternness from his brow, and melted his proud heart into thankfulness for the good things granted him at an age when he had deemed life's promise gone, and the dreary dullness of advancing years spent in loneliness and gloom the only prospect left him.

If Mrs. Ashley felt remorse, she stifled it by thinking how well she had played her part—how great a debt this feeble old man owed her for the happiness she had bestowed on him for the last seventeen years of his life; and with the sophistry we are prone to use, she assured herself that she had purchased the inheritance her daughter would possess by the immolation of herself, and the conscientious manner in which she had performed the duties she assumed.

She plainly saw that the squire could not survive his infirmities many months longer, and she became exceedingly anxious to ensure the union of the young people before his decease.

Frank had lately returned to Ashurst to remain permanently, and assist his grandfather in the management of the property, which had now become a burden to him; and Bessie was quite old enough to understand her own feelings, and take on herself the responsibilities of a wife.

Thus musing, Mrs. Ashley, on a bright evening in early summer, sat upon an ottoman at the foot of her husband, who reclined in a large cushioned chair, near an open window, in the library.

She wore an embroidered wrapper, fastened up the front with knots of blue ribbon, and a head-dress of filmy lace, with fluttering streamers of the same colour, covered her radiant hair.

Her face, without a tell-tale line to mark the years she had lived on earth, was turned toward her husband with an expression of tender interest which was perfectly simulated, if she was not in truth a devoted wife.

Squire Ashley suffered much from asthma, and he seemed to breathe with difficulty.

She gently arose, altered the arrangement of the cushions at his back, and sank down again into her former attitude.

He looked down at her, and fondly said: "My Daisy, flower of my old age, what would become of me but for your watchful care? You have indeed been a pearl of price to me, Margaret, and after I am gone, you will find that my gem will have a rich setting. I have given you a noble dower, my darling."

She pressed his hand with much emotion, as he replied:

"I shall never wed again, never! I have enough. With independence and our dear children I have been happy here: I shall owe to you all that I may possess, and when we meet upon the farther shore, I hope to give you a good account of the use to which I shall put the fortune with which you say you have endowed me."

The squire tenderly pressed her hand, and after a pause, said:

"Act as you may, Daisy, I know it will be for the best. I can implicitly rely on your judgment and good feeling to guide you in the future. I believe that you have been happy with me, love, and I am grateful that it has been so. The wealth I can give you is poor in comparison with the joy and peace you have poured into my heart and life. I am waning away, Daisy, and day by day I feel that the great conqueror lays a heavier hand upon me. When a few more have passed away, I shall belong to the land of shadows. But I do not shrink from my approaching fate. God has filled my cup to overflowing with good gifts, and I thank him with all my heart. I have tried to use and not abuse the wealth he gave me; and the hardness of heart I once indulged has been subdued by your sweet influence."

Mrs. Ashley seemed much moved. She pressed his withered hand between her own soft palms, and said:

"It will be a consolation to me through all my future life to believe that I have been all this to you. In your turn you have been the tenderest and most indulgent of husbands to me, and I have shared the happiness I bestowed. Dearest, you must talk no more now, for it excites and weakens you. Breathe the balmy air on this soft evening in quietness, and it will benefit your lungs."

"Then sing to me, Daisy; your sweet voice soothes me more than anything else."

She took her guitar from a stand near her, and after a brief prelude, struck into a low, plaintive song, murmuring the recitative in soft, melodious tones, which seemed to act as a sedative upon the invalid. He closed his eyes and soon slumbered.

Gradually the white fingers ceased to wander over the chords, and Mrs. Ashley surrendered herself to reverie till her husband should again awake. Suddenly he started forward, unclosed his eyes, and asked:

"Where are the children? I have scarcely seen Frank since he returned home. His young friends have so constantly gathered around him, that he has seldom been able to come to me. He is a noble boy, Daisy, and I thank you for bringing him beneath the shelter of my roof, and eventually into my cold and estranged heart. When I meet my daughter in the better land I shall owe it to you that I shall have a good account to give her of my treatment of her child. She will pardon my harshness to herself when she learns how earnestly I have endeavoured to atone for it to her son."

"You have done for Frank everything that could be required by the fondest parent, and his future welfare and happiness are provided for in the union we have planned. My dear husband, it has occurred to me that it will be best to have our young people united before the provisions of your will become known to them. The union into which they will now willingly enter may assume to them the appearance of being compulsory, if the possession of fortune is made contingent upon it. Young people are often capricious, and they are apt to take up such strange fancies about what is done for their benefit."

"You may be right," replied the squire, thoughtfully, "but they are yet so young to think of marriage. Bessie seems to me little more than a child, and I do not like the thought of putting the yoke of matrimony upon her at so early an age. It seems hardly fair, with the bright promise of life before her, to bind her to home duties, when she should be flitting about as a butterfly in the sunshine, enjoying the brief, bright season of youth."

Mrs. Ashley listened patiently, but she earnestly replied:

"You make a grave mistake, my love. You would give Bessie a taste for pleasure and excitement, to be fond of admiration; and when the lesson is thoroughly learned, you would bring her back to the monotony of a country home, and bid her find, in the dull round of her daily duties, and in the placid attentions of her husband, the happiness you had taught her to seek alone in crowds. No, dear; I pray you spare Bessie such an ordeal as that. Before she plunges into the vortex of fashion and gaiety, in which she may otherwise be overwhelmed, give her a strong sustaining arm on which she may lean. That will be her only salvation."

The squire seemed buried in troubled thought a few moments before he replied:

"You may be right, Daisy, and you certainly make out a strong case on your side. We will see what the young people say to an immediate marriage. If they do not object, it shall be settled as you wish, but if they do, I cannot consent to force their inclinations. I have known what a happy union is, and also what a dreary thing a conventional one was to me, and I shrink from forcing the last on any human being. If these children love each other, they will come together yet; if they do not, I am afraid that I have made an iniquitous will, and I will confess to you that I have thought more than once of destroying it."

"My love!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashley, in consternation. "Why should you do such a thing as that? For never in your life have you done a wiser or juster thing than you did in making that will. I assure you that no other affection these children have known is so strong as that which binds them together. I have watched them—I understand the signs, and I declare to you that Frank and Bessie are devoted to each other."

"Then we can safely leave them to fix the time of their own union, without attempting to hurry matters," replied the squire; "that will be the best course, and here they come to decide the question for themselves."

Wentworth and Bessie, with their arms linked together, came from the shelter of some shrubbery, and slowly approached the open window.

They were both evidently in high spirits, and the young girl was chattering to her companion with great vivacity; Frank's ringing laugh, full of blithe enjoyment, was borne to the ears of the two who were discussing their future with such vivid interest.

They paused at some distance from the open window at which Squire Ashley and his wife were observing them, and went through an expressive pantomime, which ended by the hand of Bessie being pressed fervently to the lips of the young man.

"There—do you not see for yourself how much they love each other?" said Mrs. Ashley. "Their actions show devotion on his side, and on hers, acquiescence at least. Oh! my dear husband, speak to them now, while they are in the mood to listen favourably, and let us have the wedding over without unnecessary delay."

The squire stifled a sigh. "I believe you are right, Margaret, and I will do as you wish," was the submissive reply, for Squire Ashley had so long seen only with his wife's eyes, had so implicitly followed the bent of her will, that he appeared to have lost all volition of his own.

At a signal from her, the young people came forward and entered the library.

Mrs. Ashley smiled on them as they came in, and said:

"That was quite a pretty scene you were enacting just now, and I suppose it was but the prelude to the petition you came to make."

Frank and Bessie looked at each other as if in doubt as to her meaning, and he gallily said:

"What petition, Minny? We have none to prefer, that I know of."

Bessie flushed, and then grew pale, as she caught something of Mrs. Ashley's meaning.

The squire, with unusual animation, retorted:

"You are a pretty young fellow, to be making love here under our very eyes, and then say you have nothing to say to us on the subject of our consent."

Frank laughed, and lightly replied:

"I thought that had been understood long ago, sir. As to the love-making, Bessie and I were only rehearsing our parts in a charade we have promised to perform in at the party which is to come off at Mr. Welby's next week."

"Acting the truth in pretended sport, eh? Don't you think that others will suspect that there is reality in the love-making, as Daisy and I did just now?"

"I am perfectly willing," laughed Frank. "Bessie and I have no secrets, and everybody around here knows that from our childhood we have been intended for each other. I am more than contented with my bargain, and I hope she is with hers. How is it, my pretty rosebud?"

"Oh, Frank, how recklessly you talk!" exclaimed Bessie, with considerable agitation. "I do not know whether I am contented or not. I am too young and giddy to think seriously about such things. Wait till I have seen enough of the world to compare you with others, and then I will tell you what I think of you. I have not yet made up my mind as to whether you will be a suitable bargain for me, or too high at any price."

As she uttered the last words her colour returned, a saucy smile broke over her pouting lips, and the glance she threw at him showed that in her nature there was a spice of coquetry, and in her heart she rebelled against being taken as a bale of merchandise, of which double the worth would be forfeited if it were not accepted; for in spite of Mrs. Ashley's recent words to her husband, she had incautiously betrayed to her daughter that the will of Squire Ashley gave herself and Frank to each other, and the one who receded from obedience to his wishes forfeited the inheritance.

Frank was yet ignorant of this provision, and he replied to Bessie's last words:

"I do not suppose that any price will be exacted, you little flirt. But I know one thing, Miss Ashley—I shall consider myself ill-used if you bestow your smiles on any one save myself. Grandpa says that we are betrothed lovers, Miss Independence, and I intend to maintain my claim to the prettiest girl in the county, see if I don't."

Bessie curled up her red lip and made a grimace at him, which caused him to laugh again in his gay, joyous manner, which brought a smile even to the faded lips of the old man.

Squire Ashley presently said:

"You are a pair of silly children, and it is high time that you were thinking of the cares that must soon come upon you. I am so old and exhausted that I must soon succumb to the inevitable doom of all Adam's race, and it is the strongest wish of my heart to see you and Bessie united before I die. You are both quite as old as many that do marry, and if your union is to be a happy one, it cannot commence too soon. What do you say, my children, to removing

this last care from grandfather's mind, by having the wedding-day over at once, without any bustle or worry about it?"

Young Wentworth looked surprised, and he turned to Bessie to see what she thought of this abrupt proposal.

She sank back trembling, with all the glow of life fading from her lips and cheeks.

(To be continued.)

THE STRANGERS' SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Seventh Marriage," "The Warning Voice," "Man and His Idol," &c.

CHAPTER LXXI.

"THE DUKE."

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

Millon.

"WELL, he ought to know best," said Jim, raising an ale-glass to his lips. "Besides," he added, as he set the glass down on the table, "our governor's son John was drowned in the river; as you know, as well as I do. What's the use o' talking stuff, Tom? Where's the use of it?"

The gentleman designated Tom responded with a great blow of his fist on the table.

"I tell you what, Jim," he replied, "I don't understand it—not a bit of it—that I don't. If John Harwood was in his grave, that was his ghost!"

"Don't, Tom!"

"But I say it was, Jim. And as to his being Mr. Bal—what's the name—Balliol Edgecombe, what did the porter say as we stood watching him slink off? 'That's Mr. Cheney Tofts,' says he. 'Up at the Manor House.' He didn't say, that's Mr. Bal—what's his name?—Balliol Edgecombe. So he's going about in false names anyhow, and a man doesn't do that without a reason—most times a pretty goodish one—or a pretty badish one, more like, eh, Jim?"

To this appeal Jim only responded with a grunt.

Not a word of this, he was, was lost on Dorian.

He waited, listening with cat-like eagerness to what might follow; but the conversation, when resumed, had reference to nothing more important than skittles. On this, the doctor retreated to his room, and closing the door, sat down to think over what he had heard; and on the course he ought to pursue in respect to it.

Evidently here was information of the most momentous character; so far as Sir Noel Edgecombe's interests were concerned. Here were persons, or rather, here was one person, at least, to whom Cheney Tofts was personally known, and who was prepared to identify him as being what the doctor had all along suspected—the son of Martin Harwood, the lunatic asylum keeper.

Such a piece of evidence was invaluable.

It might upset the audacious claim which, in an evil moment, this pretender had set up.

More than that, it might help to convict him of one of the most daring conspiracies ever planned, and to bring upon him the punishment he so richly deserved.

How Dorian's eyes glistened, and how his fingers opened and shut with a clutching motion at that thought! His hatred of Tofts was becoming a mania. When the fellow only stood in his way as interfering with his relations with the Manor House, he was bad enough; but that was as nothing compared to his infamous conduct in regard to Juanita. The doctor's happiness was destroyed, his life darkened, his future reduced to chaos, and all through this man.

"And here Providence has thrown in my way the means of crushing him!" he cried out, in an ecstasy of passionate delight. "I will do it, too! I will. Feste! But I will!"

He only waited to calm himself a little, to still the throbbing of his heart, and compose his tremulous limbs, then with a bold, quick step he once more descended the stairs, and entered the public room.

The men were gone!

To his intense vexation, they had quitted the place. Not knowing what their character might be, or how he might compromise himself by making inquiry after them, he determined to steal out, and trust to chance for the means of tracking them.

"They cannot have gone far," he argued, with himself, "and if I am fortunate enough to take the right road, I shall overtake them in a minute or two. By the way, what a dull fool I am to-day. It is through me that these men are here. I had forgotten my letter to Harwood in reply to his statement that 'The Duke,' as he calls him, had disappeared. I told him to send two men down, who were to remain here until some discovery was made, or until they received

orders from some one—meaning myself, in my assumed name of Andrew Fenton. What a fortunate chance that I did this! It may have no effect in recovering 'The Duke,' who most likely has fallen a victim to this rascal's treachery; but it may, it must help me to crush him—to crush him!"

He stamped his foot as if Tofts had been a noxious reptile beneath it, and the expression of his face was demoniacal.

But while these thoughts passed through his mind, he had not forgotten the object with which he had left the house, and having, with a stride or two, reached a point from whence several roads diverged, he stood there hesitating which to take.

In no direction, so far as his eye could reach, was there any sign of the two men.

They might have sunk into the earth, for any trace they had left of themselves.

So, hesitating and irresolute, the doctor took a few hurried steps backwards and forwards, took a long look down the main thoroughfare of the town, and then decided in his mind that men like those were more likely to have strolled through the by-paths and unfrequented lanes, especially if they still entertained a hope of surprising the man they were in search of. Impressed with this view of the case, he yielded up the pursuit to the dictates of chance, and took the first and most convenient turning.

The doctor's search lasted more than an hour, and then, angry and impatient, he began to see the necessity of abandoning it, at least, for that day, especially as it was rapidly growing dusk.

"Besides," he argued, "they are pretty sure to return to the inn, unless their term of duty is at an end. And if they do not, a line to Harwood, skillfully worded, will bring them to me. He can suspect nothing as to the danger his son has to apprehend from them."

In this, as we know, the doctor reckoned without his host. The chance encounter at the railway station had opened Tofts' eyes to the danger he had to apprehend from this quarter, and he had explained this to his father and insisted on the men being despatched to distant quarters. On his son's instructions Harwood had promptly acted; he had telegraphed to Tom and Jim, as they called themselves, to quit Nestleborough immediately, and this was the cause of Dorian's unsuccessful quest after them. They had left the town.

Ignorant of this, and little suspecting the real state of affairs, the Italian was returning, chafed and melancholy, to the desolate Black Swan, and he had even reached within a few yards of it, when he betought him of giving a glance at the woman Lola's house.

The street was close at hand.

He turned in that direction and entered it.

The evening was darkening rapidly, and as the lights were not yet lit, the deserted street lay wholly in shadow. From this cause it happened, that in passing along, Dorian did not observe the figure of a man crouching in a doorway, within a few yards of Lola's house. He did not see the eyes of the man quicken with a strange intelligence as he appeared in sight. He could not tell that the bent form stretched forward as in the attitude to spring.

Dorian's first intimation of danger was a hand at his throat, and a white, bleached, spectral face, lit up with flaming eyes, thrust close to his own.

"At last!" shrieked a fierce exulting voice.

It was that of the man who was called "The Duke."

Yielding to a momentary paroxysm of terror, Dorian made no attempt to defend himself, and his only weapon, the umbrella he carried, dropped from his hand to the ground.

CHAPTER LXXII.

BETRAYED.

And so with accent of regret
She touched upon the past once more,
As if she dared him to forget
His dream of yore.

Jean Ingelton.

GIDLEY'S astonishment at finding Ruth in his room was only surpassed when he found her shrinking and drawing herself away from him in undisguised horror.

"What are you doing here?" he repeated.

She caught up her hands as if protecting herself from a blow.

"I—I will go," she faltered, making for the door.

"Do—and be quick about it."

His voice was harsh, his manner stern. He had never addressed the poor foolish girl in such tones before: it seemed as if her heart would break as she heard them.

In the act of speaking, he strode across the room and looked out of the window.

Indifferent as if he had ordered a dog from his presence, he seemed in an instant to have forgotten

whether she was there or not. But Ruth, as she made for the door, saw that the face which the faint evening glow lit up was working with suppressed agony. It had aged and wasted: heart-sorrow was beginning to plough the smooth brow into furrows, and to sear those smooth cheeks, red as autumn apples.

Ruth saw this, and could not bear it. She saw her work and its consequences, and her heart smote her.

"I have broken his heart," she thought; but she thought also, "I have driven him mad with jealousy, till he hasn't hesitated even at murder."

There was something so dreadful in the idea of having been the cause of such a crime as had been attempted in the Park on the previous night, that Ruth could not endure it. She felt that she must speak—must own her fault—must ask forgiveness of the victim of her coquetish arts.

"I will speak to him, if he kills me for it," she resolved.

And in the strong feeling of the moment she tottered forward, and her strength failing half way, sank on the floor, and hid her face in her hands.

"Gidley!—Gidley!" she cried, in passionate accents.

He turned an angry face upon her.

"Not gone?" he demanded.

"No. I cannot—I cannot go without a word," she exclaimed. "I must speak. I must—I must!"

"Speak away," replied the keeper, with cool contempt; and he lifted his hat from the table, with the evident intention of quitting the room.

But Ruth struggled to her feet.

She struggled up, and with a determination of purpose not to be overcome, clutched at his arms and detained him.

"Stay!" she cried. "I know all!"

"All?"

In the intensity of his surprise he could but echo her own word.

"Yes. I have discovered all. Oh, Gidley, how could you be so rash, so wicked? If he dies, you will be a murderer!"

There was no occasion to hold his arms to detain him now. He stood rooted to the spot, staring at the girl as if questioning her sanity.

"Are you mad?" he demanded.

"But you did do it, Gidley? It is useless to deny it. You did do it?"

"Did do—what?" he shouted fiercely.

"You tried to have his life?"

"Whose life?"

"Oh, don't say you didn't! Don't try to deceive me! It's no use. I know it all. I'd have died rather than know it, but I couldn't help it. I dreamt it, and it's come true. And if he should die, what will they do to you?"

Gidley listened, half bewildered, half angry.

"If this isn't another of your evil tricks, woman," he said, "speak out, and let me know what folly's got into your head. I've tried at somebody's life, you say?"

"They found him in the Park last night—the gentleman—"

"The scoundrel!" burst in the handsome keeper, suddenly perceiving the drift of the girl's words.

"The wretch that's brought me all my trouble. How dare you speak to me of him? You, too—you! Curse him!"

Ruth shuddered.

"Don't!" she implored. "Don't do it, Gidley! I'm it wicked enough to have brought him to death's door?"

"But who has brought him to death's door?" he asked.

"Why—you?"

"Me?"

"Oh, Gidley!" cried Ruth, shocked at his attempts to conceal his guilt, "I will not betray you—I swear I will not. Only trust me."

"I have trusted you," he returned, bitterly.

"And I have not deceived you. Indeed, indeed, I have not. It has been all your foolish jealousy. You don't know women, Gidley; you don't know what we are, how full of fun and nonsense we are, and how we like to tease and worry them that we love very, very much. 'Tisn't out of harm, or to do wrong, no more than a kitten's romps is. It's natural to us, only you couldn't see it. And that made it worse. It made it all the more fun to tease you and play with you, and to make you prove your love by showing how very, very jealous you could be—and all without a cause."

Gidley listened with parted lips and suspended breath.

He heard—he wished to believe—he dared not.

"But I'm rambling on about what's past and gone," the girl resumed, "and forgetting what I dare not leave unsaid. I never thought it would come to this. I didn't know how strong your feeling was, and what

I was driving you to. But I see it all now. It's half my fault—more, more than half; but oh, Gidley, how could you do it? How could you be so wicked?"

"If you'll just tell me what I've done—" he began, in a stern voice.

"As if I could better than you know yourself?" Ruth interrupted. "What's the good of my going all over it? Whilst we're talking here, he may be dying, for what we know; and if he does, it's sure to come out. You couldn't hide it. For all you managed it so clever, they've got hold of what'll lead to it all, and why not trust me, and let me help to save you?"

Gidley folded his arms and composed his features into their sternest aspect.

"Ha! done with this joking," he said, with crushing severity.

"Oh, Gidley!"

"I've had enough—more than enough on't. I'm heart sick and life sick, and I'll stand it no further."

"But—"

"You've played upon me from first to last. I've been made a fool of, and a laughing-stock—all through my love for you. But there's an end on't. I tell you; I'm cured. Take your witch's face and your false heart to them as care for 'em. I've done."

Ruth burst into tears.

"I've done wrong," she said, "I own it. Not so wrong as you think, but enough to make me to blame, and now I'm punished for it. Heaven knows I never thought my vanity and my folly would come to this!"

"All alike!" said Gidley, giving utterance to one of his moral reflections on the weaker sex. "All alike! False and fickle, and hard to win, and harder to keep. Not worth the winning nor the keeping neither, if you come to that. And then, it's always tears and smiles, and fawnings and cringing around ye like spaniels, till it makes your blood bile, and your flesh creep. I tell 'ee, Ruth, I'm gone too far. I ain't to be coaxed, nor wheedled, nor snared back, try yer hardest. I knew 'ee 'twas tempted me into the house on the hill—"

"'Twas me, Luke," said Ruth, meekly.

"I knew it. I said so when the door closed."

"But I meant no harm. If you hadn't doubted me, and wanted to find out whether I was true or false, 'twouldn't have happened. But I couldn't help borrowing the old gipsy's cloak and stick; and when you fell into the trap, I—I always did love a joke, Luke."

"But, hang it, woman, you left me there to starve with hunger and cold!" protested the other.

"No—not so bad as that," Ruth pleaded.

"But I say you did! For hours I was in that place; and how did I get out? Only through our shepherd Abner's boy happening to pass, and to hear me call out."

"I sent him, Luke—I did, indeed," said Ruth.

"You sent him?"

"Yes; I swear it to you! How else should he have had the key with him?"

The question was more convincing than any statement. Gidley understood its force; but "jealous souls will not be answered so," and he had his query ready.

"And if you did—what then? You'd gained what you wanted. You'd made me the laughing-stock o' the place, and made the chance for you to meet your gentleman safe enough from me. D'ye think I don't know? D'ye think I haven't eyes, and ears, and brains? I tell you—"

"And I tell you, Luke," the girl broke in, "that all I may have done, or said, or thought, is no excuse for what your jealous rage has driven you to. What if this gentleman did speak to me, and follow me up in his idle way, and what if I did listen to him longer than I ought? And I didn't do it for harm's sake, only for fun. And then you to go and plot away his life. To go setting to work to make a horrible machine to blow him to pieces when he opened it. It's worse than shooting him, or stabbing him behind his back. It's wicked and cowardly, and—and—I don't know what to call it!"

Gidley seized her hand.

"As I live!" he said, "I know no more than the dog yonder what this means! Has that fellow, Tofts, come to grief?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad of it."

"But tell me—tell me true and fair, as you used to speak to me—didn't you know of this?"

"I will swear that I didn't."

"And you had no hand in the 'infernal machine,' as they call it, that was to blow him into the next world?"

"No more than you had."

He spoke with the air of a man giving utterance to the truth, but Ruth could not, dared not believe him.

If she did, what was her dream sent for?

What did it mean?

"I would believe you, Luke," she replied, "but—but I cannot."

"But don't I tell you it's the first I've heard of all this? I know nothing about it. I throw an 'infernal machine' at a man? Why, I don't know what it is, to begin with; but if it's anything mean and underhanded, you know me well enough to know how much I'd have to do with it. That I'd as soon shoot the fellow as look at him, I don't deny; but not behind his back—not like a coward and a sneak. If you don't believe that's true, well, you've a worse opinion of me than I thought you had—that's all."

Ruth heard her lover's earnest, manly tones, and would have believed him—but the influence of her dream was still strong upon her.

"Will you answer me one question?" she asked.

"One? A hundred!" was the ready reply.

"This one will do. It's so simple after what we've talked of that you'll laugh; but much depends on your answer. You see, I have here on the table, the umbrella you was once so proud of."

"Well, what of it?"

"How came it broken?"

"How? 'Tis not broken."

"Look for yourself. Open it! See. One of the wires is gone. How did it go?"

Gidley stared in amazement.

"As I live I don't know," he exclaimed.

"But it is yours. No one else uses it?"

"Not a soul."

"And you didn't know it was broken?"

"I swear I didn't. And you—how did you discover it?"

"I dreamt it."

"The deuce you did? But what's the odds? Broken or not broken, how does it prove me innocent or guilty?"

"Only—the wire used to make the machine that would have took this gentleman's life, was just the wire that's missing from here."

Gidley reflected a moment. He was amazed and bewildered.

Then he entertained a detailed account of all that had really transpired. Ruth gave it with avidity. It was like the old, old times, to be sitting in Gidley's room, and looking into his face and listening at intervals to a voice that was dearer to her than any sound on earth—even when, as now, she heard it only in ejaculations and expressions of horror and bewilderment.

When the tale was done, Gidley paused a moment, then in a tone more serious than any in which he had yet spoken, he said:

"Will you take the word of a man as you've brought lower with your beauty and your tricks and ways than I ever thought it possible for a woman to bring me, that I'm innocent of all this?—that I knew nothing of it from first to last?"

He paused.

Ruth did not answer, but held down her head.

There was her dream, and the confirmation of the dream lay before her.

"You won't?" the man demanded, bluntly.

"I would, but—"

"It's enough. I won't ask you. Leave me, for God's sake! If I wasn't crushed before, you've done it now."

His head dropped on his arms, as he squared them upon the table, and he sat in the attitude of one who yields himself up to despair. Twice Ruth uttered his name; but he made no sign of recognition, and at last, with sad, tearful face, she stole away.

In passing out of the room she was conscious of some one standing in the passage in such a position that he could command a view of what had passed through the half-open door.

It was Flimkid junior.

He made some casual remark in his light, airy way as she passed, and she answered as well as her emotion would let her, in a low, soft tone. But soft and low as it was, it reached the quick, jealous ears of the man she had just quitted, and he sharply raised his face.

He was looking toward the door when the young lawyer entered.

"Your room?" he asked, looking round. "Was afraid I'd lost my way. Awful bore these old places. Never know where you are. Nice girl just left you."

Before the last remark he had dropped into the chair at the table which Ruth had quitted, with all the coolness imaginable.

Gidley stared at him.

"What might you want with me, sir?" he asked, in a hoarse sullen voice.

"I was remarking that you've had a charming girl for a companion. Nothing more."

"And if I have? And if I haven't?"

"Nonsense, man, you dare."

"And what then?"

"Why—I congratulate you. That's all."

He took up the umbrella on the table and began toying with it as he spoke.

"Yours?" he asked.

"Mine."

"Very neat. Very nice!"

He jerked it open.

"Hang it! One of the wires gone. Awful bore."

Gidley leant forward and made a snatch at it.

"Stay! Don't be in a hurry. Wire gone. Curious coincidence—I've one in my pocket. Very curious coincidence."

While speaking he drew from his breast the wire which had formed part of the instrument aimed at Cheney Tofts' life. It had been straightened out, and now, as he fitted it to the place whence he supposed it to have been taken, it matched exactly.

"Matches, by all that's wonderful!" he ejaculated.

"Very singular!—why, you don't look well? I'll ring for somebody to look after you. Can't have you left alone. And if you've no objection, I—I'll take the umbrella—"

Before the unfortunate Gidley could offer any resistance, Flimkid was gone, with the evidence of the keeper's guilt in his hands; and the turning of a key in the lock apprised the latter that he was a prisoner.

But that was not the worst of it.

Remembering the few words which had passed between Flimkid and Ruth in the passage, his jealous heart jumped to the conclusion that the woman he loved, in spite of all, had betrayed him.

And in this belief he cursed her in the depths of his tortured and desolate heart.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

SLEEPING ON A VOLCANO.

I am a solid temper, and steer on "mine own word." A constant course; with mine own word. If called into the field, I can make that right. Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.

WHEN Cheney Tofts was informed that it was Gidley who had made the diabolical attempt on his life, he became frantic.

He was sitting in a darkened room, for the injuries to his face had resulted in inflammation, affecting his eyes, so that they could not bear the strong light of day. On the table before him lay a handglass, with which he had for the hundredth time examined his features with a nervous anxiety as to whether their disfigurement would be temporary or permanent.

He was not a handsome man at the best; but neither was he the first man indifferently favoured, who had been as sensitive as a woman as to his personal appearance. That was not improved by the loss of one eyebrow, and part of another, the sacrifice of three parts of his moustache, and a general blackening and excoriation of the skin, as if he had been partially roasted before a smoky wood fire.

Flimkid junior brought the news, and produced his evidence.

The latter was conclusive in both their minds.

"I'll have this fellow hang," cried Tofts, "I will! Hanging's too good for him!"

"So the law-makers appear to have thought," replied the jaunty young lawyer; "therefore they have not attached that punishment to the offence."

"But it's worse than downright murder, and they'd hang him for that," Tofts argued.

"Very likely," said the other, "but they don't appear to have taken your sensible view of the matter, and so they'll content themselves with giving him a taste of penal servitude."

"Then it shall be for life."

"Very good. Your wishes on the subject shall be conveyed to head quarters."

And with a smile that was half a sneer, the young man retired.

Left to himself, Tofts chafed and fretted, and indulged in language of a strong and imprecatory nature, that was not pleasant to hear. One point especially troubled him. He could not make up his mind that this man, Gidley, could have sufficient motive to induce him to take such a desperate step. What had he done to injure the man? Nothing; unless a few idle words exchanged with his sweet-heart could be construed into an injury. And if it could, surely the most hopelessly jealous man could not think it an offence to be served in such a diabolical manner? The strongest proof of his guilt, to Tofts' mind, was the keeper's manner when he had encountered him in the Park a few days before. That peculiar look, those audacious, threatening words—to what were they to be attributed? And then, over and above this, he did not forget that it was Gidley who stole Claudia Guiver's papers from Dorian's house. Why had he done that? Was it to spite him, Tofts?

"No."

He started himself by uttering the prompt answer aloud.

"No," he repeated, "that idea won't do. What was the brute's own explanation? That he had

interfered to save Dorian's wife, and to defeat me. I don't see why he should have done the one or the other. And I don't believe his statement."

"Thinking it over still farther in his excited and angry mind, he for a while sought in vain for the true motive which could inspire Gidley's strangely ferocious conduct. Suddenly, it flashed upon him."

"Jove! what a fool I've been," he exclaimed. "Isn't it clear from first to last? This man's a tool in the hands of his master. Sir Noel directs; Gidley acts. The baronet wanted the papers and has got them. It's to his interest to work my death, and he tries it on—but fails. And that failure will prove fatal to him. A man in his position, dealing with a man like me, can't afford to make a false step. He has made one, and the consequences be on his own head."

He was giving utterance to those words, when Flora Edgcombe stole into the room. She came to inquire after him, and to bring the message that after long search, Dorian had at last been found, and was in the Manor House.

Tofts received her with a growl and an evil look. She was an Edgcombe, and was that not enough, after the discovery he had just made? An Edgcombe; and did not all the race hunger for his death, and plot among themselves for his destruction?

Besides, Flora had strangely altered of late. She had grown humble and submissive to this uncongenial suitor; she approached him pale and timorous, as if she was already his wife, and already trembled at his haughty bearing and uncertain temper. And this was not a line of policy to succeed with Tofts. It was his amiable nature to spare and trample on the weak, to crouch over the yielding, but to toady the determined and overbearing.

So it came about that since she had given this man her word for her father's sake, and out of terror at the thought of the harm he had in his power, to inflict on those who were near and dear to her, Flora, feeling humble and degraded in her own estimation, had become timid and subservient to her intended husband.

And he no longer treated her, with deference and respect, as she had done at first.

He had thrown away even the outward signs of it. Coarse by nature, he did not take the trouble to veil his coarseness to his victim, except in the presence of others, and even then he contrived to make her feel acutely conscious of his power over her.

All that he had assumed, in the first instance as a lover he now threw aside as a bore and a nuisance, to which it was useless any longer to submit.

"Well?" he cried, as she now stole timidly into the room. "What is it?"

"Are you better?" Flora asked.

"Am I worse, you mean?"

"No! Why do you say such a dreadful thing?"

"Oh, you know well enough," was the fierce reply. "You're a precious set, you are, one and all. But I see through you. I'm not taken in. It must be an uncommon dark night to blind me. I've found out all about it—do you hear—all about it!"

"About what?" Flora naturally asked.

"Oh, you don't know. Of course not. How should you? Not likely!"—so he went taunting on. "It wasn't all planned and settled between you. Oh, no! A nice hornet's nest I've dropped into! Not a soul about, from the highest to the lowest, that isn't plotting to see me dead and buried—and you amongst the first of 'em, I'll swear!"

"I'm sure I never—" Flora was beginning.

"You never cared a straw for me, you mean?" the man interrupted. "You never could endure me? You would no more have agreed to be my wife, if circumstances hadn't forced you to be, than you'd have married a Polar bear? That's what you mean, and would like to say; oh, I know all about it. And I know how glad you'd be to back out of your promise and leave me—if you dared. I repeat it—if you dared."

Flora cast down her eyes and sighed, but did not speak.

"But you don't dare," Tofts shouted, starting up, fiercely excited, "and every false step you take in trying to get your liberty only binds you to me faster and faster. Your father thought it a clever thing, I dare say, to blow me into the next world; and to do it all so snug, and close, that no one would be the wiser; but do you know what has happened?"

Flora raised her imploring hands.

"One moment! What is this you say? My father?"

"Beautiful! Innocent himself!" cried Tofts, holding his head on one side with the air of a connoisseur inspecting a work of art.

"You do not dare to say that my father was guilty of this wicked attempt on your life?" cried the fair woman, suddenly regaining all her spirit and animation.

"Don't!" cried Tofts. "—Black and white!"

"No." "That's all right, then. I thought I did." "You cannot have the audacity, the wickedness. It is a cruel, unfounded scandal, which it is unmanly for you to utter in my presence!"

Surprised and nettled, Tofts unconsciously assimilated some of her earnestness.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, "where's the use of playing with me? I know what I say is true—you know it; your common-sense would tell you, if nothing else did, that Noel is of all others most interested in my death—except yourself, perhaps—and that the man who didn't stick at his brother's life is not likely to hesitate about taking mine!"

"I will not believe it!" said Flora.

"And why not?"

"Because my father, sir, is not a common assassin. He is a man of honour. Yes, though he may have suffered himself to be betrayed into one crime—and heaven only knows the temptation that drove him to it—he is as honourable and upright and as little capable of such an act as—as—you yourself may be!"

"Then you believe Gidley did it of his own accord?"

"Yes: he was the assassin."

"What! My father's gamekeeper?"

"That is the man. Now, which is most likely—that he planned this of his own act, without motive or purpose, or that he was the agent of one who had both?"

The effect of this home-thrust on Flora Edgcombe was pitiable. She could not parry it. She strove to argue, to protest, to assert her conviction of Sir Noel's innocence; but her tongue seemed to lose its power of shaping words, her lips quivered, her whole frame exhibited the extremest agitation.

To her dismay, at that critical moment the door of the room opened, and some one advanced.

It was Doctor Dorian.

He stole forward toward Tofts as a leopard advances upon his prey, and in the darkened room his eyes, full of hate, rage and detestation, were absolutely luminous.

"You sent for me?" he said, addressing Tofts, and without noticing Flora.

"I believe they did send."

Tofts had spoken so far without looking into the face of the Italian; at this point he did so, and stopped short with a sense of terror.

"You have met with an accident, eh?"

"No; there has been an attempt to murder me," was the prompt answer.

An inarticulate gasp escaped from Flora's lips; she trembled at what might follow—trembled, not for herself, but for her father.

"I have heard the particulars," said Dorian, in the incredulous tone in which he was accustomed to pool-pool the statements of fanciful patients. "A mere boyish freak, I fancy, nothing more."

"What!" shrieked Tofts, "if your life had been exposed as mine was, and you'd come off with such a face as this, you wouldn't talk about boyish tricks?"

The Italian smiled contemptuously.

"Mere surface injuries," he said, looking at the face of the patient keenly from under his frosted eyebrows. "Leave it all to me. In a week you'll have forgotten all about it."

The words were uttered slowly and insidiously.

The tone of them was so peculiar that the patient instinctively raised his eyes to those of the doctor, which wore a strange, demagogical expression.

"No—I think not. I would rather not change my medical man," Tofts faltered.

"As you please," said the Italian, carelessly, "it will be all the same."

"All the same?"

"Precisely. You will live as long, and"—he paused, significantly—"and die as soon."

"No! For you would poison me."

The doctor's face grew perfectly livid; but the malicious smile, which had played there throughout did not die away.

"Since you cast an imputation on my professional character, it is impossible I can attend you."

With these words he quitted the room.

Flora Edgcombe watched his retreating figure with alarm, and it was shudderingly that she said:

"You have made him angry, and they say that when his animosity is aroused he is dangerous."

"Can't help it," replied the other, but not without some trepidation. "A man gets used to everything—even to sleeping on a volcano."

And he threw himself back in his chair with the action of a desperate and utterly reckless man.

(To be continued.)

A *Romsey* correspondent mentions an instance of the late Premier's thoughtful kindness, which would almost seem to show that he had a presentiment of

his near approaching end, and which took place recently. He then sent directions to his head gamekeeper that the annual presents of game to his tenants and neighbours, hitherto made on his Christmas visit, should be given at once, and with the order came the injunction, "not to forget the clergy."

HEAT.

THE dissection of the universe has its own vague horrors, no less than the dissection of the body.

When every change, organic and inorganic, in our globe is realized as being due to heat, and that heat derived from the sun, yet so more than an infinitely small fraction of the sun's radiation; when it is added that the heat given out by the sun per hour is equal to that which would be produced by the combustion of a layer of solid coal ten feet thick entirely surrounding the sun, and the heat emitted in a year is equal to that which would be produced by the combustion of a layer of solid coal seventeen miles in thickness, covering the entire surface of the sun; when we are further told that if the sun were a solid block of coal it would be consumed in oxygen in five thousand years by combustion, or if simply incandescent, would, at the present rate of the emission of heat, cool down 15,000 deg. Fahr. in five thousand years; and we then ask ourselves how the heat and light of the sun can be maintained through ages, which to human apprehension are as eternity itself, we are apt to feel as if thought were expatriated from comfort for ever, and human feeling an idle and insignificant mockery.

Some such phase and agony of intellectual expatriation may have affected the mind of the great Pascal, in whom the scientific nature seemed to live in a long conflict side by side with the yearning after faith and moral supremacy, when he cried, "If the universe were to conspire to crush me, I should be greater than the universe, for I should know that I was crushed, and crushed by brute force."

We have lingered as long as we could over this most beautiful but, paradoxical though it may sound, most truly harrowing book. Mr. Tyndal's treatise on heat is likely to live side by side with Sir John Herschel's famous work on astronomy as one of the classics of science. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of such works in sowing the seed and hastening the harvest of further discovery, and the peculiar combination of qualities required in order to be at once popular without triviality, and accurate without being unintelligible, is perhaps one of the rarest gifts vouchsafed to an author.

Mr. Tyndal is not only a most exact and original philosopher, he is a consummate artist in the arrangement of his materials. It would be difficult to find a grander climax to any book, looked at as an artistic whole, than the concluding passage of his treatise, which we need make no apology for quoting entire. After saying that "when we have exhausted physics," and "reached its very rim," the real mystery of thought "looms, and will ever loom—ever beyond the bourne of man's intellect," justifying the lines—

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep,

he proceeds, "Still, presented rightly to the mind, the discoveries and generalizations of modern science constitute a poem more sublime than has ever yet been addressed to the imagination. The natural philosopher of to-day may dwell amid conceptions which beggar those of Milton. So great and grand are they, that in the contemplation of them a certain force of character is requisite to preserve us from bewilderment."

Look at the integrated energies of our world—the stored power of our coal-fields, our mines and rivers, our fleets, armies, and guns. What are they? They are all generated by a portion of the sun's energy, which does not amount to one two thousand three hundred millionths of the whole. This is the entire fraction of the sun's force intercepted by the earth, and we convert but a small fraction of this fraction into mechanical energy. Multiplying all our powers by millions of millions, we do not reach the sun's expenditure.

And still, notwithstanding this enormous drain, in the lapse of human history we are unable to detect a diminution of his store. Measured by our largest terrestrial standards, such a reservoir of power is infinite; but it is our privilege to rise above these standards, and to regard the sun himself as a speck in infinite extension—a mere drop in the universal sea.

We analyze the space in which he is immersed, and which is the vehicle of his power. We pass to other systems and other suns, each pouring forth energy like our own, but still without infringements of the law, which reveals immutability in the midst of change, which recognizes incessant transference or conversion, but neither final gain nor loss. This law generalizes the aphorism of Solomon, that there is

nothing new under the sun, by teaching us to detect everywhere, under its infinite variety of appearances, the same primordial force.

"To Nature nothing can be added, from Nature nothing can be taken away; the sum of her energies is constant, and the utmost man can do in the pursuit of physical truth; or in the applications of physical knowledge, is to shift the constituents of the never-varying total.

"The law of conservation rigidly excludes both creation and annihilation. Waves may change to ripples, and ripples to waves—magnitude may be substituted for number, and number for magnitude—asteroids may aggregate to suns, suns may resolve themselves into *flares* and *funne*, and *flares* and *funne* melt in air—the flux of power is eternally the same. It rolls in music through the ages, and all terrestrial energy—the manifestations of life as well as the display of phenomena—are but modulations."

He who can read this passage for the first time with undivided attention, and not feel his pulse beat quicker under the almost cruel and savage grandeur of the picture unfolded before him, may lead a "little life rounded by a sleep," but assuredly he, at all events, is not "made of such stuff as dreams are made of."

BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER.

"SORRY days are these, child!" exclaimed old Mark Seafoam, as he entered a snug cottage, standing a little apart from the fishing hamlet of Coldwell, on the coast of Hampshire. "Yes, sorry days; and little bethought I that I should ever live to see what I have seen since I first heard the name of Oliver Cromwell. The king is dead, and oh, Maggie, it makes my heart burn to think of these things."

"Hush, father; you must not talk so. What if some of the soldiers that are quartered here should hear you! They would strike you down before my eyes."

"Yes, yes, Maggie, I know they would fell me to the earth, should I utter such a word in their hearing; but one can't bear everything. To-day I told one of them that they had better be doing something else than staying here to prevent the escape of those who were trying to get away from the Protector. The miscreant struck me with his sword, and in his sanctimonious way called me the child of the devil, bound up in the cause of the unrighteous, whom the good Lord had given Cromwell to slay. Had it not been for Will Hubbard and Simon Grant, who held me back, the miserable roundhead would never have struck a loyalist again."

"Oh, father, how could you do anything to provoke those men; your words will do no good, and perhaps they will bring you into trouble. Do you think they will be quartered upon us long?"

"Yes, child; till every one of influence is slain or escapes from the kingdom. Not till then will the monster stop his work."

"To-day I went into Dame Mitchell's, and she told me she overheard the two quartered there saying, that to-morrow they were going to search every house in the hamlet and neighbourhood to see if the people had any loyalists concealed, and Dame Woodman told me the same an hour ago."

"Say you so, child? Well, if old Mark had one hid away from the bloodhounds, never with his life would he give him up. Hark—what was that?"

Old Mark rose from his seat and opened the door a little way and gazed out into the fast falling night. No one was to be seen, and after a little time he closed the door and returned to his seat.

"I thought I heard a voice outside, but I guess I must have been mistaken. Did you hear anything, Maggie?"

"No, father, but perhaps it might have been some of the soldiers from the hamlet prowling about, and had passed behind the cliff before you opened the door."

"It might have been, or perchance it was the wind stirring without. It seems to me as if there was a storm coming soon."

A few minutes elapsed before either father or daughter spoke again. The former kept his seat, gazing moodily into the fire that sparkled and glowed upon the rock hearth, and Margaret gazed about the little room making ready for their evening meal, that she soon announced was ready.

Old Mark drew his chair to the board on which their repast was placed, and his daughter took the seat opposite.

Hardly had they done so, when there came to their listening ears a slight sound outside beneath the window, and a moment later through a chink in the shutter came these words, in low, tremulous tones:

"If ye be Christians, for the love of heaven give me shelter and food, for I am perishing."

Mark Seafoam rose from his seat and went towards the door.

"Stop, father: it may be the soldiers trying your loyalty to the cause of Cromwell."

"Tut, tut, girl; what does old Mark care for that. But that voice was too full of sorrow and grief to come from the throat of a soldier of the Commonwealth."

As he said this, he opened wide the door. A tall figure rose up from behind a rosebush planted by the hand of Margaret, and stepped over the threshold.

Old Mark quickly closed the door, then stepping to the window, still closer barred the shutters, so that no prying eye could peer in upon them; then he turned to his guest, who in the meantime had sunk nearly exhausted upon a bench standing near the entrance.

One glance was sufficient to tell the fisherman and his daughter that he was one of the hunted loyalists. His garments were soiled and torn, although they were made of the finest texture, and blood was oozing from a severe cut in his forehead, and also from another in his wrist.

Judging from his appearance, old Mark thought he was not over twenty-five years of age. The stranger's head had sunk upon his breast, and he would have fallen on the floor had not the fisherman caught him in his arms.

"Quick, child, bring hither the flask from the cupboard, and then haste and make some gruel. The gentleman is well-nigh famished."

With willing hands Margaret obeyed, and while her father was forcing their guest to drink a portion of the contents of the flask, and rubbing his limbs to bring him back the life that had nearly forsaken him, she flitted about, and in a short time the gruel was prepared.

The contents of the flask had the effect of bringing the stranger back to consciousness, and with many thanks he sipped the gruel and partook of some slight food from the table, when an hour later the old man and his daughter sat down to their interrupted meal.

There, in the quiet room, he told them that three weeks ago he dwelt in a happy home surrounded by dear friends; but that his house had supported the fortunes of the fallen king, and for this, his father had been dragged from his home; but by a lucky chance he had escaped the fate of his sire, though he had been hunted by the minions of Cromwell as if he had been a wild beast.

He told them of his many narrow escapes from danger, and how a week ago he had learned that his father's head had fallen, as did his king's before him.

From danger to danger as the days went on he passed; and this day his pursuers had been on his track till near midnight, when he had completely baffled them near the village, and dying of hunger, as the darkness came on, he had ventured to come to them for safety and food, and a kind Providence had guided him aright.

"And old Mark Seafoam will be the last man to deliver you up to the snuffing, psalm-singing soldiers. He would have his right hand cut off before he would do such a thing."

"Many thanks, my good man, and right glad am I that our young Prince Charles hath so staunch a friend in thee, as indeed he hath in all good loyalists. Perhaps the time will come when I can repay thee and thy fair daughter here for the kindness you have shown me."

"Speak not of reward, your honour; we have only done our duty, and we will never receive pay for that, will we, Maggie?"

"No, indeed; all that a weak maiden's arm can do shall be done to help the friends of our poor king and his son. But, father, we must not spend our time talking thus. Dost thou not remember what Dame Mitchell told us the roundheads were to do on the morrow? What shall we do for a hiding-place for our guest here?"

"Yes, Maggie, you speak truly; we must not pass the moments thus, for I doubt not the evil one's own imps will be at their search by the break of day, even if they do not take midnight for their ungodly work."

"What mean you, my good man?" asked the young man.

"Simply this, noble sir. We learned to-day that on the morrow the roundheads are to search every cot in this vicinity to see if any loyalists are secreted here."

"Then I shall bring danger on thy head, friend, if I remain, and that I cannot do. I will go forth again this very night."

"Go forth again to-night, noble sir, thou must; but thou goest not alone. If I judge aright, you wish to reach the coast of France as soon as possible."

"Thou thinkest aright, my friend; once in France, or on board a French vessel, and I am safe."

"Then thou shalt be in safety ere the morning dawns, for to-day I noticed that a large French ship-of-war was lying off the coast—the one I pointed out to you, Margaret."

"I remember, father." "In an hour from the time we start, my boat will bring you alongside the vessel. The moon will rise ere long, and by its first light we must be on our way."

"How can I thank you, friends, for this great kindness you are doing me?"

"No more of that, noble sir, old Mark Seafoam will be offended. But we have talked enough, and now let us act. To guard against all danger, it will be best for us to change garments, so that if we are discovered, you will stand a better chance to escape."

Margaret retired to the other apartment that the cottage contained, and when she returned the change of clothing had been effected, and so altered were the appearance of both that she scarcely recognized them.

The moon had not yet risen, and the two resumed their seats before the fire in silence. The fugitive bowed his head upon his hands and seemed buried in deep and gloomy thoughts; and though the fisherman wished much to ask him of his wanderings, he forbore, as he gazed upon his pale and sorrowful countenance, rendered paler by the cut that he had received from a fall upon the rocks and the loss of blood occasioned by it, and Margaret nestled closer to her father, with her eyes, beaming with pity, fixed upon their guest.

Without, the winds sighed louder around the cottage, as if walling for the misery of him that had sought shelter there; and plainer and more distinct came up the sound of the waves dashing upon the shore below. With mournful cadence the water seemed telling to those within the cottage, of the great sorrow that lay over England like a dark cloud charged with thunderbolts, to fall on the heads of those that were suspected, or dared show their adherence to the House of Stuart. Then the waters would change, and seemed to be telling of brighter days that might be in store for them; then sinking back to a hoarse murmur, of the present terrible sorrow that lay over the land.

A sound of distant voices, a flash of torches through the chinks of the shutters, caused the inmates to spring to their feet in alarm. Hastily Mark Seafoam opened a little way the door, and as he did so he saw a sight that caused his stout heart to flinch and to sink for a moment in his bosom. Coming up over the cliffs from the direction of the village was a score of soldiers, some of them bearing flaming torches in their hands. Of course but one thing could be their object, and that was to search the cottage as he had heard they were to do.

But a moment stood old Mark undecided, then his course was taken. Turning quickly, he said in a low voice, yet plainly audible to those within:

"There is but one chance for us and that is to get them on the track for me, thinking by my garb that I am a loyalist. If I can divert them from the cottage, the moment they are out of sight Maggie, do you lead the way to the shore, and I will trust your skill to row our stranger friend to the French ship. God save and protect you!" and he was gone.

The torches flashed along the cottage wall and a shout came to the listeners within. Well they knew its meaning, and hope that had near died out rose again. They were on the track of the old fisherman, all of them, as Margaret could see as she pressed her face close to a crack in the shutter.

In a low tone the maiden told the fugitive to follow her, as slowly and cautiously she opened the door. The way was clear, and with swift footsteps they gained the shore, where the fisherman's boat was lying, and by their united strength they pushed it into the water.

A moment later and it was skimming over the waves beneath the skilful strokes of the girl.

The moon now rose up, and by its brilliant light the French ship could be seen some two miles away, lying motionless upon the water.

Perhaps a quarter of the distance had been passed over when a loud shout from the shore told them that the fisherman's race was discovered, and they could hear the orders given for launching a boat in pursuit, and in a few moments, by the light of the moon, they saw it start out, manned by half a score of men. With determined energy the maiden plied the oars, and the little boat shot through the water like a thing of life.

The boat lay upon the water as on a polished mirror, every movement reflected beneath; but neither party heeded the beauties of the night—escape or capture was the every thought of each.

For the first half mile the boatman's daughter held her own and kept it well until half the distance was gone over, and then the pursuers began to gain upon the fugitives.

The maiden lent every energy to the task, and her companion, with sinking heart, watched the space as the water grew narrower between them.

Could the maiden hold her own but a few minutes longer? If she could—if her arm did not fail—she was

saved, for the French ship was now but a little way in advance.

Margaret tried to hide her growing weariness from her companion, but she could not. Oh, that he but knew the art of plying the oars, that he might take them from her weary hands.

Ah! he did not, and he could only hope that strength would be given her for the task that lay before her.

And it was with every nerve strained to its utmost tension she plied the oars, and when at last the little boat grazed the side of the French ship, she fell back completely exhausted and unconscious.

The flight and pursuit had been watched from the deck of the vessel, and eager and willing hands lifted them tenderly on board, just as the pursuers came alongside, and found to their chagrin that they were no longer in their power; and before they had reached the shore from their bootless search, they saw the sails of the French ship expand, and saw her move away from the coast, away to the sunny land of France.

Long years were rolled away by the wheels of Time, and with them went the life and power of Cromwell. The Stuarts again ruled England, and no more were the kindly adherents afraid.

Mayhap a year after the Restoration, there was a noble wedding celebrated at Castle Lemaire, and the one, that in his homely way, gave away the bride, was old Mark Seaford, the boatman; and the bridegroom was the fugitive who owed his life to the fair being standing by his side, Margaret, the Boatman's Daughter.

WAVES.

THE coast is certainly the best place to learn the terribleness of waves; for, as those passions which run deep, so long as they have clear way, conceal their force and keep a steadfast front, but, being crossed, will chafe against that which hinders with senseless and destructive fury, so the violence of water is best seen where it finds a solid obstacle to stay its rush and fling it back, spent and baffled, upon the next following waters at its back; where also its effects remain in jagged cliffs tunneled by the un- tiring waves, and a strand strewn with the morsels they have gnawed from the rock.

But, for this very cause, it fails to show the natural action of undulating water; in truth, waves far out in open sea, and those which break upon the shore, differ so widely that, as far as I have observed, their whole moral significance suffers a change. Give them sea-room, they rise before the breeze with an easy natural curve, and leave their crests in licensed sportiveness till the topmost particles of water leap from their place into the air; and, falling back, spot the now hollow and receding wave with crisp white foam. Their whole motion is free, unchecked, instinct with life. It suggests joyful exercise of strength, with more strength in reserve.

I never yet looked on the agitated surface of open ocean without being aware of this gladness in its waves. They seem to toss themselves on high in good-natured rivalry of each other; now and then one bigger than the rest outleaps his fellows, to sink again with a sibilant gush, which for a moment drowns competition. All the while there is a cool splash as of intermittent cascades, a sound, hoarse, not dissonant, which dies and swells with the brisk breeze like the laughter of sea-gods at play.

It is true, large waves, like their playfellows the porpoises, gambol heavily, with a lazy, elephantine carelessness, which seems to say, "We could, an if we would." But there is no touch of malice in their mirth; theirs is the excellence "to have a giant's strength," but not (you think) the tyranny to "use it like a giant." No doubt when your Lilliputian hand-built barks adventure themselves in the play of giants, they may chance to come by shrewd blows. If athletes box, or strip for a fall, though it be a holiday-match, what mother will trust her boy in the melee?

I have seen considerable waves, but, at their roughest, never lost the feeling that, however it might prove death to us; it was not the less their sport. Leap they; ever so wildly, there is about their majestic and unhampered sweep, of moving curves a certain fearful exhilaration, compounded of gleefulness and terror, such as I never elsewhere experienced.

It contrasts curiously, by the way, with the effect of falling water. Standing before a cataract which falls dense and wide in a single volume, the mind is stricken, crushed, stunned; partly because the roar is without variety or pause, partly that the heavy mass by its own weight moves sheer down, for ever down, as if it would bury itself and us together in the pool beneath. Whereas, here at sea, the prevailing motion is upward; the water seems against its own weight to rise, not as compelled, but spontaneously, seeking the upper air with the fitfulness of life in lightsome and ever-varied and renewed leaps. Of course the

arrested leaper must return upon himself. Even in open water, that line in "Locksley Hall" about

"The hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts" recurs to remembrance. But Tennyson—who, though not what is called a descriptive poet, abounds in touches exact enough to soothe the soul of a pre-Raphaelite—meant these words to picture the surf which breaks on a low shelving sand beach. And rightly, for the top of a billow whose bottom part has grounded must fall over on the shore with a dull, cataract-like roar, unlike the living plunge with which, when their force is spent, the deep sea receives its waves back into its own bosom. Besides, whatever depression the mind perceives in this reaction or ebb of the wave is checked by the fresh leap which succeeds even while the eye looks, not to name the myriad brother waves which leap all round.

A WINTER IN ITALY.

By H. R. S.

(Continued from No. 151.)

THE LILY OF ITALY.

THE city of Florence bears for its coat-of-arms the device of the lily, because the city was supposed to be placed under the special patronage and protection of the Madonna, and the lily is her chosen flower.

We have now been a month in this charming place, and every day it has grown upon us as the most loveable and home-seeming of cities.

Not so vast and unwieldy as Rome, not so splendid and brilliant as Paris, it seems in comparison to other cities what the small retired home of a man of taste and genius is compared with the most luxurious and commodious hotel. It lies in such wise cradled among the Apennines, that their soft purple curtains close every avenue of the prospect around it, with their dreamy undulations of light and shadow. The Arno, crossed by picturesque old bridges, divides it, opening up and down its length soft vistas of vision which change with every hour of the day.

Central in every view of the city lie its three great religious buildings, rising in height and breadth and majesty over every other feature, as far as offerings to God ought to rise over more human interests.

The Duomo, or Cathedral, built by Brunelleschi, the Campanile of Giotto, and the Antique Baptistery, whose bronze doors, wrought by Ghiberti, were called the Gates of Paradise, form a triad not equalled in any city of the earth.

Among all the growths of man's heart and head, cathedrals have the most intensely individual character.

No one supplies the place of another—each one is a revelation of some new arrangement of the principles of vastness and beauty.

In this cathedral, the charm of colour, always so expressive of the Italian heart, has been made to open to the outside a peculiar charm.

Built of all those precious shaded marbles of which Italy has an inexhaustible store, the outside presents a labyrinth of quaint arrangement, and time has blended and fused these various tints, throwing over them a softening stain like that yellow atmosphere that unites the brilliant colours of old masters.

By its side rises the bell-tower of Giotto, unequalled in the world as a miracle of grace and loveliness.

Its slenderness, rising so arrowy and clear into the air, always reminds me of some tall strait lily that lifts itself out of the lush grass of a meadow, bearing proudly, yet with such an airy grace, its crown of golden, black spotted bells.

The first time we saw it was by the light of a broad, clear full moon; we rode directly under it and followed its straight lines as they shot upward with such beautiful precision, till the graceful thing seemed to be a child of air and to have its noble head in the holy quiet of the sky.

It figures to us that religious impulse so strait, so pure, so simple and so true, that possessed the citizens of Florence when with one mind they decreed to employ Giotto to erect a monument of gratitude—of praise and gratitude—that should out-do all the monuments of Greece or Rome, and for which no expense should be spared. It rises two hundred and seventy-five feet into the air, and every step of the way is sculptured with minutest care from drafts prepared by that noble artist, and all the way expressing the noblest and most religious ideas. Like the cathedral it is richly inlaid with marbles of every colour, arranged with the most exquisite taste and symmetry. Those who rate everything by its expense may be curious to know that every foot of the outside is reckoned to have cost some sixty pounds, making an amount of one million pounds in all, at a time when a million was worth five times what it now is. Like one of God's miracles, a slight and graceful elm, the Campanile is not only beautiful in its slender, simple

majesty, but bears minutest examination down to leaf, bough and twig.

The bells that swing in this tabernacle are worthy their position—deep, heavy, soft with a sort of velvet richness of tone—a veiled, mysterious depth, as of some great spirit that uttered not half of its emotions. Among all the bells of this bell-ringing city, the stroke of this one is so peculiar, that when it rings we suspend our employments and say: There goes the Campanile bell—hark!

Bells, we believe, are a wholly Christian invention. So far as we have heard, the old Greek and Roman life was without them. They came in with the new dispensation that filled Europe with mighty cathedrals, whose long drawn aisles echoed the "Te Deum."

They are a most glorious and worthy invention, if one sets one's self to reflect upon them, and it seems to us no wonder that the medieval mind was so set on them—that artists wrought them in strange and rich devices, and priests baptized them in solemn joy in rejoicing assemblies of people.

They were supposed to fill the air with a holy circle of charms potent to exorcise evil spirits. In the cities of Italy the bells seem to be always ringing; one gets accustomed to it after a while, so that one scarcely remarks it; but still it forms an atmosphere of sound which one every now and then wakes up to notice.

The first thing when one wakes in the morning the air seems to be full of undulations of solemn sound; and every evening, while the mountains are growing purple and violet, the air trembles and quivers with vibrations of bell-droppings, sweet and solemn and plaintive.

The hills that surround Florence are picturesquely studded with white villas, convents, towers, churches, each one bearing its historical story, its crowds of poetical recollections. Some speak of Galileo, some of Michael Angelo, some of Fra Angelico.

One charming little gem of a church, which we can see from our window, received from Michael Angelo the name of the beautiful peasant girl, and is called "La Belle Gontadina" to this day.

Florence was a favoured and beloved resort of Milton in his early days of beauty and poetic enthusiasm. His fair angelic face, with its curling, parted hair, his pure and gracious manners, his wonderful attainments, inspired the couplet which opens so prettily on the resemblance between the words Anglious and Angelus, when regretting his only fault of not being in the Catholic church, his Italian admirers say:

With person, manners, mind, did faith agree,
Not English, but angelic thou wouldst be.

The number of distinguished men which this one city has produced seems to one perfectly astonishing. One may say literally that there is scarcely a step in Florence that some great man has not consecrated. Here stand their statues in silent majesty—here are the buildings they reared, the sculptures they executed, the paintings which attest the gravity, originality and earnestness of their souls.

But we are over-running our letter. Another must begin to take up some of the detailed objects of interest which it would require volumes to give any idea of.

(To be continued.)

It has been arranged that the National Portrait Exhibition shall be held in April next, in the old refreshment wing of the Palace of 1862. There is ample space in these galleries for displaying half the portraits of any value in England, and the difficulty of the committee will lie in selecting the best illustrations placed at their disposal.

GREAT complaints are now being made of the extraordinary delay in the despatch of letters in and around London. To convey a letter to the suburbs from the post-office frequently requires, by some mysterious arrangement, longer time than to take it to Bristol or Birmingham. It may account for this that the postmen in the outlying districts of London, who are wretchedly paid, and mostly supernumeraries, take it easy, "save" the letters and their own trouble, and deliver them "next round." What can be expected when these poor fellows only have nine or ten shillings a week?

BULLOCK RACES.—Among the entertainments at the recent fête of the Emperor Napoleon at Saigon, Choochin China, were races for horses, and for cars drawn by bullocks. For the latter six competitors appeared, although the race was disputed by four only; as a good start could not be obtained. Three of the vehicles ran abreast for a portion of the distance, when a car of a native of Trangbank obtained an advance, which it maintained to the end, beating that of a man from Cho-di by one length, and the vehicle of an Annamite by double that interval. The distance was run in five minutes, or at the rate of more than twelve miles an hour.



[THE RIGHT HON. B. S. PHILLIPS, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.]

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

THE gentleman upon whom has descended the dignity of civic kingship for the ensuing year is Mr. Alderman B. S. Phillips, of the Ward of Farringdon Within, and whose portrait (after a photograph by Mayall) we this week present to our readers.

His lordship may truly be said to be a "representative man;" for not only does he as Lord Mayor of the first city in the world represent the wealth and commercial greatness of this country, but in his proper person he also represents the principle of entire religious liberty, and the right of every man to stand on a perfect equality, without favour or disability of religious creed, and start fair to win such success and civic honour as it may be in him to achieve or attain.

A Lord Mayor of London must necessarily have been a successful man; and we believe the gentleman who now occupies that proud position has been very eminently so; but Lord Mayor Phillips's claim to this coveted distinction does not rest merely on his commercial success, his lordship bringing to the civic chair a very large degree of personal merit, and not a little scholarship; his lordship being an excellent linguist.

Lord Mayor Phillips, who is a Hebrew, was born in 1811, and is consequently only fifty-four years of age. His father was a man of great public energy and enterprise; and took an active part in developing the spirit of volunteering which the Napoleonic idea of an invasion aroused in days gone by as it has in our own; he placed his son in a school which has turned out many eminent men, and where he received a sound practical commercial education.

As we have intimated, Lord Mayor Phillips is one of the examples of the removal of civil disabilities from persons of the Jewish faith. On the passing of

Sir Robert Peel's Act in the year 1846, by which persons of that faith were admitted to the enjoyment of their full civil rights, Mr. Phillips became a candidate for election to the common council for the Ward of Farringdon Within, and was returned; his election marking an era in municipal history, for he was the first Hebrew ever admitted to the Legislative Chamber of the Corporation of London.

Having filled the office of common councillor for a period of ten years, Mr. Phillips was on the death of Mr. Alderman Kelly requested to allow himself to be put in nomination for the vacant aldermanic gown of his ward; but learning that Mr. Deputy Eggleton was ambitious of the honour, he declined creating a contest, or awakening anything like ill-feeling, and allowed his claim to go into abeyance. On the retirement of Alderman Eggleton, however, and in compliance with a very numerous signed requisition, Mr. Phillips again became a candidate for the gown; and was unanimously returned to the Court of Aldermen on the 24th of June, 1887. As alderman, Mr. Phillips won golden opinions by a zealous attention to the duties of his public position no less than by the high sense of honour which has characterized his commercial career and private life, his colleagues finding in him a very valuable coadjutor. Two years after his election as alderman, he was elected as one of the Sheriffs of the city of London and county of Middlesex; and was subsequently made a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the county.

His lordship is married, the Lady Mayoress being the sister of his lordship's former mercantile partner, the late Mr. H. Faudel.

CURIOS MODE OF CONVEYING A BRIDE'S FORTUNE.—During the first half of the eighteenth century, a Whitty gentleman married a lady in Hull, who had

the then large fortune of £10,000, which was paid in guineas, and conveyed from Hull to Whitty in a cart or waggon, heaped up with straw, and accompanied by two men dressed as rustics, each armed with a formidable hayfork.

THE NEW RELIGION OF THE MAORIS.

WHEN the Pai Marire preachers arrive at a native village, the love of novelty brings forth the whole population to hear them. The Maori orator then proceeds to unfold the doctrines of the new faith; in speaking, he does not stand still, or confine his action to the movement of the arms, or the working of the features; he rushes backward and forward like one possessed; waves his arms wildly in the air, and repeats again and again any idea which he wishes specially to impress upon the mind of his audience.

The proudest speaker in St. Stephen's is brief and concise when compared with our Maori orator, the stream of whose eloquence flows on for hours without a break or a symptom of impatience on the part of his audience; when he ceases to speak, it is only from sheer exhaustion.

The missionaries have adopted this style of eloquence, which is doubtless best adapted to the natives, but has a peculiar effect when displayed within the narrow limits of a pulpit and before an European audience.

The Pai Marire preacher dispenses with pulpits, and selects an open space where he can run backward and forward without interruption. He usually begins by denouncing the Pakehas, and expatiating on all the evils they have inflicted on the Maori races; he compares them to the frozen snake which the husbandman heated in his bosom till it awoke into life and stung him.

The Maori people are fast dying out; the lands of their fathers are passing into the hands of strangers; in a few years they will have no place to bury their dead. God has now interposed in their behalf; now is the time to rise and shake off the yoke of the Pakehas. What have they gained at the hands of the missionaries? Have they not acted the part of political spies, and betrayed them into the hands of their enemies? Have they not told them to look up to heaven; and while they were looking up to heaven, have they not been stripping them of their lands on earth?

But the Great Ruler has at length had pity on them; their cry has ascended to him like the cry of the Hebrews in Egypt, and he has sent Zerubbabel to be their Moses. He has endowed him with miraculous powers as the proof of his sacred mission, and those powers, transferred by him to the preachers of the new faith, will be exhibited in their presence.

The religion taught by the missionaries was a delusion and a lie, fabricated for their own selfish purposes, but the eyes of the Maori people are now opened. Like the Jews of old, they have been favoured with a special revelation from heaven, intended for them and for them alone.

What is the use of Bibles or of prayer-books? They have been superseded by the new revelation. Let them be brought forth and cast into the flames; if they contain the words of truth, the Great Ruler will not suffer them to be burned. See how they smoke! They vanish into nothingness. Thus also shall the Pakeha vanish and all his works; but the Maori shall remain for ever; his power shall know no decay.

The final destruction of the world is a device of the missionaries to rob them of their lands; the world will last for ever, and the chosen people shall inherit it. There is no heaven apart from this world and no future judgment, but there will be a resurrection of the whole Maori race.

In a few years the Pakehas will be driven into the sea, and when the last of them has perished, all the Maorians who have died since the beginning of the world will leap from their graves with a shout, and stand in the presence of Zerubbabel, the Great Prophet. They shall stand before him as they were when they died, with all their diseases and infirmities; and then his miraculous powers shall be exhibited to the whole world. The deaf shall hear; the blind see; the lame walk; every species of disease shall disappear.

The Great Prophet has already performed such miracles on a small scale; but there will be the final manifestation of his power. He shall rule over them for ever, and they shall be one people; no Pakehas shall be suffered to dwell among them save the Jews, who are sprung from the same father, inherit the same promises, and have endured the same persecutions.

There shall be no more harm, nor death, nor judgment; the Pakehas shall perish from the earth; and this world, transformed and beautified, shall be the everlasting dwelling-place of the Maoris and the Jews, who shall dwell together as one people.



[THE PILGRIM.]

THE FORESTER.

CHAPTER V.

A DAUGHTER'S PLEA.

Sweet as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the sunny drops that warm my heart;
Sweet as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the sunny drops that warm my heart;
Sweet as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the sunny drops that warm my heart;

The autumn sunshine glowed richly amid the voluminous curtains which draped the windows, when Valeria entered the queen's dressing-chamber. Margaret of Anjou was then in the prime of her beauty, and as she sat there wrapped in a negligée of crimson brocade, her hair rippling in a golden shower around her, those lustrous eyes dreamily fixed on the jardinière in a casement opposite, and her superb figure in an attitude of unequalled grace, Valeria Lyndhurst thought England's crown could never have graced so peerless a wearer.

The luxurious apartment, the rich tapestry on the walls, the footcloths and cushion of crimson velvet, the royal colour of the House of Lancaster; the elaborate carvings which must have cost the artisan many a day of toil; the great silver lamps, the alabaster jars filled with perfumes, the caskets and court dresses lying here and there—all these seemed to form a fit setting to this dazzling jewel—a framework to a vivid picture.

To add to the brilliancy of the scene, a flock of lovely thing-women were busy in the chamber, some drawing gaily dresses from the wardrobe, whose ponderous doors still stood ajar, some examining jewel caskets with girlish interest, and one clasping the queen's ruby slipper.

As Valeria Lyndhurst advanced to the royal presence, Margaret of Anjou looked up and said:
"Good morning; how fares it with the Earl of Beaufort this morning?"

"Have you seen him to-day, royal madam?"
"Nay, not since yesterday night, when he sat at my majesty's right hand during the tedious state dinner."
"Methinks," resumed the girl, sadly, "that he grows paler and more feeble daily. His rapid decline causes me much anxious thought, and I fear I shall ere long be fatherless."

"Heaven forbid, Lady Valeria; neither you nor we can afford to lose so noble and zealous an adherent as the Earl of Beaufort."

The tears gathered in the maiden's eyes, and sinking down before her royal mistress, she faltered:

"I have a great favor to crave at your majesty's hands."
"And what is it, child?"

"My father's failing health requires the quiet of his home, the attendance of his old retainers, and my whole attention. Will you allow us to leave Windsor Castle?"

Margaret reflected a few moments, ere she rejoined:
"We cannot refuse a daughter's plea—your request is granted, and I trust you will both be able to return in the spring."

It was in a voice which no effort could render quite firm, that Lady Valeria murmured her thanks for the queen's kindness, and when she was dismissed from her accustomed attendance, and went back to her room, she exclaimed:
"This is my last morning with Margaret of Anjou."

"And why?" asked the old man, with a start.

"Her majesty has released me."

"I hope you have not aroused her displeasure, Valeria?"

"Nay; I begged her to allow me to leave her service that I might devote myself to you, my father."

"You are a noble girl, Valeria," and the old man bowed his head upon her shoulder and wept.

The day subsequent, the Earl of Beaufort and his daughter took their leave of the royal circle, and commenced their journey to the fine old seat which had been the ancestral home of the Lyndhursts for centuries.

During the reign of Henry V., when he had returned from the famous battle of Agincourt, bells had been rung, banners flaunted to the breeze, and cheer upon cheer made the whole place jubilant, but now they moved forward like a funeral procession, sad and solemn with unuttered dread.

The old man leaned from his saddle, bowed, and waved his hand; Lady Valeria and the servants who had accompanied them from Windsor, looked pale and ill at ease, and when the cavalcade advanced more than one eye was moist with tears.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COMMOIONS OF ENGLAND.

Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words—
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick, and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester—
Be freshly remembered.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And to him no disguise is perfect.

At the period of which I write, Henry VI. had been for three years upon the throne, usurped by his

royal ancestor. At first his marriage with Margaret of Anjou had been warmly approved by the partisans of the House of Lancaster, and the beautiful bride received a warm reception.

When after their marriage they proceeded to London, the nobles, displaying all the pomp and pride of feudalism, wore the queen's badge in honour of her arrival. At Greenwich, Gloucester, as first prince of the blood, though known to have been averse to the match, paid homage to the fair bride, attended by a band of followers wearing her livery; and on reaching Blackheath, the mayor, aldermen and sheriffs of London, clad in scarlet and superbly mounted, escorted her to the city.

Then came the grand coronation in Westminster Abbey, and the varied amusements, which lent éclat to the scene. Indeed, "nobody who witnessed the universal joy, could have believed that England was on the eve of the bloodiest dynasty straggled recorded in her history; the War of the Roses."

As time rolled on, it was evident that her prudence and intelligence did not equal her wit and beauty; she was a woman of defiant courage, and did not exert herself as many would have done in similar circumstances to regain the popularity she had lost.

While the land was growing tumultuous with factions of the rival Houses of York and Lancaster, the Earl of Beaufort and his daughter were leading a retired life in their old Norman castle.

Lady Valeria still kept the flowers which had been Robert Markman's parting gift; but the dove, though carefully guarded, had flown away, and Valeria missed its graceful shape and low murmur more than she would have dared to acknowledge, even to her own heart.

Late in the autumn, she sat lonely and apprehensive by the broad hearth-stone of a little room, opening into the sick chamber, where most of her time was spent.

A bright fire had been burning two hours before, but she had allowed it to go out, lest its glare should awaken the old gentleman, who had at last fallen asleep.

It was a night of storms, and the wind shook the casement, and moaned around the gables, and the chill, sleety rain beat against the castle-walls like a shower of arrows.

In the room beyond she could see the emaciated figure reclining beneath a canopy, which looked like a tent, pitched for some royal sleeper; the antique chairs and tables; the steel mirror, the faded arras, which had been new when her dead mother was a bride; the dim lamp and the hour-glass, with its

sands wasting, wasting, like those of the life so dear to her.

Suddenly she gave a start, and moved to the bedside.

Her father was muttering in his weary dreams—dreams in which he was then living over the great battle of Agincourt.

"Charge! charge!" he exclaimed; for he was in fancy cheering on his gallant men-at-arms; "a few more volleys and the day is ours!"

The next moment his whole face brightened, and he added:

"The French are flying from the field—victory, victory—Agincourt is won!"

After those wanderings he lapsed into slumber, and the young watcher went back to the ante-room. She had not been there long when the porter moved forward, and whispered:

"My lady, will it please you to come down?"

"What is wanted?"

"A stranger stands at the threshold, desiring admittance, and declaring he knows you will welcome him. I did not wish to disturb you; but mayhap somebody has told him that Lady Valeria Lyndhurst never turns a beggar from the castle door."

"It is too stormy for any poor wanderer to remain shelterless to-night," rejoined the girl; "I will call Barbara to watch by my father, while I see what can be done for the stranger."

Ere long Barbara, a trim little woman, with the neatest of caps—so grateful to an invalid—had taken Valeria's place, and her mistress descended the grand carved staircase, which wound into the hall.

By the glare of the antique sconces suspended to the ceiling, she perceived a figure kneeling on the threshold, clad in a pilgrim's garb.

"Lady," said a deep and not unmusical voice, "I am a poor pilgrim; night has closed in wild and tempestuous, and hearing that the Lady Valeria is known for her hospitality, I have come to throw myself on your mercy."

"My father is ill," replied the girl; "but I cannot refuse shelter to the shelterless; come in."

"Heaven bless you, lady!" exclaimed the pilgrim, and bowing low, he followed her into a keeping-room, bright with the ruddy glow of the fire, and pervaded by the warmth of summer.

"How pleasant this seems in contrast with the wailing wind, the fast-falling rain, and the deep gloom out of doors," he said, gratefully, as he sank into an oak settle and thrust his shivering feet toward the blaze.

"Ah," observed Valeria, gazing at his wet garments, "you must have had a wearisome day's march, good pilgrim."

"Call me not good, lady; I too am a sinful man—as sinful as my fellows."

"And yet you are going on a pilgrimage?"

"I deserve to go as a penance—an expiation."

The girl started, but presently resumed:

"I do not understand you."

"List, lady; we read in the Scriptures, 'He that ruleth the spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' I could not rule my own heart, and therefore I am here on a self-imposed pilgrimage!"

Something in his manner touched Valeria deeply, and instead of leaving him at once, as she intended, to the attention of the servants, she took a seat in the high-backed chair opposite, and leaned forward, eager and expectant, murmuring:

"Go on; if it pleases you."

"May I presume to make you my confessor?"

The girl bowed assent, and he went on:

"Love is either the greatest bane or blessing of our life, but however we may guard our hearts, sooner or later the spell is upon us."

Valeria shivered from head to foot, but she did not speak, and he continued:

"Somewhat more than a year ago the king and queen spent a few weeks at the seaside, and the most beautiful of her maids of honour perilled her own life by rushing into the surf to save a child dear to her, who was struggling in the water. There was a heavy sea, for a storm had just ceased, and the waves ran high, threatening to engulf the lady. A young man perceived her danger and rescued her from drowning; circumstances would not permit him to remain on the coast, but that was a chafed hour in his destiny. He met his fate in the radiant creature, who now haunted his sleeping and waking dreams."

"There were many obstacles between him and the lady of his love, and for a time he wrestled manfully to break from his thralldom, but at length he left his home and friends, and wore a menial's garb in Windsor Forest, hoping, perchance, that he might occasionally look upon her bright, young face, and hear the sound of her sweet voice. He walked weary leagues to hover around Windsor Castle, where she was still the star of the court circle; he watched her window as a wrecked sailor might the lighthouse in the

distance; he followed her when she strayed into the park; and the flowers she loved, the colours she wore, the fall of her dainty foot became familiar to him. At last she entered the wood, where he had been stationed to protect the game, and it was his good fortune to be of service to her a second time. From her own lips he had the satisfaction of hearing that she owed her life to him, and after binding up her wounded head and the white, delicate hands which he had been permitted to clasp, as if he had been her equal, procured horses for her and himself, and set out to escort her homeward. On meeting her father, he would fain have gone back to the forest, but the Earl of Beaufort insisted that he should go on to the castle."

Once more he paused, and rising from the settle, walked the old keeping-rooms in wild unrest.

"Lady," he at length resumed, "you can mayhap imagine how hard it was for the young man to seal his lips, and keep his love a secret when it clamoured for utterance, and he would have given worlds to know it was returned. The grateful earl at first offered him gold for the great service he had done his daughter, and finding he refused that, told him he had only to speak to receive personal aggrandizement from the king, over whom he had much influence. But the forester was firm; there was but one boon he craved, and this he durst not ask at the hands of the proud old man. Finally, his existence in Windsor woods became intolerable, and he resolved to quit his majesty's service; but ere he left the forest he sent Lady Valeria a carrier-dove as a parting gift with a brief note concealed among the leaves of the flowers he had tied to the bird's neck."

"There he for the first time breathed out his love; but he could not in written words express its depth and fervour, and he still yearned for a meeting, where heart could speak to heart. Absence from her only taught him how essential she was to his happiness, and though he wandered sunny a league, and mingled in stirring scenes, he could not banish the image of Valeria Lyndhurst. Lady, lady," and his voice was mellow and rich with a lover's tenderness; "do you recognize the pilgrim now?"

As he spoke, he pushed back the cowl from his face, revealing the countenance which haunted her ever since their first meeting on the eventful day of the chase.

"Robert Markman," she murmured, while the burning blush which crimsoned cheek, neck and brow, and the sudden light kindled in her brown eyes, told that neither his presence nor his confession had been unwelcome.

"This name, unpretending as it is, sounds musical from your lips, and since I heard you speak it, I have been more contented with its simplicity. But I will not dwell on these trifles, when so much of bliss or woe is bound up in you, and the answer you make me to-night. I had not sufficient patience to wait till the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed in eternity, though in the end hour when I traced the note, brought you by the carrier-dove, I feared our parting would be final, and some titled courtier snatch you from me, ere we should meet again. Valeria, dearest, you doubtless deem it folly, or an insult, that I should presume to speak thus to one, who might mate with a prince, but you hesitate to reply, because you regret to pain me, to whom you fancy you are indebted, and therefore you are silent."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the girl, gliding forward;

"I have forgotten everything but you and your love; and am too happy for words."

"Happy? I must be dreaming, as I have again and again, only to awake to find my pleasant fancies unreal as they were sweet; or it may be you are trifling, and are the heartless-bellied Lord Percy, and other discarded suitors, have represented you at court."

The girl's face grew grave beyond her years, when she continued:

"Robert Markman, you are the last person to whom I would trifle, if I had the disposition, and that I deny. In my life affairs my course is as open as the day, and as God hears me I speak the truth. My heart responds to yours, and I can date my interest in you from the hour when you drew me from the surf, but I did not realize the depth of my regard till your parting missive told me the gallant forester had left the king's service. Then I wept over your farewell letter, and cherished the bird tenderly for the giver's sake; but despite my precaution, it has left me."

"Lady," observed the pilgrim, "I have brought back your lost treasure; and he drew the missing dove from the folds of his robe."

"Welcome, welcome home!" exclaimed Valeria, and with a hitherto forbidden tenderness she pressed her lips to its glossy plumage.

With a murmur of content, the bird perched on her shoulder and the slender wrist extended to him, and at length nestled in its accustomed place.

And the visitor, what of him? As Valeria's answer fell upon his ear, every nerve thrilled, and his fine face lit up, till the girl thought in all her experience at court, she had never seen such a noble countenance as his.

"Lady," he murmured, "dear, dear lady, I had not dared hope this happiness was in store for me; but heaven bless and guard you, and keep you true to your girlhood's faith!"

He drew her to him, reverently left his first kiss upon her brow, and with her hand locked in his, watched the changes that came and went in her bright, eager face.

For an hour they talked on, forgetting the walls which might be reared by pride, the petty distinction of caste, in the knowledge that heart answered to heart, and the rosy dream that surrounded everything with a settled charm.

They heeded not the storm-wind, walling about the Norman towers, nor the sleet, which struck sharply against the diamond-paned windows, and the quaint keeping-room was transformed into an enchanted palace. Finally, however, the castle-clock struck one, and the young man started to his feet, exclaiming:

"It waxes late, Valeria; I must release you, and allow you to return to your father. Go—go, love; mayhap the invalid has waked, and asked for you, and I must not be selfish enough to keep you longer from his side. Good even, dearest, I will lie on the old settle till the morrow, and then I must resume my journey."

"Nay," rejoined the girl, with a shudder, "I cannot let you leave me again."

The young man shook his head, and murmured:

"My lot is henceforth to be cast amidst stormy scenes; but wherever I go, I shall carry your image, beautiful image."

Valeria silently withdrew, his parting kiss lingering on her lips, and his words following her to the lonely chamber, where she had kept her patient vigils since her retirement from court.

Her father was still slumbering, and more quietly than when she had left him; and now the events connected with Robert Markman came flashing through her bewildered brain.

During the remainder of her watch by his couch, question after question rose before her, but she could not answer them, and with a new trustfulness stealing over her, she whispered:

"I cannot reply to my own queries, but all, all I will leave to heaven!"

The next morning dawned, ushering in another bleak, dismal day, and at an early hour Valeria descended to the keeping-room.

The pilgrim had disappeared from the oak settle, and turning to a servant who was busy at some household task, Valeria said:

"I came down thinking the wayfarer, who sought shelter here last night, might at least need a draught of water, and a morsel of food, ere he resumes his journey."

"Ay, my lady, he has gone forth into the park; but he said he should wait to thank you for your great kindness."

"And where is he?"

"I saw him in the beech walk not long ago."

Concoaling her emotion by a strong effort, Valeria snatched a mantle from the hall, and darted into the park.

She had scarcely reached the walk to which the servant had alluded, when she perceived a form she could not mistake, and hurrying on, was soon at his side.

The steward chanced to be crossing the lawn hard by, and to conceal the real purpose which had brought her forth on that chilly morning, she exclaimed:

"Good pilgrim, I have come to beg you to accept some farther hospitality at our hands."

"Noble lady," replied the pilgrim, "I have heard much of your kindness, but the half was not told me. As I go from your castle, I shall breathe many a prayer for your welfare, and trust you will be repaid for your generosity."

"But take this," and she extended a golden coin; "it may provide you food when you are hungry, and shelter when you need rest."

"A pilgrim's life is one of self-sacrifice," observed the wayfarer; "and when I am in suit, I hope to find other hearts like yours."

The steward passed on, quite unsuspecting, and the lovers moved away where any would be unobserved.

"Valeria," murmured the young man, "how long can you remain with me; how long will you give me to say what was true last night?"

The lady shuddered, and he went on:

"Something lies heavy at your heart—what is it?"

"Assuredly you need not ask; it is no light task to part with you now."

The young man's hand trembled, as he smoothed back the rich hair from her brow and exclaimed:

"It would be sweet to linger near you; but in these times, duty calls me to act my part in the great drama which is being enacted in England. Lady, lady, there was one thing I did not reveal to you, when I dared to pour forth the story of my love!"

"And what can it be?" queried the girl, looking at him with nervous dread.

"Perhaps it will sunder us for ever, raising between us a barrier more insurmountable than social position; but I cannot withhold it nevertheless."

"Oh! Robert, do not keep me in suspense; I suspect Robert Markman was not your real name; but, but—"

"Dearest Valeria," interposed her companion, "I have been wearing disguises; but to you I throw them off to-day. Do not fear, do not shrink from me—I am nothing you may not love and trust still! I am in reality Lionel Richmond, the adopted son of the Duke of York, and wear the Yorkist badge, and fight for the White Rose!"

And as he spoke he flung back his cowl, disclosing to the astonished Valeria a small cap composed of minute steel links, with a white rose attached to it.

The girl started in dismay, and he continued:

"Your father is a zealous partisan of the Red Rose of England, and you have been maid of honour at a Lancastrian court. The Earl of Beaufort has been misled and blinded, but were he a younger man, I should hope he might live to see his error. As it is, I would not molest him, but I would give worlds to win you to our side. A true woman's sympathies are usually on the side of right, and to you I appeal. The noble duke, who has been a father to me, is the direct heir to the crown! Henry IV. Henry V. and Henry VI. are usurpers. List once more; the House of York has two claims to the throne of England. The first is from Edmund of Langley, son of the third Edward; the second may be traced to his mother, who inherited the royal blood of Lionel of Clarence, and with surprising eloquence he proceeded to paint the wrongs to which the heir presumptive had been forced to submit.

Somebody has asked, "When did lover, pleading eloquently, plead in vain?" and it must be confessed, that from this interview, the history of her native land began to take a new aspect. Still she was silent, and at length he murmured, sinking at her feet:

"Valeria, if you repeat your decision, if you deny a Yorkist what you did not withhold from a seeming forer, tell me, and we will part for ever."

"Nay, the tidings startled me; but I cannot, cannot give you up, though you are loyal to the White, and I to the Red Rose."

"That is noble, most noble, dear Valeria; and now a word more. I am going, not on a religious pilgrimage, and a faint smile curled his lip, and he glanced significantly at his pilgrim's garb; "but to my boyhood's home. It may be I shall sit in councils of war, and tread the battle-field ere we meet again! Valeria, if it should be my fate to fall, you will mourn for the White Rose Chief, and that thought will give me consolation in my last hours."

Once more he folded her to his heart; once more her weary head sank upon his breast, and her wistful eyes grew dim with tears. The next moment he was gone, and with a dreary, sickening sense of desolation, Lady Valeria tottered into the castle.

(To be continued.)

A DIXON'S EGG.—Mr. G. D. Lockhart's ship *Ravenstein*, Captain D. B. Inglis, of London, just arrived from New Zealand, reports having brought home an egg of the *Moa*, or *Dinornis*, of New Zealand. While some labourers were marking out a site to build upon in the Wairakei district, a pick struck upon a cave. On opening it it was found to contain the skeleton of a *Maori* in a crouching position, holding with both hands the egg, and in such a manner as if death came upon him while in the act of eating it. The shell, slightly broken, is about nine inches long and seven inches broad.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S NEW EXPEDITION.—Among the passengers from England, who arrived at Bombay in the *Beares* on the 11th ult. was Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African traveller. He is about to engage in another exploring expedition into the interior of Africa, and has visited Bombay for the purpose of making some preliminary preparations. The scope of his explorations will be that tract of territory extending between the region which he has already explored and that discovered by Captain Speke. He will commence his travels by following the course of the river Rovuma, which is in about 10° south latitude, towards the north to Lake Nyassa, and then towards the south to the Tuganyika. He has already explored the Rovuma for about 150 miles; but from that point towards the west the country is totally unknown. The object of the new expedition is partly to open up the country for the purposes of commerce, and partly to carry out the wishes of the

Royal Geographical Society by exploring the watershed of the Zambesi and the district visited by Captain Speke. This latter object possesses great interest in the estimation of geographers, who are desirous of ascertaining whether the lakes discovered by Speke, Grant, and Baker are supplied by water flowing still farther from the south than from any sources yet discovered. The party composing the expedition will be a small one, and in all probability will be composed almost entirely of natives. It is expected that the party will start about the end of October. Dr. Livingstone has had an interview with the Governor of Bombay, and there is no doubt that every facility will be offered to him. Dr. Livingstone at the latest date was about to proceed to Nassick, and afterwards to Poona, where he will stay for some time.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

It was the third night after the removal of the French Court to the Palace of Versailles. The receiving-rooms were thrown open in all the magnificence of regal splendour. Music breathed low and sweet from numerous galleries, and illuminated chandeliers showered light over a throng of courtiers glittering with orders, and ladies resplendent with ornaments.

One, a creature of surprising beauty, stole quietly through the brilliant crowd, exchanging a smile with one, a *bon-mot* with another, and a courteous glance at a third, almost imperceptibly nearing a private door, through which she glided with the bright smile still playing like sunlight about her mouth.

But the instant she was alone it passed away. She drew a long breath, as if relieved from acting a part, and hurrying down a flight of steps, entered the palace gardens. Never was there a more splendid scene than here presented itself.

Thousands of lamps appeared amid the deep green foliage of the orangey, flashing over the rich fruit, where it hung like globes of burnished gold gathering and throwing off brightness.

Thousands more glimmered thickly along the native branches, lighting up the dowy leaves till every shrub and tree seemed drooping with a fruitage of stars.

Here and there an illuminated branch shot a prismatic light athwart the shadowing drops of a fountain, or flung a soft brilliancy over the statues peopling the flowering thickets, or couching their snowy limbs amid the grass.

In one direction the eye might rest on a hamlet of rustic cottages nestled into a sheltering nook, and half hidden by dimly-lighted trees; while, scattered in various directions, light pavilions upreared themselves, their graceful columns wreathed by rare exotics, shaking their cups to the night air, and making it almost voluptuous with odour.

The lady of our story hurried through this wilderness of light and flowers till she reached one of the most secluded of these fairy temples.

After looking anxiously about for a moment, she opened the door and entered a small hexagonal room, furnished in a style of oriental magnificence. The ceiling and miniature dome were of most exquisite *basso relievo*, while, in every second division, a sash, set with crystalline transparency, opened to the ground, draped without by a profusion of breathing flowers.

Suspended from the dome by a heavy chain of linked gold, an alabaster lamp shed its light over a small table of Italian marble, white as snow, and almost imperceptibly veined by a soft rose colour.

The lady cast a hurried glance about the room, and then threw herself, with graceful abandonment, on a pile of silken cushions heaped on the carpet.

"Thank heaven, I am alone!" she exclaimed, throwing a superb arm across the cushion, and pressing her flushed cheek upon it, regardless that she had shaken a cluster of Bourbon lilies, formed of gems, from her temple, and that the ostrich-feather attached to it lay broken, and that a handful of newly-drifted snow-flakes, in her crimson couch. "Thank heaven, I am alone," she repeated, half-burying her face in the swell of her arm, and closing her eyes as if weary with excitement.

But she was not alone; for scarcely had she entered the pavilion when a white but masculine hand cautiously parted the passion-flowers allowed to trail over the sash opposite, and a pair of dark eyes gazed in upon her with a passionate earnestness, as an enthusiastic connoisseur might dwell on a favourite painting—knowing it to be his, or being certain of the power to obtain it.

"She is a superb creature," half-muttered the intruder, glancing at her half-concealed head, and then at the little silken-clad foot hanging in fine relief against the crimson cushions, while his fellow lay buried in the folds of her white satin dress, "and

game that loses no charms in the pursuit," he added, leaving the window noiselessly.

The next moment he was kneeling by her side.

"Why do you seek solitude, *ma belle reine*?" he said, in a low, insinuating voice, stealing his hand under her forehead, and attempting to raise her head from its beautiful resting-place.

The lady sprang up, and her eyes dwelt indignantly on the intruder; but he fixed his look on her with a cool, unabashed steadiness, that acted as a spell.

The flush of anger—nay, almost of loathing—passed away like the rose-tints from a summer cloud, and again the sweet, practised smile revelled on her beautiful features.

"Is it only you?" she said, dropping to her pile of cushions with the grace of that most graceful of all creatures, a practised Frenchwoman. "Is it only you. I thought it had been—"

"His Majesty, you would say," interrupted her auditor, in a quiet jeering tone. "He could not have noticed your departure. Age produces blindness—this is his only excuse, for we cannot suppose even his highness will indulge in another six years of indifference so soon."

Maria Antonette—for it is of her we write—half sprang from her recumbent position, as if a serpent had stung her.

Again the scornful flash shot to her eye and then died away.

She moved one of the cushions, as if for her better accommodation, and resumed her position with a composure that might have rivalled his own, but that a slight, a very slight quivering of the voice, told that it came from the seat of struggling anger, as she said:

"Monsieur de Gouvion forgets that he speaks of my husband and his king, when he mentions Louis of France with contempt!"

"No!" he exclaimed, with more feeling than he had yet evinced, "No, I can never forget that he is both, so long as an improvident and ill-regulated government reminds me of the one, and I see the smiles lavished on him as the other. How can I forget," he continued, passionately, "when I see him in the careless possession of a love once confessedly my own?"

"It is false! false as your own heart!" exclaimed the queen, rising slowly to her feet, and speaking in that low, distinct tone which expresses the concentration of deep passion; "I never loved you. If for a moment my heart debated itself in listening to your passion, to your insidious, serpent-like breathings, it was but for a moment. Maria of Austria could not so forget herself."

Maria of Austria must be strangely forgetful, or she would bear in mind that certain *billets d'amour* have passed from her fair hand to his unworthy self; of course, every line was too precious not to be treasured as the life-pulse of her slave, and with a triumphant smile curling his haughty lip, he drew a handful of perfumed notes from his bosom—and glancing a half-mocking look at the queen, as he unfurled a braid of her long brown hair which bound them together, he selected one and extended it toward her.

The queen took the little rose-tinged note with evident perturbation, and the blood rushed over her face and neck like a flash of sunlight on an alabaster vase, as its seal—a winged cupid—met her eye.

But this gave place to an expression of intense self-loathing, as she proceeded to read the delicately-traced lines; her eyes drooped, and a crimson spot lay burning into each cheek, while her figure, but a moment before so upright and proud in its bearing, seemed to bend and become less tall under the load of self-contempt pressing down her haughty spirit.

After she had learned the contents of the note, she stood for the space of a moment in this attitude of self-abasement, unmindful that his exulting eye was reading her changing countenance, and that the thoughts thronging within might not be such as befitted her to reveal.

At length he spoke, and the sound of his voice aroused her to a sense of her situation; but instant self-possession was beyond her power.

"The Queen of France," he said, "cannot be ignorant that this little bundle of papers places her entirely in my power."

"Your power!" she murmured, as if unconscious of what she saying.

De Gouvion seemed touched by her state of resistless humiliation. In a softened and almost tender voice, he said:

"Why do you, by such scorn, force me to prove my power thus against my wishes? Return the note, and let it be forgotten that I have been compelled to make this unworthy use of it."

He extended his hand to receive the paper, still open in hers; but as if suddenly restored to her proud self by the motion, she crushed it together, and with

a gesture of contempt dashed it down and trampled it into the Persian carpet.

"Thus," said she, vehemently, "I spurn and defy your power!"

"Beware," he retorted, turning pale with anger—"beware, or I may be tempted to prove my power by making these public." And with a pale, compressed lip, he touched the packet with his finger.

"You dare not!" she replied; "and even if you did, Louis would believe them forgeries."

"I have not to learn how easily the weak king may be duped—but happily for me, the public is neither so blind nor so complaisant; nor is Marie Antoinette so great a favourite among the secret democrats of France, that this precious little bundle would not be gladly received on their private council tables."

The queen shrank back, evidently startled by his threat.

Though imprudent and volatile in the extreme, she was far from being a weak-minded woman. In a moment she comprehended the danger of her position.

These little, playful notes, written in the gaiety of her heart, still redolent with her favourite perfume, and looking as if manufactured from rose-leaves—these notes she saw might be made the instruments of incalculable mischief, if left in the possession of an enemy, such as she knew the man before her would become if allowed to leave her presence unconciliated, with the dangerous proofs of her imprudence at his mercy.

She was more than right in her fears.

Billetts d'amour from the Queen of France to a member of her court, were unsafe documents to be abroad when the nation was swiftly verging toward that revolution which, like the curse on Cain, has left a stain of blackness affixed to her history which will darken and deepen there as long as her name is heard among the nations of the earth.

The virtues of a thousand Lafayettees could not bleach it a shade whiter—the devastations and boasted glory of a Bonaparte but serve to furnish another broad leaf to the sanguinary record.

The greatness of her illustrious line of monarchs is overshadowed and rendered dim by the hideous monster of anarchy, that swept its dark garments over the whole country, breathing atheism upon her altars, blasting her vineyards, tearing down her wine-presses, and setting up in their empty places guillotines, reeking with the innocent blood it thirsted for.

France may become more prosperous, greater and better than her sister kingdoms; yet posterity, when they read her history, will shudder as they turn to that page which tells of the time when she lay, like an unnatural monster, satiated with the blood of her own children—of the innocent, the beautiful, the young and the helpless; when her temples were turned into monuments of shame—when liberty became a base mockery—when the delicate ties of society were rent and crushed with a fearful hand, and indecencies were perpetrated boldly in the high places of the nation.

At the time of our story, the thunder of this moral earthquake was beginning to be heard louder and louder each day—but still the court lived on as if ignorant of the warning.

Hisses and groans mingled with the shouts of the people whenever the queen went abroad, and execrations were heaped upon her by the *canaille* of the metropolis.

Her extravagances were openly complained of.

Grieved and amazed at her waning popularity, she had made an effort to regain it before her departure for her palace of Versailles.

Finding but partial success, she naturally drew about her the aristocrats of the court; and by the entertainments and profuse expenses by which she bound them to her, still further exasperated the greater portion of the nation.

The knowledge she had gained of the reigning discontent had been gathered from observation, and was necessarily imperfect.

As yet, none of those about her had ventured to hint at her unpopularity; but now, when suddenly told that secret meetings were held by her enemies, and menaced by one of her own subjects bold enough to break in upon her retirement, she felt that her danger must be imminent, and, for a moment, shrank from the conviction.

In seasons of danger and difficulty, Marie Antoinette was a truly great woman, quick to resolve, and strong to execute.

Since the last unmanly threat of her persecutor, she had been standing with one white hand resting on the marble table, and her eyes bent on the floor.

She felt that she had given an imprudent liberty to her feelings, and collected all her womanly powers to charm away the evil.

Raising her fine blue eyes from the shadow of her drooping lashes, she met the earnest gaze he had been

silently fixing upon her, with one of those soft, soul-subduing glances that had so enthralled his heart in past years—and a smile, arch and playful, lay upon her rich lips, like light upon a ripening pomegranate.

"So you will expose all my old follies unless I go on committing new ones? Well, whether I will or not, we must be friends;" and she gracefully extended one of the most beautiful hands in France.

De Gouvion hesitated and looked searchingly in her face for a moment—but her dissembling was perfection.

Not a shadow darkened her beautiful features, and a bright smile of apparent frankness and gaiety lighted them into transcendent loveliness of expression.

Convinced of her frankness, or rather bewildered by the fascination of her look and manner, he took the extended hand, and pressed it fervently to his lips.

"And so, *mon ami*, you really thought me seriously angry," she said, with a rich laugh that filled the little room like the murmur of waters through a bed of violets. "Ma foi! what a bravado you have become."

"Forgive me," he answered in some confusion, "the thoughts of your displeasure drove me to desperation."

She gaily interrupted him, and glancing at the notes in his hand, exclaimed:

"How you did threaten me with them! But *n'importe*, *Je vous pardonne*. *Voilà!*" she added, with another sweet laugh, pointing to the crushed note on the carpet as she glided to her former seat, and throwing one of the silken cushions to her feet, playfully commanded him to occupy it.

He smiled and was about to seat himself by her side; but with another musical laugh she cried:

"Kneel, kneel; you are a rebel, and must take a new oath of allegiance."

Evidently delighted beyond measure, the young courtier gracefully bent his knee to the cushion, and pressed his lips with mock reverence to her extended hand.

"A tribute for your sovereign—a tribute!"

"What can I offer?" he gallantly answered, again touching her hand. "My heart? But you have rejected that so often."

"Anything—those *billetts* done, if you will."

In spite of her efforts to prevent it, a slight tone of anxiety affected her voice, as she made this careless demand.

He looked in her face, and a suspicious cloud darkened his brow.

She saw it, and hastily added:

"No—no! I had forgotten! They are your last hope; but the diamond on your little finger—that will do!"

And she held out a taper finger to be encircled by the ring.

He attempted to take off the gem she had demanded, but it was small, and came over the joint with difficulty.

The package of notes prevented a free use of his hand; and with his mind entirely engrossed by the refractory ring, he hastily twisted the braid of hair about them, and laid them on his knee.

Quick as lightning, the queen caught them up, and darting to the lamp, held them in the flame. Almost as quickly, he sprang to his feet, and with an execration caught her almost rudely about the wrist, attempting to wrest the burning notes from her—but it was too late.

She held them on high till the blaze enveloped her hand, and as he caught her wrist to force them from her, they fell in a shower of blackened fragments over the snowy table.

For the space of a minute after this bold act, the queen and her baffled lover stood face to face, she trembling with over-excitement, triumphant, yet half-frightened at what she had done—and he pale with a terrible anger, his lips bloodless, and a dusky flame seeming to glow through the blackness of his eyes.

The poor queen cowered and shrank from that malignant look; she felt she had made him a deadly, unrelenting enemy—and she was right.

A proud man never forgives the woman who has deliberately exerted the winning powers of her sex to deceive him.

Wound his tenderness, arouse his jealousy, overwhelm him with reproaches, and he may overlook and excuse all. But make him the dupe of any design, let him feel that you have coldly spread out your fascinations for a selfish purpose, and he is lost to you for ever; even if his heart could return to its allegiance, it would scarcely be worth the having. But a villain—meet his plot with a counter-plot, match him in guile, baffle his evil designs, and he is the most malicious of all bitter enemies.

Marie Antoinette knew this to be true, and she quailed under the influence of that serpent-like eye. Not a word had been spoken, but that look was enough.

She turned her eyes from his, and throwing herself

on the cushions, buried her face in her hands and wept passionately.

He looked on her as she lay, smiled a bitter, malignant smile, picked up the crumpled note which she had forgotten on the carpet, and left the pavilion without speaking a word.

For some time the Queen of France indulged freely in her tears; then suddenly recollecting that her absence from the palace might be observed, she sprang up, hastily arranged the cluster of Bourbon lilies in her hair, threw the broken feather away, and left the pavilion.

Passing by one of the fountains, she caught some of its falling drops in her little palm, and after bathing her eyes, returned to the palace smiling, self-possessed, and graceful as she had left it.

Among all who filled those gorgeous apartments, not one appeared so gay as their queen.

They little thought that a new and trembling fear lay on her heart like a coiled serpent; yet it was even so.

It was eleven in the morning, and yet the aristocratic and regal inmates of Versailles were buried in sleep.

The palace gardens lay bathed in a flood of light, broken, under the trees and about the thickets, into irregular patches of cool shadowing, while here and there amid the green branches, burdened with its extinguished companions, a lamp still flickering on, or a withered garland trailing across the terrace, told of the last night's festival.

All was lone and deserted, except the little pavilion we have already mentioned.

There, seated on the cushions, still heaped as the queen had left them, was De Gouvion; and by his side, with a slender hand in his, sat a dark-eyed, melancholy girl, with a soft, Madonna cast of features, and an expression upon them, as she bent her classical head towards him, which could not be mistaken.

The young girl had poured her heart's love out recklessly to the man by her side.

He was talking in a low, persuasive tone, which had a kind of entrancing music in its whisperings; still he did not look in her face as he spoke—but his eyes glanced restlessly about the room, or were fastened on the marble table, still soiled with fragments of blackened paper.

He talked long and earnestly, and closed by saying:

"You promised, Adeline, to let no opportunity escape you, to be ever on the alert."

She made no answer, but sat with her hands clasped in her lap, while tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"Why do you not answer, Adeline?" he exclaimed, impatiently; "have I not promised to make you my wife, whenever this great object is accomplished?"

"But you have promised so often before," she answered, timidly raising her swimming eyes to his.

"But I will swear now—that most satisfy you," and he raised a little crucifix hanging about her neck to his lips.

Adeline's eyes brightened for an instant—then bursting into fresh tears, she exclaimed:

"Indeed, indeed, I cannot injure her, she is so kind, so good!"

"I do not ask you to injure her; have I not told you that she will return to her own country, and live happily at her brother's court?"

"Are you certain this is all they intend?"

"Most certain."

"And will you forsake the odious Madame Lamothé?"

"When this object is accomplished—until then I shall need her services."

"Swear that you will leave her."

"See, I do," and again he kissed the crucifix—then holding it to her lips, he said, "Now it is your turn—promise, upon this, to observe my directions."

The poor girl made a motion as if to obey him, and then shrank back irresolute.

"Farewell, then," he exclaimed, dropping the crucifix in her lap and rising coldly; "Madame Lamothé's purposes—"

"Stop—oh, do not go to her—see, I swear," she cried, bending eagerly forward and pressing the cross to her lip with both hands.

"Promised like my own brave girl," he said, returning.

"Now go to the palace, and remember to bring me intelligence this evening," and hurrying her to the door, he pressed her hand and returned into the pavilion.

He had left it on the previous night for the secret haunts of such Jacobins as were gathered in the neighbourhood.

There he had forced back the pride of his aristocratic habits, and entered into all their debasing plans—adopting their detestable measures with the avidity of a scorned man thirsting for vengeance.

All the night long he had been thus employed, and the morning found him as we have related, tempting

with empty promises the favourite waiting-maid of the queen—one whom he had torn from the innocent places of her childhood, and whose pure spring of affections he had sullied in its first gushings.

At the time of his first acquaintance with Adeline, he was in high favour with the queen; and it was that he might place an unconscious spy over her actions, rather than from any pity for the deluded girl, which induced him to interest Marie Antoinette in her behalf, as the daughter of a deceased friend of his own.

Thus for several years he had, by a series of trifling attentions to the lost girl, excited a constant hope that his heart would again return to her, while he had easily gleaned from her conversation and letters, all the information he wished with regard to the royal household.

But to induce her to become an active agent in betraying the secrets of her royal mistress, he found more difficult than he had anticipated.

However, he did succeed, as our reader is aware; and well satisfied with his success, left the royal gardens to prosecute his traitorous plans elsewhere.

After her interview with De Gouvion, Adeline left herself into the palace by a private entrance, and hastened through several luxurious ante-rooms to the queen's bed-chamber.

She listened a moment—then gently opening the door, stole softly through the rich, artificial twilight, created and mellowed by the heavy, purple drapery sweeping over the windows.

Casting a wistful glance toward the royal couch, she breathed more freely on seeing, through an opening in the curtain, the beautiful head of the queen, half buried in the frilled pillow, with a hand thrust under her damask cheek, and her neck-ruffles heaving with the respiration of a quiet sleeper.

Adeline glided noiselessly to a table covered with ornaments hastily cast from the wearer, and thrown in brilliant confusion among unread petitions, perfumed sonnets, and empty jewel-boxes.

She was carefully searching among the papers, when the rose-coloured drapery was flung suddenly from before the bed, and looking hastily up, she saw with terror that the queen was leaning on her pillow, in a half-sitting posture, and looking with astonishment upon her.

Before she could speak, the queen exclaimed, more hastily than was her wont:

"Mademoiselle Adeline, why do you visit my bed-chamber without a summons?"

Quick as thought, the waiting-woman was ready with an excuse.

Taking an ivory casket from the table, she held it up, saying:

"The jeweller from Paris wished me to submit this for your majesty's inspection—it is a necklace of rare diamonds, very beautiful—and he supposed your highness might wish for the first refusal of it."

"Bring my dressing-gown!" exclaimed the queen, eagerly throwing back the silken quilt, and thrusting her feet into the slippers of the previous night; "draw up that curtain and give me the jewels."

Adeline obeyed, and with almost childlike impatience, the queen, being hastily robed, gathered her dressing-gown about her, and running to the unvelled window, through which the sunbeams were pouring, held the magnificent diamonds in their full blaze.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" she exclaimed, eagerly shaking them about, and the sunlight flashed and sparkled over them like a shower of prismatic fire—"they are absolutely dazzling. But the price, Adeline—at how much does Bossanges value them?"

"At sixteen hundred thousand francs," was the reply.

"It is too much, quite ruinous, yet I must have them. Who is that at the private door? Go and see, Adeline."

The attendant obeyed, and returned, saying that the king wished to be admitted.

"Certainly," replied the queen, hastily, twisting her long brown hair into a kind of turban round her head, and gathering her dressing-gown in graceful drapery over her neck—"tell his majesty I wait for his presence, and then bring the young princes hither—their smiles must help to purchase the diamonds for me."

Adeline admitted the king, and then went to perform the queen's last command.

Louis had just returned from a meeting with his council, where the discontent of his subjects had been laid before him in a host of petitions, which he had no means of granting, yet which were couched in terms of complaint almost insulting. His brow was wrinkled, his eyes dim, and his whole person careworn and dejected, as he entered the queen's apartment.

He returned her greeting somewhat coldly as she advanced to receive him, and sighing heavily, threw himself into a chair.

The queen felt, instinctively, that his mood was unpropitious for her wishes; and closing the casket on the diamonds, she bent over her chair and sought to charm away his dejection—but for once she was unsuccessful.

The gloom darkened on his brow, and shaking off the hand which she had laid on his shoulder, he left his seat and walked the room in evident perturbation. The queen's fears were awakened by his strange manner.

The scene of the previous night flashed to her mind; and with a sinking dread of some new evil, she demanded of the agitated monarch the cause of his disorder. Before he could answer, Adeline returned with two of the young princes.

Casting off a portion of his gloom, Louis resumed his seat; and lifting the younger of the beautiful children to his knee, circled the other with his arm. The queen drew an ottoman to his feet, and passing an arm about the young boy, pressed his round cheek to hers with the affectionate grace that was so becoming in her.

"Now," she said, smoothing the little fellow's hair with her hand, and raising her bright face to the king's, "Now, if we were a peasant family, living in a snug little cot at the foot of a hill, covered by the vineyards which supported us, with a few goats and a garden, how happy we could be!"

"Would to heaven we were in so safe a shelter," said the king fervently, "for then I might gather my family about my humble hearthstone, without a fear of finding deceit and treachery in its bosom;" and the unhappy monarch bowed his face to his son's head, and a hot tear dropped among his sunny curls.

"But, papa," said the elder boy, raising his face anxiously, "if you work in a vineyard like the men I saw once, shall I be king then?"

"No, no," interrupted the other eagerly; "we'll carry grapes on our heads, in a pretty basket, just as the little peasant boys. Monsieur De Gouvion told me all about it."

Louis hastily arose, and commanded Adeline to conduct the children from the room. He was no sooner obeyed than, turning abruptly to the queen, and taking a crumpled paper from his pocket, he demanded if that was her hand-writing and seal. She glanced at both, and instantly recognized the note she had tramped upon in the pavilion the preceding night. The colour forsook her cheeks, but she did not attempt a denial.

"They are both mine," she faltered out. "It is enough," replied the king, turning away in stern anger—but she caught his hand, exclaiming in an agitated voice:

"Louis, do not leave me with this odious note unexplained; though it makes me appear guilty, I am not so—indeed I am not. Listen, and I will tell you all, as if to my father confessor."

The king looked incredulous, but suffered her to conduct him to a seat. She saw that his suspicious outran the truth, and this emboldened and gave her eloquence. She began with the time when she had come to his father's court, a girl and a stranger, seeking the protection of a husband.

She spoke of her disappointment when cold indifference met her in the place of affection. She passed rapidly over her first acquaintance with the Marquis de Gouvion—told how he first ingratiated himself into her favour by the respectful reverence of his manner—how that reverence mellowed imperceptibly into pity for her loneliness, and then by insidious degrees verged into the forbidden sentiments of love—love under the guise of Platonic friendship.

Then she had been led to answer his letters; and when he supposed her sufficiently entangled, his falsehood, his villainy, had appeared, and she had hated him for his baseness.

She begged the king to remember how sincerely she had met his own affections, as soon as they were offered. She spoke of her children—her passionate love for them, with deep and touching eloquence.

She besought him to bear in mind that she had constantly avoided De Gouvion since the first few years of her residence in France. Through her intercession he had been sent as minister abroad, and when at court all the forms of ceremony had been constantly observed by her; this had excited his anger, and he had more than once threatened to expose her letter, thus forcing her to dissemble her dislike as much as possible.

She finished by saying that on the previous evening he had so persecuted her with solicitations and threats, that weary and disgusted, she had sought solitude in the garden pavilion, whither he followed her, bold in the power her letters gave him.

The scene in the pavilion was related, and every word given with such sincerity and genuine truth, that the king could not but believe.

The letter in his hand was a corroboration of her narrative; and he felt that her imprudence had originated in his own early neglect, which had thrown

her into the vortex of a voluptuous court, without the strong defence of a husband's love.

The heart was relieved from suspicions that had eaten into his domestic happiness for years—and when the queen stopped speaking and remained with her supplicating face raised to his, wet with tears and pale with anxiety—for in the eagerness of her vindication she had fallen on her knees before him—he drew her to his bosom and pressed a kiss on her forehead, more full of affectionate confidence than had ever rested there before.

What a moment is that when the mind is relieved of suspicion—when confidence springs into the heart with its gush of love, and the soul is tender as if dissolving and rising into a new state of existence!

For two hours the royal pair remained together—he sharing his thoughts and cares with her as he had never done before, and she offering to make any sacrifice that promised to win back the confidence of the nation.

"I will do all, yield all," she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "and they must love me—they shall!" Alas! Marie Antoinette had no just knowledge of the French.

Louis left his queen's chamber, looking younger and happier than he had done for years.

His domestic quiet was restored; the queen was willing, nay eager, to conciliate the people, and allow must go well.

He reasoned thus, and was happy. Marie Antoinette felt as if the lightheartedness of her childhood had returned.

The confidence of her husband was hers, and what had she to fear from enemies?

Her eyes fell on the forgotten casket of diamonds, and filled with tears, not of regret that they could not be hers, but of a touched and swelling heart too contented in itself not to wonder that they had appeared so desirable a few hours since.

Summoning Adeline, she gave her the jewels, ordering her to tell Bossanges that she should prefer that the king should spend the sixteen hundred thousand francs for a ship.

Adeline was not surprised at this sudden change in her mistress, for she had contrived to become a listener to the late royal interview; her naturally kind heart had been touched, and she resolved to take no further part in De Gouvion's plans.

But evening came; the temptation to see him was great; her appointment was met, and need I say how the remainder of her resolve was kept?

Three days passed away. De Gouvion had returned to his hotel in Paris, not daring to appear before the king, after the intelligence Adeline had brought him. Amid the throng which crowded the gardens of the Tuilleries, he was sauntering away the morning, as if only intent on passing away the time, when his arm was touched by a slender and delicate boy wearing the king's livery.

"I am ready," he said in a low voice, "where is the letter?"

De Gouvion hastily placed a note in his hand. "Pull the hat more over your forehead, and walk less timidly," he said in a low, hurried voice, and then turned away, as if afraid of being observed.

The boy gave a startled look about, then pulling his hat over his eyes, hurried through the crowd out of the gardens, and turning down the Rue St. Honoré, stopped at the hotel occupied by Cardinal de Rohan, a prelate at that time in disgrace with the queen.

The royal livery gained him instant admission, and following a servant up a wide flight of steps, he was ushered, unannounced, into the presence of the cardinal, a man about forty, heavy in person, with a countenance bespeaking high living and good nature, rather than intellectual superiority.

He was in earnest conversation with a muffled female, and did not observe the royal messenger till he advanced almost to his elbow, and, with painful embarrassment of manner, presented a letter.

The cardinal broke the seal, and his dull features instantly lighted up as he turned to the lady, exclaiming:

"I can no longer refuse you, madam; here is a request from our gracious queen herself—I will go to Bossanges directly!" and he jumped up, rubbing his hands, and bustled past the royal page, exclaiming: "My humble duty to her majesty, and tell her she shall be obeyed; Madame Lamotte, you shall hear from me," and he hurried out of the room with most undignified haste.

The boy started and turned pale on hearing the name of the lady.

He cast a quick penetrating glance at her, as she sat motionless in the corner of a sofa; but his curiosity was only gratified by a pretty foot peeping from under the folds of a velvet cloak, and a white hand gathering the thick veil more closely over her face. She sat still, and was evidently waiting for him to depart first.

He did so, and met the Marquis de Gouvion a few paces from the door; his inquiring glance was answered by a bow, and the page stepped into a diligence just starting for Versailles.

Toward evening on the next day, the same page was closeted with the cardinal.

The ivory casket before mentioned, together with a pile of bills bearing the queen's signature, lay on the table, and the prelate was reading a letter which the boy had just brought him.

His face was flushed to a deep red, and the paper in his hand trembled with the delight which was shaking his nerves.

Hastily interrupting himself, he took up the casket, and shuffling it into the boy's hand, bade him hasten with it to the queen.

The boy thrust it into his bosom, and instantly departed, leaving the cardinal to peruse his letter, and to wonder how it could happen that the queen should, unsought, make an appointment with him whom she had always hated; but that she had done so was certain—the proofs were in his hand, and with boyish delight he summoned his valet, and prepared to give her the appointed interview.

Meanwhile, the page had entered a hotel in a neighbouring street, and hurriedly demanded of an attendant if the Marquis de Gouvion was within. He was answered in the affirmative, and without waiting to be announced, rushed up a flight of stairs to that nobleman's dressing-room, and throwing down the casket, exclaimed:

"Here are the jewels. Now my oath is accomplished."

"Not quite," replied the nobleman, drawing the panting boy toward him. "But what a pretty boy she makes!" he added, laughing, and removing his hat from a mass of glossy black braids which it concealed.

A half-suppressed smile dimpled the mouth of the blushing countess, and nestling closer to the nobleman's side, she laid her cheek on his, and murmured:

"Oh, De Gouvion, why do you strive to make me more wicked. I shall never be happy again."

"Nonsense, nonsense, girl," he exclaimed, playfully shaking her head from his arm. "But come and let me see if my Adeline can play the queen as bravely as she does the page. In that room you will find everything necessary for the disguise."

"But, De Gouvion, I dare not. Remember, my hair is black, and I am less tall than the queen," said the disguised girl, pleadingly.

"No matter; put on false hair, dress it high on the head, and the difference will never be observed by that blind beetle of a cardinal."

Adeline reluctantly withdrew, and in about half an hour returned completely metamorphosed, in a full dress of amber satin, looped up from her rounded arms by strings of gems, and falling from her graceful shoulders in capes of wrought lace.

Over her borrowed ringlets of dark brown hair, a bird-of-Paradise feather swept its magnificent plumage, and a superb veil of the finest Brussels lace fell like a mist about her person.

De Gouvion met her with a feeling of genuine admiration as she threw the veil back from her face—now surprisingly lovely.

The exquisite fairness of her complexion harmonized finely with the bright ringlets of her disguise, while a soft colour, like that in the heart of the almond-flower, broke the whiteness of her cheek, and the triumph of vanity threw a lively sparkle into her usually melancholy eye.

"By heavens! you are scarcely surpassed by the woman you represent, though not at all like her," exclaimed De Gouvion, exultingly; "the diamonds you have won, and shall wear them."

She bent her head, and he clasped the sparkling necklace round her throat; then drawing down her veil, he led her to a carriage waiting in the street below.

As the carriage rolled along toward Versailles, the misguided girl resolutely cast away all thoughts of her errand, and drawing near to her companion, nestled her little hand timidly into his, and indulged in the delicious happiness which his presence created.

"And should she remain with him thus for life, live with him, ever have him thus by her side? Her breath came gaspingly as she thought of it. She could scarcely realize that it was not a dream; and yet he had promised, nay, sworn to make her his wife that very night."

She was going, then, to commit a crime of base ingratitude against her benefactress—to dip her soul still deeper in evil. And yet, such was her infatuation, that she thought the sacrifice too small to purchase the delight of sitting by his side—there alone, with her hand in his, and nothing but the pure stars looking down upon them.

Alas for the woman whose soul has so lost its anchorage that it turns to an earthly object as to an

idol; and doubly alas, when she trusts to find happiness when virtue and principle are overwhelmed by the rush of human passion.

It was near midnight when De Gouvion conducted Adeline to a private gate of the palace gardens.

"Compose yourself; do not tremble thus," he said, pressing her hand in his as she was about to pass in; "remember, all depends on your self-possession."

She made an effort to gather courage. "Where shall I find you after this meeting with the cardinal?" she whispered. He mentioned the place. "And there you will perform your promise?" she added, almost gasping for breath, so intense was her anxiety.

"Have I not sworn?"

"Yes, yes; I am—I will be satisfied."

And drawing her hand from his, she entered the garden and hurried up a broad walk, called the Queen's Avenue.

It was a beautiful starlight night, and before she had walked many paces, she plainly discovered the outline of a man, whom she knew must be the cardinal, leaning against a tulip-tree—the spot appointed in the forged letter, and punctual to the appointment he supposed himself to have made with the queen.

Adeline was hastening to join him, when the voice of Marie Antoinette arrested her.

She crouched tremblingly behind a statue till the queen, who, with her sisters-in-law, was taking her usual walk before retiring, had passed off in another direction, then she started up and hurried towards the tree against which the cardinal was leaning.

He also had heard the voice of the queen, and as the forged letter had said she would leave her companions a moment, and render him her thanks for the purchase of the diamonds, he supposed it to be her when he saw a splendidly-dressed female approach with the usual air and gait of Marie Antoinette, wearing her perfume, and sparkling with gems.

He dropped on his knees, and lost in delight, kissed the hand of the disguised Adeline, and received with an elated heart the few words of graceful acknowledgment she whispered, and then she darted off as if afraid of being observed.

Lost in an ecstasy of vanity, he remained kneeling in the grass, with his eyes following her receding figure till the flutter of her dress was lost in the shrubbery; then he left the garden, without one suspicion that he had not been honoured with an interview with the Queen of France.

Immediately after leaving the duped cardinal, Adeline hastened to the house where De Gouvion had promised to meet her.

The street door was ajar, and pushing it open, she entered a lighted room on the ground floor.

There was a slight bustle at her approach, and she caught a glimpse of female drapery as it disappeared through an opposite door.

De Gouvion advanced, eagerly to meet her, and seizing both her hands, exclaimed:

"Bravely done, my girl! But was he deceived? How did the old fool act?"

The panting girl could only answer:

"It is over, De Gouvion, and now your promise."

"Why are you alone? Where is the priest?"

"Why, how impatient you are!" he answered smiling. "Talk no more of it to-night—you are too much agitated."

As De Gouvion replied, the girl turned very pale, and drawing her hands from his clasp, exclaimed:

"Did you not swear to make me your wife this night?"

"Even so," he replied, carelessly.

"Then why do you speak of delay?"

"Because it happens to suit my convenience."

"And it may suit your convenience to break a solemn oath altogether!" she exclaimed, indignantly.

"Perhaps so; and what then, my pretty temptress?"

Suddenly the young girl became calm. A cool, determined expression shot into her eye, and the little remaining colour vanished from her lips.

Deliberately unclasping the necklace, she gathered it tightly in her hand, and then, looking the nobleman steadily in the face, said, in the quiet, deep tone of resolution:

"De Gouvion, redeem your oath now—this hour—or, as I live, this string of diamonds, together with all the particulars appertaining, shall be in the possession of King Louis before to-morrow's sun."

De Gouvion was evidently surprised and alarmed. He at first attempted to pacify her with promises, but was only answered by the little hand, clenched over the jewels and uplifted threateningly, and that one expression:

"Your oath—your oath!"

Then he boldly acknowledged that only such ties as existed could ever bind them. No religious vow was recognized by him.

He mocked at her faith in an oath taken in the face of the Most High, and boldly proclaimed himself one of the class of atheists that, like a poisonous

plant, has spread its roots from the bosom of France into our beloved land, withering whatever it entwines.

This avowal only served to strengthen his victim in her purpose.

She was turning away to put her threat into execution, when the door behind her softly opened, and a female, the matured counterpart of herself, crossed the room, laid her hand on the retiring girl's shoulder, and leaving her head, whispered:

"Adeline!"

"That voice!"

It thrilled through her heart like the burst of a dream-like melody, bringing in its tones the cot on the hill-side, the burdened vineyard, the fountain by the rock, the quiet hearthstone, her grey-haired parents, and all that had made the sweet vision of her childhood!

It seemed as if a part of her innocence had been returned to her, as she wound her arms convulsively around the stranger, and clung to her bosom, sobbing like a sick infant on the return of its mother.

Thus she lay for a few moments, and then raising her wet face, murmured, in a voice of touching earnestness:

"Our parents, Louisa, are they alive; have they forgotten me?"

"They are both alive," replied the stranger, slightly moved.

"Tell me, Louisa, tell me truly—do they never speak of me? Oh, sister! sister, if I could once more sleep in our little chamber—in our own bed, with your arms about me!—But why are you here?" she exclaimed, wildly springing from her sister's bosom; "have you too deserted our parents in their old age?—why are you here in De Gouvion's lodgings?"

"You are mistaken Adeline," said the person interrogated. "I am married—I am the Madame Lamothé you have so hated."

"And what have you in common with him?" replied Adeline, pointing sternly at Gouvion, who sat coldly observing the scene.

"Patriotism—republicanism—the cause of liberty, which you have been blindly aiding in procuring these diamonds, every one of which shall go to promote the glorious emancipation of our country—the downfall of a race of tyrants."

"Alas, my royal mistress! what has she done?" exclaimed Adeline; "but I will warn her—I will confess!"

"And by so doing destroy your own sister!" said Madame Lamothé.

Adeline stopped—her face changed—her fingers relaxed their hold on the diamonds, and they fell a glittering mass, to her feet.

"I am every way bound," she exclaimed in agony of feeling, "every way forced to do wrong?"—then placing her hands against Madame Lamothé, she held her back at arm's length, and fixing her eyes searchingly on her immovable features, said: "Louisa, as you shall hope for mercy, answer me truly—Do you now love, or have you ever loved the Marquis de Gouvion?"

"As I hope for mercy hereafter—No!"

"And this bond which you call republicanism is the only tie between you?"

"It is."

"Were you acquainted with the false promises by which I was won to the obtaining of these?" Adeline again inquired, spurning the pile of gems with her foot.

"I was; and did the glorious cause in which we are engaged require the spilling of my own blood, or even that of my parents, instead of your weak tears, it should be cheerfully poured forth."

The mention of her parents turned the channel of the oppressed girl's thoughts. Her heart, her cherished hopes, had been wantonly crushed, and her spirit yearned toward the home of her innocence as to a haven of rest.

Her resolution was instantly taken. Without speaking, or even looking at her sister, or the astonished De Gouvion, she turned and left the house, found her way to her own apartment in the palace, and throwing off her splendid apparel, dressed herself in a humble suit which she had preserved as a relic of home.

When equipped in her plain attire, she noiselessly left the room, and returned in a few minutes, much agitated, and bathed in tears. She gathered up the robe, the veil, and the paradise feather, and cast them, a brilliant mass, in a corner of the room, then taking a little bundle of linen in her hand, she departed.

Marie Antoinette had missed her favourite attendant at her hour of disrobing that night, and had been asleep about an hour when a slight noise, as of the closing of a door, awoke her.

She thought she had been dreaming that her protégée came softly to her bed-side, habited as a peasant—that she had wept bitterly and covered one of her hands with tears and passionate kisses.

The queen rose up and looked about, the room was

empty—but the hand which had been hanging over the side of the bed was wet, as if it had been wept upon.

The next morning Adeline came not as usual to the summons of her royal mistress.

It was the third night after her departure from Versailles, when the returned penitent stood weary and faint at her father's door-stone. All was dark in the cottage, for it was near midnight, the stars gathered thickly in the heavens, and shed a cold light on the vine, which crept over the thatched roof—and the music of the passing brook fell soothingly on the wanderer's ear.

Thrice she raised her hand to knock at the rude door, but each time her courage failed her. She had eaten nothing that day; and her heart thrilled with a strange pleasure as she groped amid the dark leaves of the vine she had plucked fruit from in childhood, and satisfied her hunger with one of its purple clusters.

With her heart full, almost to bursting, she laid her little bundle down for a pillow, and stretching herself on the door-stone, slept calmly and sweetly, as she had not done for years—dreaming that the murmur of the rivulet, as it gurgled by, was the hush of her mother's voice.

Early in the morning there was a stir in the cottage. The old peasant had arisen to his daily labour, and his wife, an aged woman, broken down with grief and infirmity, was preparing the morning meal.

It was a grievous sight—that old couple sharing the labours of that deserted home, and consoling each other for the ingratitude of their children—children who had forsaken them in their old age; the one for ambition, the other for the love of a stranger.

The old man opened the door to go out, and there, upon the rough stepping-stone, lay his last-born, asleep. The rising sunbeams were streaming over her in a sheet of brilliancy, brightening her features and drowning the change years had made upon them; her dark lashes lay softly on her cheek, and a sweet, contented smile, like that of her infancy, was about her mouth.

The joyful old man grew suddenly strong, and lifting her in his withered arms, bore her to her mother's bed. When the poor wanderer awoke, her hand was in that of her father—the tears of her mother were raining over her face, and her cheeks were warm with kisses.

Who will dare to say that there is no happiness for the penitent?

When Marie Antoinette was brought to her shameful trial, among other charges, that of having artfully prevailed upon the Cardinal de Rohan to purchase an expensive necklace of diamonds, was brought against her. It was stated that she had paid the cardinal in bills bearing her signature, which she afterwards pronounced forgeries, and had prevailed on Louis to banish the prelate for his share in the transaction. Madame Lamoignon bent over from the galleries, and listened to this base charge with an unmoved countenance; while the Marquis de Guionnet sat calmly among the self-constituted judges, secure in his villany—for Adeline, the only witness of their guilt and the queen's innocence, slept in an early grave, by the side of her parents.

A. S.

The King of Greece has just had a very narrow escape. He was making a short excursion at sea on board a man-of-war when a heavy storm burst upon the ship. Attempts were made to get her head to the wind, and while this was being done, she was struck by lightning about two feet from the spot on which the king was standing. Every one thought him killed, but in a few moments he recovered his senses, and the storm having partially spent its force, the ship arrived safely in the harbour of Corfu about an hour afterwards.

DISCOVERY OF A COAL MINE NEAR MOUNT OLYMPUS.—A discovery of considerable importance to the steam shipping and coal trades has just been made at the foot of Mount Olympus, thirty miles from Salonica. It appears that the Viceroy of Egypt, hearing that coal was to be found in the neighbourhood of the classic mount, at once gave instructions for the striking of the stratum. The works were carried on successfully, and the result is that after reserving for the Steam Company Azize, of Alexandria, its full requirements of coal, the Viceroy proposes throwing open to all nations the delivery of this fuel, which can be furnished at the rate of 10*l.* per British ton, at a figure immediately below the present cost of coal in any depot along or around the Mediterranean seaboard. The importance of this discovery cannot be too highly estimated, for not only will it effect an immense saving in working the steamers of the various companies trading to Alexandria and the eastern parts of the Mediterranean, but it is not impossible that depots may be formed to meet the requirements of the Red Sea traffic, because coal can be shipped from

Olympus, and stored at Suez at a cheaper rate than coal drawn from other sources of supply. The only obstacle to success which at present presents itself is the probable anger of the mythical gods at having their classic resort turned into a coal-pit, but this is not at all likely to obstruct the infidels who have projected the desecration of Olympus, and whose immediate object is worldly gain.

AHAB THE WITTY.

CHAPTER IV.

AN anxious day followed at the Vermilion Tower. Nothing transpired to disturb their tranquillity or excite additional anxiety.

As soon as night came on, Raoul Mornay secretly stationed himself in the court, in full armour, with visor down, and his good sword by his side.

Abdallah had pressed upon him the necessity of rest, believing that his two servants and the groom, with an occasional vigil of his own, would be sufficient to insure them against another surprise. While the Moor supposed Mornay in the watch-tower reposing, he was walking silently to and fro beneath Leoline's window, listening to every sound, intent on the discharge of a trust which, it seemed to him, heaven had imposed.

In this pleasing employment, which accorded so well with his fancy and ambition, he dwelt on the charms of the Moorish lady, sighing, now and then, that she was of a different faith, and loved the Crescent better than the Cross.

In the midst of such reflections, his heart was thrilled with tender sentiments by the sound of her voice gushing from the window above in a bird-like melody.

On this occasion he was able to distinguish the words.

The song was a plaintive ballad, an echo of her present state of mind.

The Knight of the Red Cross was ravished with the softness and sweetness of her voice, and stood like an effigy of steel till the strain ceased.

He pressed her scarf to his breast with his mailed hand, and swore eternal fealty to the Lady Leoline, notwithstanding the mystery that at present enshrouded her, and perplexed him.

In confirmation of his vow, he drew forth his sword and kissed the hilt, which was in the form of the sacred cross.

The plates of steel upon him seemed to lose their weight.

Animated by devotion, he went his rounds with a lightness and elasticity that surprised himself.

Woman, always revered by him, as a true knight, was now exalted, through Leoline, into a creation of poetry and perfection.

He had found his saint, and willingly yielded her the most precious incense of his soul.

He was in this rapture of high enthusiasm, when Ahab the Witty came, most inopportunistly, to interrupt his ecstatic reverie.

The knight received him with a sternness that did not invite confidence.

"Your worship," quoth Ahab, "it appears to me, has great pleasure in carrying about all that iron and steel, which, it is my belief, would oppress the back of a horse."

Sir Raoul deigned no reply, but kept on his round.

"Having chosen you as my master, I shall serve you whether you will or no. It is all the same! My wit tells me that you will receive a great many hard thumps, and arrive at the distinguished honour of being thanked by great people for foolishly exposing your precious life for them. As for myself, I had rather any time have doubloons than knocks; but, being nothing but Ahab the Witty, nothing better can be expected of me."

"Thou art privileged," said Mornay. "One has tolerated thee whom I much revere."

"I am miserably ignorant," returned Ahab; "but it is my belief that my ignorance is better than your wisdom. Now, if you should ask your new servant some questions that are uppermost in your mind, who knows but he would answer them?"

Ahab paused; so did Mornay. They stood confronting each other, a most marked contrast; the one gleaming and towering in steel, the other of diminished stature, clad in simple Moorish costume, with a curved sword girt at his youthful waist—the one a Goliath, the other a David.

For the first time, Sir Raoul was fully sensible of the singular qualities of this unique youth. He was so impressed by the discovery of his originality, that he wondered he had not bestowed more notice on him.

"Who knows but he would answer them?" he mentally repeated.

Now there certainly were some queries in Mornay's mind that he would willingly propose to anyone who

could give them a solution. He had entertained doubts of Ahab, and he was not yet free of them; but the youth held out a bait that he could not resist. He resolved to test him somewhat.

"Prithee, what should I care to know that thou canst answer?"

"That your worship should best understand. Remember that I am but Ahab the Witty; and it is folly for the wittiest person in the world to ask questions and answer them himself," replied Ahab, with composure.

"How know you, if I were to accept your challenge, but I might ask the names and condition of those within this tower?"

"Who knows?" echoed Ahab, coolly.

"Thou art a most provoking varlet! Solve me the question?"

"Then it is a question, your lordship?"

"It is."

"Inform me, Sir Knight, why I should favour you with information withheld by the one called Abdallah?"

"If thou comest to trifle with me, begone!"

"Such is not my errand. I came to prove my devotion to you, my master. But if you care not to hear me, it is all the same. A thing that isn't to be won't be."

"In heaven's name, have thine own way! Tell what thou wilt in thine own time and manner. Thou hast the cunning of the evil one and the obstinacy of a mule."

"I tell thee again, it is all the same. Listen! Listen to this wisdom of Ahab the Witty."

Ahab tucked up his scimitar, and seated himself comfortably on the ground, quite undisturbed by the curiosity and impatience he had excited.

"Know, Sir Knight, of those same and several red crosses which you seem to have great pride in, that you are actually and verily, duly and truly, and perpendicularly, standing beneath the window of a princess."

"Now, saucy knave, thou tamperest with me!" said Mornay, angrily.

"Whether you believe or not, it is all the same. It is written that I should reveal it, and that you should disbelieve it. It does not trouble me. I never was troubled. I never shall be troubled. Your incredulity does not affect the truth in the least. The lady is a princess, her brother a prince. She is the daughter of a king, he is the son of a king."

Ahab crossed his legs and looked up from his lowliness like a pigmy at a giant.

"I know not whether to trust the tale," said Sir Raoul, dubiously.

"It is all one, and of the same significance. We believe and think nothing of our own wiles," replied Ahab the Witty.

"What king?" asked Mornay.

"Muley Aben Hassan," answered Ahab.

The knight was silent some time. He struggled with astonishment and unbelief.

"This, then, is that unfortunate Prince Boabdil?"

"The identical. He could not possibly be more a prince if a dozen kings were his father. And his sister is as much a princess as if all the queens in the world had assisted at her birth. You may have heard, perchance, the tale of their escape from the Alhambra?"

"I have heard of the escape of Boabdil, but never, till now, knew that a sister fled with him," said Mornay.

"Having seen her with your own eyes, you cannot doubt it. If she be not fair enough for a princess, I would advise you to clap that humbled-weight of iron upon your horse, and go where you may light on a fairer."

"She is fair enough for a queen or an angel!" replied the knight, enthusiastically.

"I see in what quarter sets the wind, your worship. You will break some five hundred lances if you live long enough, and your heart into the bargain, for that identical she. For my part, I never could see the difference between a princess and a woman—every woman being some man's princess, though he be as humble as a water-carrier. Maidens of every degree love and hate precisely alike; and if I were going to marry to-morrow, I don't think I would hit on a princess. Now, my master, when you run at another infuriated gentleman with a pole ten feet long thrust over your horse's head, have some little care of your own body, that you do not get spilt like a barnyard fowl. Once run through the body, I see no possible good that lady's favour can do you. That pretty little rag around you, for instance, could no more stop a hole in your chest than the mountain could come to Mohamed. According to my taste, I had rather have a kiss than a knock on the head. A kiss is a kiss, and it's no better, and you are no better for being battered and bruised before you get it. If I loved a princess, I should say to her, 'Marry me, my handsome, and I'll make you happier than any king in the world can.'"

"Till I have asked your opinion, witty Ahab, you

would do well not to give it. You have natural good parts, however, and a deal of malapertness. Now, run and mount yonder wall, and take a good look."

Ahab placed a ladder against the wall, and mounted it deliberately, agreeably to his style of doing things. He returned, after having made the entire circumference of the tower.

"Hast seen anything?" asked the knight.

"Much," said Ahab.

"What?"

"The mountains lying in the faint moonlight, and groups of trees in the pale shadow; and the heavens over my head, and the wall on which I stood; and your lordship boxed up in steel, pacing to and fro like an owl; and the watch-tower looming darkly, and—"

"No more of thy wit, an thou lovest ease and freedom from distress! If this was all you saw, have done with jesting. Broken bones oft come of folly."

"It is all the same! I saw no more than what I have told you."

"Go again on the same errand."

Ahab obeyed as quietly as before, and came back with a similar report.

"Go yet again," said Mornay.

The third time he returned as slowly as at first, seated himself on the ground, and waited to be questioned.

"What saw you this time?" asked the knight.

"All that I saw before," answered Ahab.

"And no more?"

"I said no so, my master. You will find, on subjecting me to strict examination, that I made an additional discovery."

"Well, knave?"

"Well, your worship?"

Sir Raoul groined with vexation.

"Art ill, my master? If so, I will run and fetch some physic. I'll be bound the Princess knows a thing or two of simples, and could, in case of extremity, dress or pull out the sting of a bee," said Ahab, with aggravating serenity.

"Tell me what more you saw, you gadfly!" cried Mornay, whose patience was taxed to such a degree that he had hard work to keep from giving the youth a hearty drubbing.

"Since your worship comes to the point, I saw some thirty horsemen toiling up the mountain; but be assured, most valorous knight, that they can never get to the top of it unless it be the will of God."

"Nap of Satan!" exclaimed Mornay, in a rage.

"Why withhold so long such an important discovery?"

"How often have I told you, my master, that nothing can be that is not to be."

"Run at once and inform Boabdil what you have seen, and I will meanwhile take a look at these horsemen."

Mornay ascended to the top of the wall, and turned his gaze adown the mountain.

No suspicious object or objects were visible. He tried his eyes from different quarters. At first he could see the dim skies meeting the earth within the short arc, but as his sight grew more familiar with the landmarks, trees, shrubs, and vines grew out of the mistiness, and his vision took a more expansive range.

A slight shimmer in the mild moonlight, like the dancing of the firefly, finally drew his attention, then the shields of armed men gradually became defined, and admitted no longer of uncertainty.

By dint of looking, Sir Raoul perceived that the party had stopped, and were huddled closely together, as if in consultation, or to present as small an object to the eye as possible. While he was considering this ominous appearance, a voice from the outer side of the wall addressed him.

It was the magician Abaddon who spoke.

Casting his regards downward, Sir Raoul beheld him leaning on his rod, somewhat bent, like a man bowed by the weight of years, his long white hair fluttering over his grave and thoughtful face.

"Sir Knight," he said, "I have consulted the spirits that rule the hour, and they speak not in thy favour."

"That disturbs me not," replied Mornay.

"Knowing thy duty, thou art lingering over long near the bower of lady fair," returned Abaddon.

"It concerns not thee, old man; go thy way with thy mummery, or I may see fit to detain thee," said Raoul, in a menacing voice.

"What wearest thou on thy breast?" interrogated the magician, preserving his equanimity.

"I know not that I should tell thee. Begone, juggler. We have no need of thy pretentious art; our fortunes come fast enough without the aid of the occult sciences."

"I told thee that time hour had passed. But let down that ladder and give me a lift over the wall, and I will tell thee that which may still be to thy worldly emolument."

"Art thou armed?"

"Yes, with dagger, with my book of the occult art, while my lad bears an astrolabe and various instruments of the nature thou hast already seen. I am about to try a new and abstruse and withal critical conjuration, which in order to insure its success must take place at a certain distance from the earth; therefore I pray thee give me and Zegrin access to the watch-tower, which is well adapted to my purpose. Gratify the whim of an old man, and I am sure thou wilt be rewarded by the prophet."

"It is a time of danger to those within; besides, I remember your mummery of last night, and like thee not. Go at once, or I will send those that will drive thee hence."

"Thrust not," answered the old man, solemnly, "those who interpret the decrees of heaven. Vaunt not thyself in thy strength, for I know that there are few within the walls to do thy bidding. But receive not this as menace. I will give thee handsome guerdon of gold, of which I have great store; for you must know that I have accomplished the mystery of projection, and can transmute at pleasure."

"Speak not of bribes to a belted knight! I would not admit thee for a camel-load of gold! Were it not for thy grey hairs, I would punish thee for thy base lures and propositions of yesternight."

"Haughty Frack, you shall yet feel the power of Abaddon, the magician!"

The old man raised his rod, and a concealed marksmen discharged a matchlock, and Mornay received a shock upon his breast-plate that hurled him from the top of the wall to the ground, where he lay quite deprived of motion and sense.

Boabdil, as we shall now call him, having taken an observation from the watch-tower after receiving the information from Ahab, reached the court in time to hear the report of a matchlock, and see Mornay topple from the wall.

Telling Ahab to attend to the knight, Boabdil ran swiftly to the top of the wall and dropped down upon the outer side.

Ahab raised Mornay and unclosed his helmet. The air revived him, for happily his mail of proof had effectually resisted the ball from the weapon.

The furious ringing and clashing of good steel blades reached his ears.

Unable to arise, he listened to what was obviously a sharp, fierce conflict.

"In God's name help me to arise!" he said to Ahab. "My friend is in danger."

"You are little short of that yourself. Worry not, I beseech you. The prince cannot be slain if his time is not come, nor have you breath enough to go to his aid. If you be not dead, it was because it was impossible to kill you. If an armourer's workshop had fallen from the wall, with all its implements and handicraft, it could not have made a greater clatter than your worship made in this identical tangle."

While Ahab the Witty was talking, he helped the knight to get upon his feet, who though bruised by the fall was in no other way injured.

The angry clashing of steel had now ceased.

Sir Raoul mounted the ladder, and looking down, discovered Boabdil leaning upon his scimitar, with a ghastly pallor upon his countenance.

CHAPTER V.

SIR RAUL was surprised at Boabdil's agitation. Thinking he was hurt, perhaps mortally wounded, he began to question him, but he made no answer.

"Is your worship blind?" said Ahab, "that you do not perceive that he presents not the appearance of one wounded with steel, but of something sharper. It is a shock of the mind, my master."

Ahab drew up the ladder and placed it on the other side of the wall, that Boabdil might ascend; who, after standing a long time, came up, his face yet exceedingly pale.

"Where is your adversary? Surely, I heard the dangerous play of steel. Thou seemest in great perplexity," said Mornay.

"Question me not, brave follower of the cross. That which has happened I may not tell thee. I have escaped a peril greater than that which threatens life alone. I have not been vanquished by the sword of my enemy; and yet there was a dreadful danger, which had it not been providentially discovered, would have filled my after-life with remorse and horror," answered Boabdil, with much solemnity of manner.

"I saw no one save the old man, Abaddon, the magician, who seemed an inmate of the tower last night," returned Sir Raoul. "He performed, in my presence, various juggleries, and had the audacity to make a proposition so base, that had it not been for his age and weakness, would have met with prompt chastisement."

"By the bones of Mohammed! Sayest thou so?" cried Boabdil. "How gained he admission?"

"I know not. I supposed him, at first, a member of your household; afterward, that he was one affected in his understanding; lastly, a dangerous fanatic."

"This is indeed, a revelation!" said Boabdil, manifestly astonished and excited by Sir Raoul's announcement. "What might have been the nature of his proposal?" he added, with emotion.

"No less than your foul murder, with a promise of great emoluments and honours, and more than I will mention."

Boabdil covered his face with his hands; his feelings overpowered him; his person shook with the intensity of his mysterious sorrow.

"El Zogoybi!" he muttered. "Accursed be those who cast my horoscopes!"

"I believe not in the arts of the astrologer or the devices of the magician," said Mornay.

"It is affirmed," answered Boabdil, impressively, "that those who consulted the stars at my birth were filled with fear and trembling when they read their direful language."

"The trick of impostors!" returned Sir Raoul.

"Not so, Christian knight. Everything that has happened has confirmed the truth of their predictions," sadly answered Boabdil.

"I know not but I esteem the occult sciences too lightly; yet in my judgment the prophecy has been the father to itself, and produced the very misfortunes it augured."

Boabdil shook his head mournfully.

"The curse of heaven is on me!" he murmured.

"It is all the same," interposed Ahab. "If one is cursed by heaven, it is because the will of heaven must be done, and the curse is no more his fault than his birth. No one has yet had the privilege of saying if he would be born or no; neither has any one had the privilege of saying if he would be cured or no. Therefore, as I said, it is all the same."

"The fellow is not without reason," mused Boabdil. "There is plausibility in his speech. But I have indulged too long in this weakness. What seem those horsemen to be doing now?"

"They have dismounted near that cluster of trees yonder, if I have any wit, and are partaking of refreshment. May their food stick in their throats. May the water they drink down them; but if neither come to pass, it is all the same!"

This was the wisdom of Ahab, the son of nobody that anybody knew anything about, and caused the Knight of the Red Cross to smile, notwithstanding the bruises and the danger which threatened the mistress of his heart.

"I know too well the errand of yonder horsemen," said Boabdil. "It is me they seek. It were better, perhaps, that I go forth and offer them the life so earnestly sought."

His voice was strangely sweet and melancholy.

"I swear by my knightly vows," cried Mornay, lifting his mailed hand on high, "that if you go forth to surrender your life in this fashion, I will bear you companionship and share your fate!"

"And I," quoth Ahab, "swear to ye by my flesh and blood that if you do such a foolish thing, that I will not stir a step from this tower! There would be infinitely more wisdom in running from them than towards them; but if you have a different notion, have your own sweet will, and be cut up finer than a conserve of meats!"

"Truly, this knave hath natural wit," said Sir Raoul.

"Have you horses enough to mount your few followers and your sister?" he asked, after a pause.

"I have," replied Boabdil; "of my former state so much remains to me. It is a wise thought, and may offer the means of escape to her. Ahab, go and order the groom and those two faithful attendants who have adhered to me in my misfortunes, to prepare horses for instant flight."

CHAPTER VI.

BOABDIL sent to announce to Leoline his resolve to leave the tower, while Sir Raoul remained, observing the movements of the emissaries of the King of Granada, for such they doubtless were.

On this occasion, he was careful to screen himself from the matchlocks of a concealed enemy.

In about fifteen minutes the horsemen began to mount, and as fast as they were in the saddle, turned the heads of their steeds towards the Vermilion Tower.

Seven horses, by this time, stood saddled in the court, and the servants were engaged in bringing from Leoline's apartment such articles as could be conveniently carried.

"Delay not!" cried Mornay. "I can hear the clatter of hoofs."

Boabdil appeared, supporting his sister. The upper part of her person was covered by a veil, which clouded without concealing her beauty.

Her brother lifted her to the saddle. Sir Raoul wished it had been his agreeable duty to render that service.

He kept his position on the wall, that he might be the last to mount.

All were in the saddle save Ahab, who had been missing some time. The servants could give no account of him. Boabdil waited for his appearance.

"I can see the nodding of their plumes!" exclaimed Mornay, anxiously.

"The youth, Ahab, is absent," answered the prince.

"We wait his coming."

There was an interval of silence.

"I hear their voices!" warned Sir Raoul, in a voice somewhat husky. "I swear by the cross that you cannot escape if you go not at once! Linger longer, and they will reach this wall as you issue from the opposite postern."

"Mount, Sir Raoul. We must needs leave the wayward youth to his fate."

Mornay needed no second bidding; he descended from the wall, drew away the ladder, and threw himself upon his steed, which reared and carved his neck as if proud of the burden he bore.

The knight experienced sensations of pleasure in again bestirring his faithful horse.

They swept around the tower to a portal little used, save for secret egress.

As they issued from the court, they heard the dull clangour of shields and the jangle of scimitars at the opposite point.

Old Ali was about to close and fasten the gate, when Boabdil forbade him.

"I will give the poor youth a chance, though it be at my own peril," he said.

They rode away gently at first, increasing their speed as they left the tower behind.

They were half-way down the mountain when Ahab came clattering after them, to the great satisfaction of all but Ali, who grumbled, and hinted that his tardiness would probably ruin their well-devised purpose, and bring the enemy after them, helter-skelter.

"Will your worship stop a moment?" said Ahab, with his customary plegm. "From this level spot you can look back and see the tower distinctly; and I have my reasons for wishing you to watch it while you may count your fingers some ten times without any particular hurry. Observe, my masters, how the white, dim light of the moon quivers along the battlements? Who knows that we shall look upon it again?"

From some undefinable impulse, Isoline stopped and turned to look at the tower. The whole party followed her example, the irascible old Ali twirling his beard and muttering his disapproval.

"That accursed boy," quoth he, "will bring us all to the scimitar!"

"That fabric," said Boabdil, "has loomed on yonder summit for centuries. Many changes have happened to the Moor since it was reared. Ahab, why did you linger?"

"It was so determined," answered Ahab.

"Had they scaled the walls before you left?"

"They were swarming over it, like sheep over a stile, when I led my horse from the postern, and bolted it!"

"Were you seen, think you?" asked Ali.

"No more than you can see your own ill-humour!" retorted Ahab. "They are now running through the tower like a kitten after its tail," he added. "Perhaps they'll pursue us; perhaps they won't. But it is all the same!"

While they had their eyes fixed on the sombre towers, the whole massive pile arose suddenly and startlingly into the air.

Then a great blaze of fire flashed to heaven, there was a terrific explosion, and the entire fabric subsided and crumbled away out of sight, leaving, where it had stood, a black pall of smoke. The adjoining mountains roared back a frightful echo, while the earth shook beneath the feet of the appalled spectators.

For some seconds huge fragments of stone were falling round the scene of the catastrophe. Some other sounds could be distinguished; the mad bounds of affrighted horses dashing frantically from the spot. The air billowed to and fro, and it was some time before the reverberations died away.

The parties looked at each other in amazement, if not absolute dismay.

"This is a very extraordinary occurrence," said Boabdil.

"Most sudden and awe-inspiring," observed Isoline.

"It has involved your enemies in destruction," added Mornay.

"Allah akbar! God is great!" said Boabdil, reverently.

"Ahab had a hand in it, I'll swear," muttered

All. "Nothing happens that he hasn't something to do with."

"Not so, old grumbler," said Ahab. "I do only what I am forced to do. If I had my own way, I would not lift my hand to do anything. We are all pushed forward like a weaver's shuttle."

"Ahab," said Boabdil, "tell us how this happened?"

"When your worship speaks, the air that comes out of your mouth is like the breath of the prophet; and I can no more withstand it than I can the hot wind on the desert. In this manner it came to pass:

"The wisdom of a santon fell on me like a fragment of stone from the top of a wall. So great was the force of my inspiration, or wit, or whatever your worship may please to call it, that I immediately became a machine, or as one of those effigies or wooden manikins that are actuated by secret springs."

"If your introduction were shorter, we should be better pleased," said Boabdil, with some impatience.

"If your worship can tell it better than I, I will listen with all my ears. But being, as I said, urged on like the beam of a battering-ram, I ran down to the vaults of the tower, where was stored a goodly quantity of that explosive substance used by artilleryists in the projection of globes of iron, stones, and other missiles, also for the firing of matchlocks."

"Come at once to thy tale!" added Boabdil, with a frown.

"My speech must flow even as it is decreed. Opening one of the vessels containing this black powder, I laid a train communicating with the whole store. At the end of this train I placed a slow-match, and knowing that nothing could happen that was not foreseen and predestinated, I walked leisurely from the tower, and leading the nag you left me 'neath the open portal, followed your worship to the best of my skill and ability! As you perceive, the tower has disappeared. The cause of its destruction, who knows? It may have been the will of Allah; it may have been the black powder."

Ahab looked calmly up at the cloud of smoke that hung over them and was gradually expanding into space, impregnating the atmosphere with a sulphurous odour.

"There might have been," he resumed, "a dozen men within the walls, searching for your worship and my divine lady. Again there might not have been but ten or eleven. It would have been safer for them had they been farther off; but it was their fortune. They could no more help being there than I could help laying the train. Perhaps heaven interposed for their safety; possibly they were blown sky-high. But it is all the same."

"This youth," said Raoul, "is crammed to the throat with philosophy!"

"Your worship will forbear interrupting me till I have had my say. The good Moslem that gets blown up gets a stronger lift towards the seventh heaven than he could reasonably expect if he died with his feet on the ground. Again: One who is blown up to-day will not be blown up to-morrow, and is entirely relieved of any fear of accident. But it makes no difference. Neither you, nor I, nor any other person, ought to complain either of Allah or the black powder."

"Let us go!" said Boabdil, and they turned from the contemplation of the smoking ruin, to seek safety they knew not where.

(To be continued.)

ACCORDING to the last census of France, recently published, it appears that the proportion of persons employed in the textile manufactures (1,770 in 10,000) as well as in metals (124 in 10,000) was lower in 1861 than what it was in 1856 (1,794 and 128 in 10,000 respectively); on the other hand, the proportion of persons employed in building has increased to 1,927, being higher by 71 than it was in 1856. The proportion of persons employed in ministering to the food of the people has increased from 1,393 to 1,513 in 10,000, while that of those employed in making clothing has fallen from 1,868 to 1,755.

HOPS IN FRANCE.—It appears from official returns that the cultivation of hops in France has increased considerably of late years. The hops planted in the department of the Bas Rhin in 1857 covered a superficies of 574 hectares (2½ acres each), and there have been 120 additional hectares planted within the last eight years. M. Houzé, in communication to the Imperial Agricultural Society, attributes this increase in the culture of hops to the improvement in agriculture. It must be observed, at the same time, that the quantity of hops imported is increasing every year. In 1845 there were only 721,000 kilogrammes imported, while in 1855 there were 1,556,000 kilogrammes. The landowners in the Bas Rhin are at present making every exertion to supply a sufficient quantity for home consumption, and to enable the country to be independent of foreigners for a supply. It is said that French brewers, for a great number of

years, were accustomed to make beer without hops. They substituted for the hop plant coriander seed, wormwood, and the bark of box-wood, but the bad quality of the beer thus produced disgusted their customers, and they compelled brewers to use hops, as the only substance which can produce a wholesome beverage. It is stated that every inhabitant in France consumed, on an average, in the year 1825, nine quarts of beer. The consumption increased in the year 1837 to nearly twenty litres, and since then it has progressively increased.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

In the Foundling Hospital the children are literally, when received, of "no name." The governors have, we presume, copious lists of very proper names for boys and girls, and the applicants for admission are ticked off, we suppose, as the names are applied or conferred. In the one class the members have gone through the battle of life, and they have been defeated; in the other they are only entering on the threshold of human experience, and all life's goodness and badness, its honesty and chicane, its self-denial and control, and its imperious lusts are elements to them utterly unknown.

"God tempers the wind," said Sterne; God give wit and judgment, say we, to the "shorn lamb," for doubtless, of all other children the foundlings most need God's special protection. But we cannot say another word about the Foundling Hospital without making special reference to the good and gallant Captain Coram, its originator.

Captain Thomas Coram was born at Lyme Regis about 1668, and being bred to seafaring, rose to the rank of master of a colonial trader. His Rotherhithe observations of the desertion and wretched treatment of children inspired him to obtain the assistance of the humane and affluent in founding the hospital. Captain Coram was active in various other works of charity, particularly in the colonies. He was a singularly self-denying man, and notwithstanding his active and virtuous life, died poor, some of his admirers subscribing to provide him with a pension of £100 per annum. He died at his lodgings, near Leicester Square, March 29, 1751. It should be mentioned concerning him that in his last—the 84th year of his life—he was actively engaged in an effort to found an establishment for the education of Indian girls.

Captain Coram exerted himself greatly and successfully to obtain a royal charter for founding a hospital "for the reception, maintenance, and education of exposed and deserted young children." He solicited earnestly, and he obtained the co-operation and aid in procuring the charter, "of ladies of quality, of noblemen and gentlemen, of justices of the peace, and other persons of distinction."

The evils intended to be mitigated or averted by the foundation were the frequent murders by cruel parents, to hide their shame, of poor infants at their birth; for suppressing the custom of exposing them in the streets, or putting them to nurses who would either suffer them to starve or turn them out to beg, and who sometimes blinded or maimed them to excite pity.

The memorialists to Parliament of Captain Coram and his co-philanthropists expressed their willingness to grant an hospital "after the example of France, Holland, and other Christian countries." Several legacies for the purposes of such a foundation had been bequeathed before Captain Coram obtained his charter, *tempo* George II., bearing date 17th October, 1739. The charter appointed governors and guardians of the foundation, including John Duke of Bedford, the Master of the Rolls, the Chief Justices, the Chief Baron, the Speaker, the Attorney, and the Solicitor-General, the petitioner (Captain Coram), several noblemen, and 350 other persons.

In the 13th of George II. an act was passed, confirming and enlarging the powers of the governors and guardians. The governors purchased a parcel of land, 1741-42, about 58 acres, from Lord Salisbury. The hospital is built near the centre of its southern boundary. They also own some houses and land at Garlic Hill, in the City, purchased in 1744.

Various exchanges of property have been made by the governors. About 1764 the governors directed their attention to the policy of granting building-leases of the hospital estate, but nothing effectual was done in this direction till about 1789. At the time when the governors finally resolved upon letting the site purchased from Lord Salisbury on building leases, the speculation was considered one of a very hazardous character; it was doubtful whether respectable tenants, able to pay the rent of a first-class house, would reside in a situation so far removed from the more frequented portions of the town, and unconnected with them by convenient communications, and, in

fact, several of the houses remained unlet for a considerable time after their erection, and those in Brunswick Square were, in the first instance, let at very low rents for the purpose of inducing persons to take up their residence in that neighbourhood.

The original leases were for a term of 99 years, in order to give some equivalent to the speculators for "the danger of the undertaking" in which they were about to embark. A large number of the 99 years' leases of the houses in Gailford Street, Bernard Street, and Brunswick Square fall in in 1892 and 1893. The leases of houses in Compton Street, Great Coram Street, Hunter Street, and Mecklenburgh Square, are of more recent date. It is computed that about the end of the present century, when the leases will have expired, the annual value of the Foundling estate will be increased, in rents from the amounts now received, about £6,000, to £40,000 or upwards.

The squares and streets on the estate, and their mutations, suggest the materials for a curious chapter of the history of London. Mecklenburgh Square and Brunswick Square, the names of which indicate the "hail-Star-of-Brunswick" sentiment of the early governors of the Foundling Hospital, were a hundred years ago aristocratic quarters. At that time Belgravia was in posse, Mayfair was only studded with detached mansions, and the district north and north-west of Hyde Park was in the country.

The earlier aristocratic residences, nearer the City than the Foundling estate, have in many instances the torch extinguishers still remaining attached to the area rails. The houses in the neighbourhood of the Foundling Hospital mark a subsequent era by the standards upon their area rails, which were once used for the oil lamps which lit the fronts of the houses and the streets.

The residences in the quarter are commodious and substantial, though unpretending in appearance, built, as they were, before the days of coloured brick and terra-cotta. Most of them have mansard roofs and four floors exclusive of the basement. The squares on each side of the hospital grounds, with the unbragging sycamores in front of the houses, furnish pleasant residences, which appear to be well let, and are certain to increase in value, although not as first-class residences, as trade continues its encroachments on the district.

Lamb's Conduit Street, which leads up to the hospital, although now a good shop street, was originally built for private residences. It carries us far back in the history of London. Maitland narrates that William Lamb, a citizen and clothworker, and a gentleman of the chapel to Henry VIII., conducted several springs of water to a head at the upper end of Red Lion Street, which was called Lamb's Conduit. In a leaden pipe, 2,000 yards long, the water was conveyed to Snow Hill, where another conduit was constructed, to the great advantage of the neighbourhood. This latter conduit was finished in 1577, at a cost of about £1,500.

The following jottings are taken from last year's Foundling Hospital accounts:—

The income of the hospital arises from freehold property in Middlesex and in the City of London let to various tenants, amounting in all to £6,620 6s. 4d.; from dividends on stocks and terminable annuities, £4,290 10s. 6d. The benefactions amount to about £500 per annum, the Queen being an annual subscriber of fifty guineas. Last year we notice also the names for £50 or guineas of Lord Chelmsford, Mr. Sergeant Gascoke, Mr. Robert Allen Cook, M.A., Messrs. Charles Evans, James Evans, W. H. Haycock, Esq., J. G. Elsey, Dr. Spinks, and Mrs. Pym.

The chapel receipts amount to £1,721 9s. 10d. in the gross, being from pew rents, £758 14s. 4d.; from collections, including six contributions ranging from £5 to £25, £981 5s. 6d., with an interment fee of £81 10s. The outgoings on chapel account are for clergy, organist, singers, and attendants, £1,005 3s. 6d., a very moderate amount; and for sundry expenses, £170 15s. 4d. The net profit from the chapel was last year £545 11s. Total income in 1864, £11,688 17s. 10d., exclusive of a legacy of £50.

The expenditure for dietary items amounted last year to £3,030 9s. 11d., the principal items being meat, £1,061; bread, £563 3s. 8d.; milk, £631 13s. 11d.; grocery, £259 6s.; butter and cheese, £245 3s. 1d. The other items are beer and vegetables. The clothing and house linen, including wages of needlewomen, amounted last year to £1,161 10s. 1d. The salaries of apothecaries and nurses, masters and mistresses, medicine, books, secretary, steward, matron, servants, &c., at the Kent inspection cost £1,200, and at the Surrey inspection £1,135.

The infants received are nursed at these inspections until they are five years of age, when they are taken into the hospital. Payments amounting together to £185 19s. 4d. were also made last year to three invalid adult foundlings and a blind boy. For fees on apprenticing boys last year £90 were paid; for outfits and other expenses on account of appren-

tices, £176 9s. 4d.; for gratuities to apprentices, £201 11s. The total outgoings amounted last year to £12,111 5s. 3d.

A benevolent fund is connected with the hospital, which has an annual income of a little over £300. This is chiefly expended upon annuities and in temporary relief to necessitous foundlings. Last year's disbursements include £4 10s. for a surgical instrument for an adult foundling with curvature of the spine.

There is also a fund arising from £700 bequeathed by George Whalley, Esq., formerly treasurer to the hospital, the proceeds of which are devoted to the relief of such poor objects brought up by the governors of the hospital as might apply to the treasurer for relief which the committee might not give them. Out of this fund sixty payments were made last year to foundlings, the sums ranging from 1s. to 25s.

MAUD.

CHAPTER XXI.

A deed without a name!

And with necessity.

The tyrant's plea, excused his cruel deeds.

Macbeth.

Malton.

ANOTHER awful battle-field, red with slaughter and black with ruin.

Men reeling to and fro amid the *mêlée*, staggering blindly through flights of murderous arrows, and trampling on broken pikes.

Others, beaten to the earth, struggling for a gasp of air, or moaning piteously for water.

Volumes of smoke surging up through forest-trees, that seemed crowded together in affright; battalions charging over the dead, breaking, uniting, and dashing across the field like waves dashed by a tempest; horses sending up groans of horrible suffering; all order lost—panic—defeat—victory!

One of those terrible scenes that haunt the imaginations of men through all history, was enacted on that lovely summer's day on the banks of the Severn. Here Margaret of Anjou had struck her last blow, and Edward Plantagenet was again victorious.

As the sun went down, shooting its sultry red through and through the rolling smoke of the dying carnage, this woman, whose valour at least deserved a better fate, sat upon her white war-steed proudly as a monarch fills his throne.

The shock of defeat had driven every gleam of colour from her face; but the pride in her heart burned hot and fierce as ever.

The horse was wounded, a stream of blood ran down the snow of his flank, and red foam curdled around his mouth.

Headless of this, heedless of the very dead who had fallen in her cause, she urged the noble steed on so rashly that he had distanced the followers who had rallied around her, and still sought out the thick of the fight—for there she knew that Edward her son would be.

The horse stumbled on with great leaps and pauses of quivering anguish.

Before him was a clump of trees, bending and moaning under a rush of arrows, and turned into black billows by the smoke of culverines planted under its boughs in cruel ambush.

Here something like a regular battle-charge was going on, with all the clamour and rush of sustained action.

Above all came a terrible sound to that poor mother—the battle-cry of Gloucester.

Margaret carried a javelin in her hand. With a thrill of such courage as only a daring, desperate woman can know, she poised the weapon, and drawing her bridle tight, cried out:

"One struggle more, White Archie! Bear me to his side, and then let us both die!"

As she spoke, a group of her own followers, wounded and spent, gathered around her, and feeling other war-steeds near, White Archie put forth his last strength.

"On! on! Death for our queen!"

This was the battle-cry that broke from those desperate men; and John Halstead, side by side with his sovereign, led the last forlorn charge of that terrible day. Into the clump of oaks, into the very jaws of death they charged—men and horses, forgetting wounds and pain, in a wild thirst for death. The smoke from the hidden culverines rolled over them, and the trees shook tumultuously as they charged through them; the tumult deepened, and a hoarse shout came thundering through the smoke.

A moment of profound stillness, during which the sun went down amid waves of foaming crimson, like a broken heart bleeding to death, and out from beneath the trees, from whose leaves spent arrows were still slowly dropping, Margaret re-appeared,

with her son, young Edward, by her side, both alive and prisoners.

With a cold smile upon his young lip, and courteously, as if he had been conducting her to some festival, Duke Richard rode by her side, curbing in his black charger, that his pace might keep time with the halting steps of White Archie, and with one hand laid tightly on her bridle-rein, as a lover might guide the steps of a mistress.

Margaret neither resented nor shrunk from this mocking courtesy. Indeed, she did not heed it; her whole being was centered on the noble youth who walked close by her side, between two stalwart soldiers, each firmly grasping an arm.

The noble boy strove to smile when the dead whiteness of his mother's face was turned upon him, for he was brave as a lion, and held a single defeat of less moment than a more tried soldier might have done. Margaret saw the smile, and knowing well how terrible was the calamity that had fallen upon them, turned her great, shiny eyes away with a moan, which only reached the quick ear of Duke Richard.

The sound was music to him, for he was thinking of the battle of Wakefield, where the woman on whose anguish he gleated mocked the sacred remains of his own father with a paper diadem—an act which better men could not have easily forgiven.

"Yonder stands the king, turn this way!" cried the duke, "our pace is too slow."

The men who held young Edward of Lancaster quickened their steps, dragging him irreverently forward.

Richard saw this and checked his horse again. Just then one of the wandering steeds that was careering to and fro on the battle-field came toward them, the empty stirrups on his saddle clanging, his bridle flying loose, and his long, black main streaming on the wind like a banner.

"Catch yon steed!" said the duke, addressing the nearest soldier. "Mount our prisoner in the empty saddle, and let us on. See you not they are pitching the king's tent across the field yonder?"

A rush was made for the horse, which had paused for an instant in his career, and stood with his burning eyes fixed on the group around Margaret.

When he saw two horsemen coming toward him, the animal made a sudden bound, and flung his heels in the air; but a hand had caught the loose bridle, and after one fierce struggle, he was led willingly enough to the young prince, who turned his fine eyes on Richard, and bent his head low in gentle acknowledgment of what seemed to him an act of kindness.

A strange light came into the eyes which the young duke turned upon his prisoner.

The erect form, martial air, and wonderful beauty of the young man flled his soul with a new and a most barbarous thought. ("It is: well, we cut his career short, and kept him from the people," he soliloquised. "That is a face and form to win hearts; but we have him safe—we have him safe!")

The hand, which was not needed to quiet his horse closed with ruthless violence in its mailed gauntlet as these thoughts took possession of the duke, and during the next ten minutes, he was lost in thought, that sent cold smiles like lightning across his face.

Of the three princely persons who rode at the head of that broken squadron, Edward of Lancaster was, undoubtedly, the least anxious. High-minded and honourable himself, he had no dread of treachery in his captors; and with the elastic hopefulness of youth, felt unlimited faith in the ultimate success of a cause which he believed to be just.

"They shall not find it an easy matter to cage me up in the Tower of London, or any other fortress," he thought. "God overrules all; and I am no longer a boy, to stand aside while others fight for my inheritance. It is dark enough with us now, but life is full of power, and disaster only makes me strong. The people love me; I know the people love me, for they fought like lions. Poor fellows! Poor fellows! See how thickly they lie!"

The young prince drew a sad, deep breath as he saw the white, set faces of his late followers turned upward, almost under the hoofs of his horse; and a look of solemn mournfulness came over his face, which thoughts of his own evil fortune had failed to impress there.

Margaret did not speak. The heart within her bosom was like rock.

All the pride of her haughty nature had rolled back upon itself.

She had no fear, no hope; but for the gloom in her eyes, that seemed looking thousands of miles away to find only blank darkness, she might have been a statue, sitting pale and cold on that wounded horse.

When they were about half across the battle-field, a man broke loose from the cavalcade, and rode to-

ward a tent pitched on an eminence, which lay in the direction of Tewkesbury.

A great oak-tree sheltered the tent, which rustled and shook in a purple glow from the sunset, while a soft, violet haze clouded the royal banner, and half-blotted out the silver sun which blazed in its folds.

In sight of the battle-field, yet lifted above its horrors, Edward had ordered his tent to be pitched. But the evening was sultry, and he only remained under its shelter long enough to take off the heaviest pieces of his armour, and fling his helmet aside.

Then, with the soft night wind lifting the golden masses of hair lightly from his forehead, he threw himself down at the foot of the oak, and called for a flagon of wine.

"It has been a glorious day," he said, drawing a deep breath as the flagon left his lips. "Some of the bravest warriors England ever saw lie stark down yonder; but those who fall for their king die nobly. Has any one heard sight of young Lancaster and his tigress mother? The gloss of our victory will be wiped off if they escape."

"Sir, here comes a horseman up the hill full speed, as if he brought good tidings."

Edward started up from the grass, and took a rapid survey of the battle-field.

All was still there.

Some stragglers moved to and fro among the dead, and a few horses were still cantering through the gathering mist with gloomy indistinctness.

"Metinks I see Gloucester's banner moving this way," said an officer who stood near the king.

"Ay, by the rood, it is our brother Dickon! and close by him rides a woman. It is that she-wolf of Anjou. But they come slowly—her horse stumbles. Well, what care we how the woman comes, so that we have her safe. Look thou, Hastings, and make sure; it is long since I have looked on her insolent face."

"Sir, here comes the messenger; he will solve the question."

The horseman rode up, making directly for the king. "Well, sirrah, what is the news?" demanded Edward, stepping forward in his anxiety to hear that Margaret was in his power.

"Sir, the Duke of Gloucester bade me say that he was close at hand, with the woman of Anjou and her son both taken prisoners by his people."

"What, the tigress and her cub! The whole family at one swoop! Here are more golden angels than thou ever sawest before in payment of this good news. Now get thyself out of the way; I would not lose the first sight of that woman for half my kingdom."

The man wheeled his horse and rode down the hill, peeping at the gold clenched in his hand with gloating curiosity, as if he feared that the coin would fly away if he but loosened a finger.

Nearer and nearer came that mournfully assorted cavalcade.

The courtiers around Edward watched it with interest; while he stood foremost among them all, with a glow of such triumph in his blue eyes as no one had ever seen there before.

"Poor dame! how her horse stumbles under her! Proud as she is, it will go hard if we do not unsettle her thoroughly now. I marvel she was ever taken alive—for she has the courage of twenty warriors. So that is young Lancaster. Nay, by St. George! I did not think him so much grown! Why he is taller than Richard by half a foot, and sits his horse like a Plantagenet. Hastings! Hastings! Look at him as he rides up the brow of the hill! That is a youth to fear, if once known to the people! Mark him well! Mark him well!"

There was no need of this command. The group of victorious officers resting from their toil of battle under the huge oak, were in themselves sufficiently curious regarding the two illustrious prisoners advancing slowly towards them.

Blinded as they were with partisan hate, and embittered by recent strife, there was not a man in the group who did not feel the entire force of Edward's observation.

Young Edward of Lancaster was, indeed, a formidable rival to Edward Plantagenet, both in a fine heroic character, and in that beauty of person which, in those times, was even more valuable than courage.

Tall and manly beyond his years, he had the regal air, finely cut features, and rich colouring, which made his mother one of the handsomest women in Europe.

But at this period her features had become sharp and stern with wearing thought and disappointment; while his, animated, bright, and warm with vigorous hope, were toned down and softened by the sweet gentleness which had given the father the character of a saint.

When the young man smiled, you saw all that was honest and saintly in Henry's nature, beaming through his mother's glorious beauty.

When he was sad or thoughtful, the bright, poetic genius of King Rous lighted his features into something bright and grand.

He was, in fact, of a right kingly nature, which does not always presuppose the wearing of a crown.

Edward was so struck by the appearance of his rival that he, all at once, bethought himself of the state which became a conqueror.

Speaking to his brother Clarence, Hastings, and those nearest his person, he retreated into the tent, and seating himself at the head of a small table, waited gravely for the coming visitors.

Several of his favourite nobles stood near the table, and the drapery was drawn back in massive silken folds from the front of the tent, letting in the purple sunset, and revealing a sight within at once sumptuous and imposing.

Those who looked closely at Edward, saw that all the pure florid colour left his face the moment he heard the confused tread of hoofs on the turf, and into his blue eyes, usually so radiant with animal life, came the sharp gleam of steel, cold and sinister.

When the thoughts were born which gave this expression no one ever knew; but surely an evil impulse was there, clouding his handsome face into something demoniac.

Hastings saw this, and wondered. Clarence remarked it also, but was incapable of fathoming any deep feeling, so he only knew that the king was angry, and would receive the prisoners harshly.

There was a stir near the tent, the jingle of spurs, the clash of stirrups, as men dismounted from their saddles.

Edward sat still, expectant and stern, but apparently self-possessed.

A dagger lay before him on the table, one that he had drawn from his own belt in disarming after the battle.

His hand fell naturally to the weapon, and he began playing with it as if unconsciously. The scabbard was of gold, fretted thickly with uncut jewels, rubies, and emeralds, lighted up with a bright flash of diamonds.

Edward had seen the stones a thousand times; but now he examined them with close attention, and drew the keen-pointed blade in and out, leaving it in the end glittering, like the tongue of some huge serpent, on the table, with the sheath lying near.

Perhaps he had no motive in this; but with thousands of human beings dead or dying down yonder, where the mists were beginning to creep and curl like a huge winding-sheet, the value of one human life more or less did not seem great to him, as it might at another time.

So Edward sat, apparently thoughtful, toying with this instrument of death, when Richard of Gloucester came into the tent, side by side with Margaret of Anjou.

Behind these two persons came Edward, towering above them, and walking firmly, like a man born to dominion, and conscious of his august birthright.

"Madam," said Edward, forcing something of his usual urbanity into the words, for Margaret's presence awoke him somewhat, spite of the bitter hate which he felt for her, "why have you again brought war and bloodshed into our kingdom?"

Margaret turned her dark eyes full upon her enemy, but made him no answer.

"Woman, has the weight of this last treason struck you dumb, that you have no answer?" said Edward, sharply.

"When Edward Plantagenet leaves the throne he has usurped, and at his queen's feet sues for pardon, she will answer him, but not till then," was the proud reply.

"Hast do you dare to brave us here, and now?" cried Edward, casting a fierce glance at the weapon near his hand. "Would that Henry had ventured so much!"

"Henry being a king, born to the throne, mates himself only with kings," was Margaret's fearless reply.

Edward's face flushed scarlet, and his blue eyes took that steel-like gleam which is far more terrible than the fire of a black orb.

His rage was too fierce for speech—so he turned from her in scornful silence.

"Nay," said Duke Richard, in a soft, bland voice, that seemed out of place in the midst of such strife, "the king but asked a reasonable question, lady."

Then young Edward of Lancaster came forward and stood by his august mother.

"It is to me, King Henry's son, and the heir of England, to whom these questions should be propounded," he said, with a low, clear voice, which neither shook with passion nor faltered from fear. "The troops, now unhappily defeated, followed the banner which I unfurled."

"Ha!" cried Edward, fiercely drawing in his breath, and almost hissing it forth again, "what brought you to England?"

"I came," replied Edward, in a voice so full and

clear that it was heard distinctly outside the tent, "to wrest back my father's crown and mine, our inheritance."

Edward Plantagenet turned white as heated iron, wrath filled his eyes, and flicks of foam flew from his lips.

He sprang up with the force of a tiger, and dashed his iron gauntlet against the mouth which had so boldly defied him.

That instant a slender, white hand darted across the table and seized upon the poignard; it flashed upward sharp and quick, like a gleam of lightning, and descended into the very heart of young Lancaster.

"Thus perish all who dare our vengeance!" said Richard, casting the blood-stained weapon to the ground, and speaking in a low, almost sweet voice—for with this man rage intensified itself into a stillness that was more horrible than violence.

For one moment a deathly silence filled the tent. Then a cry rang out so sharp with anguish, that soldiers, who had cast themselves down to sleep on the battle-field, started up in wild fright, and listened, wondering what the sound could be; while the royal pavilion seemed crowded with ghosts, for every face there turned whiter than whiteness.

Margaret of Anjou had thrown herself to the earth by her son, and gathering his head up to her lap, was madly striving to check the blood which gushed from his bosom with her hands.

"Help me! Oh! help me!" she pleaded, lifting her ashen face to King Edward, who, shocked and repentant, stooped over his dead rival. "It was I who brought him here! Help! or he will bleed to death!"

"Poor lady! Unhappy mother!" exclaimed Edward, attempting to lift her from the ground. But she resisted him.

"Give me wine! Give me water! See how blue his lips are! Who was it struck him—you, or you?"

The great, black eyes wandered from face to face till they rested on that of Duke Richard.

He was pale, like the rest, but a strange smile quivered across his lips—and this was all the answer he gave to that wretched, anguished mother.

At last, some noble, more merciful than the rest, quietly withdrew the dead prince away from those clinging arms; then a faintness crept over Margaret, and she sank to the earth deathlike as the son she mourned.

Edward looked down upon her, and a shade of sadness came to his face, softening the look of horror which had made it so pale a moment before. At last he turned to Richard, who had seated himself by the table, and was shading his young face with one hand, white and delicate as a woman's but with a stain of red upon it. "Richard, was this well done?" he demanded, more sternly than he had ever addressed the youth before.

"We are not alone, sire," was the almost quiet answer. "Our friends will do well to withdraw."

One by one, and in dead silence, the officers and nobles who had filled the tent went out.

Though they had come hot and fierce from the battle-field, this scene struck them all with horror; and stillness, like that of the grave, fell upon the royal brothers—both murderers, in fact, though one was free from the direct crime.

"Richard," said the king, at last, "we shall have to answer for this night's work to the world."

"Be it so!" was the firm reply. "This night has made Edward Plantagenet, King of England, free of all factions, independent as he has never yet been. Feel my pulse, sire, and then say if this hand slurs our enemy in blind wrath or from a settled purpose. It neither beats slower nor faster. Actions that spring from the brain leave the circulation to its natural currents. It was not I who killed young Edward, but the woman there, who, in her blind ambition, forced him into this deadly peril."

"True! oh, my God! it is true!" moaned the wretched mother, bending her great, wild eyes on the dead with such woo in her voice and look, that a pang shot through Richard's heart.

"Let us go forth," said the king, turning his troubled face away from the woman, "I cannot speak here."

Richard arose and went out of the tent, leaving Margaret alone with her dead.

How long the unhappy woman sat with that cold, beautiful head on her lap she never knew; a stony despair had seized upon her; she could not have looked up or shed a tear had a battalion of war-horses trampled over her.

Some pitying soldiers had let down the silken curtains of the tent, and thus her awful state was shut in and wreathed by a glow of light that streamed through the rich silken folds from a flambeau outside, and bathed her in a flood of rosy fire. But even this was insufficient to arouse her; there she sat, prone upon the earth, helpless, white, stupefied. The crimson

border of her tunic was stained with red, and soiled with the dust of a lost battle.

The pale lips were partly unclosed, but there was no appearance of breath passing through—it seemed as if some upon them like a white frost. Her hands, which had been clasped in wild anguish, were fallen apart, and lay like fragments of marble among the soiled masses of her robe. Thus the woman sat, hour after hour, all alone, locked up in an awful trance.

(To be continued.)

AERIAL COLOURS—THE CLOUDS.

Those who have beheld from the tops of high mountains the clouds rolling along the lower regions of the air will always retain a lively recollection of the grandeur of such a scene. We well remember our sensations of wonder and delight when crossing the loftiest Alleghanies of our own land.

But we enjoy, at this summer moment, on our own sea-girt island, these aerial landscapes; and what can be more delightful than to watch these changing colours at the sun rising or setting in all his glory and majesty? or, when the moon, ascending with full-orbed splendour, tinges the edges of the clouds with gold and saffron, depicting, as it were, plains, mountains, and rivers along the circle of the horizon?

Beautiful as these appearances are in our hemisphere, Humboldt says:—"In California the sky is constantly serene, of a deep blue, and without a cloud. Should any appear for a moment, at the setting of the sun, they display the finest shades of violet, purple, and green."

In the Island of Madeira, the same great philosopher was never weary of admiring the serenity and transparency of the sky at night, when he beheld innumerable falling stars, shooting almost every moment. These beautiful phenomena became more frequent after he had passed the Ovaranes; and still more so in that part of the Pacific which bathes the volcanic shores at Guatemala. Some of these meteors left tails, containing luminous from twelve to fifteen seconds.

In Japan, clouds are seen to assume the shape of irregular fortifications, giving great variety and richness to the ethereal regions. Their shapes and movements often depend on the aerial currents or upon electricity, as they frequently discharge opposite electricities. Their colours are produced by their power to divide the rays of light and by reflection to render them visible. This is the cause of the yellow, orange, red, and purple, in the clouds. Green clouds are seldom seen.

Blueness is the natural colour of the sky; still the clouds reflect every colour in nature, but not in every climate. Sometimes they wear a modest blush, then streaks of lake-like red, resembling jasper; now they appear in large brilliant volumes of vivid red, with white spots, like spotted marble, and again with the red bordering on orange, like cornelian, and at other times they reflect the rich, glowing radiance of the carbuncle.

Newton believed the blueness of the sky was owing to vapours of sufficient consistence to reflect the violet rays, but not the others. On the contrary, some attribute it to the immense depth of the heavens, which, devoid of light, become black, but when illumined by the sun are blue, as all black bodies appear blue when observed through a white medium. This opinion seems to be the most philosophical; for, were Newton's theory correct, stars could never be seen during the day, whereas they are frequently observed, even at noon, from the bottom of deep wells and mines.

In the tropics, the clouds roll themselves into enormous masses as white as snow, turning their borders into the shape of hills piled upon one another, frequently exhibiting the appearance of mountains, caverns, and rocks. Amidst endless aerial ridges, here may be seen a multitude of valleys, whose openings can be distinguished by the shades of purple and vermilion. Then, again, there are torrents of light issuing from the dark sides of the mountains and pouring their streams, like liquid gold and silver, over rocks of coral. These exhibitions are not more to be admired for their beauty than their endless combinations, as they vary every instant; what a moment before was luminous becomes coloured, and what was coloured mingles into shade.

Towards the North Pole the skies are serene and the stars exceedingly brilliant, and, with the snow illumined by the moon, the whole landscape seems, as it were, studded with gems. The stars become fiery red, and the sun rises and sets amidst a light inclining to a yellow glow. Upon the summit of Mont Blanc, the everlasting snow reflecting dazzling brilliancy, the moon rises with all her mild splendour in the midst of a sky black as ebony.

In the tropical climates the stars seem whiter than in the Northern. Humboldt once saw distinctly Jupiter with the naked eye eighteen minutes after the

sun had appeared in the heavens, so clear was the atmosphere of Cumana. On Mont Blanc, the same planet may be seen often several hours after the sun has risen.

Among the loftiest Alps the skies become an intense azure—a circumstance we may attribute to the clear colour of the air, not being dimmed by vapours, which cause the rays of light to separate and disperse. Among the loftiest Himalaya mountains the moon, in a total eclipse, was much more transparent and clear than in the regions below, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere.

In our own latitudes we often behold the beautiful phenomenon of circles round the moon, but in Italy, Spain, and the south of France, these strikingly appear. There the twinkling of the stars is generally accompanied by sudden changes of colour, and between the equator and the sixteenth degree of latitude small halos are often noticed round the planet Venus. In these the orange, the violet, and the purple are particularly apparent, and the most frequent in the finest weather.

The appearance of the Magellanic clouds, which encircle the desert, starless pole of the south, with the brightly beaming constellation Argo, of the Milky Way, between Scorpio, the Centaur, and the Southern Cross," Humboldt says, "left upon my mind an ineffable impression."

STATISTICS.

INCOME-TAX RETURNS.

Highly curious are the statistics of income as exhibited in returns for the years 1858 and 1864 under Schedule D. In 1858 the amount of income charged with tax was 80,214,119*l.* and the number of persons charged 267,014, giving in round numbers an average income of 300*l.* In 1864 the amount of income charged with tax had advanced to 95,844,222*l.*, the number of persons to 308,416, and the average income to about 310*l.*

The return commences with the amount of incomes under 100*l.* a year, and the number of persons, passes to the amount of incomes of 100*l.* a year and under 150*l.*, and the number of persons; then to the amount of incomes of 150*l.* and under 200*l.*, and the number of persons; and from this point it proceeds by divisions of hundreds up to 1,000*l.* and from that by divisions of thousands to 5,000*l.*, from 5,000*l.* to 10,000*l.*, from 10,000*l.* to 50,000*l.*, and from 50,000*l.* upwards, all with the number of persons in each of these classes of incomes.

Now it might naturally be supposed that with every step in the ascent of income the number of persons would diminish at a pretty uniform rate, and such is the case up to 900*l.* a year, beyond which, in the class from 900*l.* to 1,000*l.*, there is an abrupt fall in the amount of income from 1,488,203*l.* to 786,888*l.*; and from the number of persons, 1,818 in the preceding class to 845. How are we to account for this very small number of incomes from trades and professions between 900*l.* and 1,000*l.* a year?

And when this 1,000*l.* a year is passed, the number of persons rises as abruptly as it had before fallen, from 845 to 5,539, and the aggregate incomes from 786,888*l.* to 7,146,607*l.* May we suppose this one of the accidental fluctuations of earned incomes? No, for on referring to the corresponding account for 1864, we find a precisely corresponding decline, followed by a corresponding rise. The number of persons in 1864 with incomes between 900*l.* and 1,000*l.* was 944, the number in the preceding class, with incomes from 800*l.* to 900*l.*, having been 2,231, and the amounts of income respectively 876,701*l.* and 1,846,666*l.* And again, in 1864 as in 1858, the abrupt fall in this class between 900*l.* and 1,000*l.* is followed by as abrupt a rise, the number of persons in the next class between 1,000*l.* and 2,000*l.*, springing up to 6,862, and the aggregate income advancing to 8,734,108*l.* So that we are to believe that so many more incomes are made between 1,000*l.* and 2,000*l.*, than between 900*l.* and 1,000*l.*, which would seem a sort of sticking point. After the 2,000*l.* the hill becomes steep, and the climbers diminish down to incomes of 4,000*l.* where we find the number in 1858, 472, the aggregate incomes 2,042,034*l.*; in 1864 the number 557, the aggregate incomes 2,413,857*l.* But after this again comes a rise, the number of persons having incomes between 3,000*l.* and 10,000*l.* having been 862 in 1858 and 1,140 in 1864, and the respective aggregate incomes 5,754,881*l.* and 7,565,070*l.* So that in the latter year the numbers with incomes between 5,000*l.* and 10,000*l.*, a year nearly doubled the number with incomes between 4,000*l.* and 5,000*l.* And, again, the number making incomes between 5,000*l.* and 10,000*l.* a year, exceeds the number with incomes between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.* a year, and this both in the years 1858 and 1864. In 1858 there were 495 with incomes between 10,000*l.* and 50,000*l.*; but in 1864 the number had advanced to

781, the aggregate incomes respectively 9,277,003*l.* and 14,065,019*l.*

The number having incomes above 50,000*l.* were, in 1858, 51, but in 1864 had advanced to 91; the aggregate incomes respectively 5,036,428*l.* and 8,744,762*l.* The average of incomes was thus little under 100,000*l.* a year.

It is to be observed that progress from 1858 to 1864 seems the law, and that, though fluctuations from year to year may not correspond with arithmetical exactness between the two periods, yet where there was a rise in 1858 there will be found a rise in 1864; where a fall, also a fall. The account for the one year appears thus to vouch for the other, hard as it may be to understand how it can be easier to earn incomes above 2,000*l.* a year than between 900*l.* and 1,000*l.*; and also as easy to earn between 5,000*l.* and 10,000*l.* as between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.* But such may be the mysteries of money-making.

GARIBOLDI lately caused two of his horses to be sold in Genoa on the public market-place. King Victor Emmanuel having learned what was going to occur, gave orders to purchase the two animals, which brought 3,000*l.*, and then offered them as a present to the general. The latter, however, positively refused to receive them.

In the time of Henry VIII. the royal navy consisted of one ship of 1,500 tons, two of 800 tons, three of 600 tons, and six or seven smaller. At his death, the navy was extended to fifty ships, making 12,000 tons, manned by 8,000 men. Elizabeth's fleet in 1598 consisted of one hundred and seventy-six ships, with 15,000 men. At the death of George II. there were four hundred and twelve ships, measuring together 321,000 tons.

A few months since we noticed the circumstance of pigs being fed on coal. It now appears as if humanity was destined to thrive upon the same kind of food. Dr. Dyes, chief physician to the Regiment of Hussars of the Royal Guard of Hanover, having observed that soot given to pigs made them grow fat, conceived the idea that its therapeutic effects on man might be equally advantageous. He therefore administered some to such of his patient as complained of abdominal affections, and is said to have obtained excellent and speedy results from this treatment. The sort of coal he prescribes is the Pilsberge anthracite, which is found in large quantities near Osnabruck.

LABOUR IN THE VICTORIA GOLD FIELDS.—Since the commencement of the present year, the number of miners has gradually increased. In 1862, an average number of 97,942 miners were employed, producing an aggregate of 1,702,460 ounces of gold, equal to an average of £1 9*s.* 6*d.* weekly for each miner. In 1863, the miners numbered 92,292, producing 1,578,079 ounces, making the average weekly earnings £1 6*s.* 3*d.* each. In 1864, there were 83,394 miners, and the produce 1,557,397 ounces, equal to £1 8*s.* 9*d.* as the average earnings of each miner weekly. From January to the end of June, 1865, the number of miners was 85,022, who produced 656,436 ounces, making an average of £1 7*s.* 4*d.* each per week. In the first six months of last year, the numbers were 83,175 miners, resulting in 769,461 ounces of gold, or an average of £1 8*s.* 1*d.* per week for each miner.

A RAILWAY TRAIN PASSING THROUGH A BURNING FOREST.—While the fire in the woods at Cedar Swamp was at its height, an extra train of sixteen cars, bringing the Fourteenth Maine Regiment on their way home to Augusta, came over the Eastern Railroad. On either side of the track the flames rose forty feet high, the noise drowning the sound of the train. It was a fearful sight to behold. The oil on the wheels took fire, and along the train were seen revolving wheels of fire, while the 700 officers and men of the gallant Fourteenth were nearly smothered in the dense smoke. Fortunately, the train, drawn by the "Cape Ann," went through the terrible ordeal without accident, and as the cars emerged beyond the burning district the smoke rushed from the car windows into the air, giving an appearance of a train on fire.

COURTSHIP IN TURKEY.—When parents in Turkey wish to find a wife for their son, some old woman is employed to make inquiries, and having discovered a lady with a fitting portion and beauty (very fat, with a round, flat, puffy face), the mother of the intended bridegroom pays a morning call. The fair young "Khasum" hands the coffee to the visitor, in doing which, as she has to walk the whole length of the room, it can be judged whether she is lame or has any evident personal defect. If the matter proceeds, she has generally an opportunity given her of seeing the youth through the keyhole or the crack of a door, or even from her carriage on the public promenade; but the unfortunate man has no resource but to submit to the judgment of others, which is decidedly a

risk in matters of taste. And we conclude, among ourselves, that the natural objection to "buying blindfolded" is, perhaps, one reason why so many men, even of the highest rank, marry their slaves and place them at the head of their establishments.

SCIENCE.

SUPPOSE the sun to be a solid globe of coal, its combustion would only cover 4,600 years of expenditure.

In the mountains of the Cordilleras were about one hundred times higher than they are, the seas would, by their attraction, be elevated into liquid mountains on both sides of the coast of America, and the ports of France and Japan be left dry.

A vessel which has just arrived at Liverpool is said to afford a remarkable instance of the value of steel as a material for shipbuilding. This vessel rode out the cyclone at Calcutta last year. She was run into twenty times, and her plates twisted in every direction, but not one was cracked.

At the last meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Mr. Dyer, referring to the breaking of the Atlantic Cable, expressed his surprise that no apparatus had been provided to seize and secure the end of the cable when the rupture took place, as contrivances for a similar purpose were in use in almost every cotton-mill.

SUPPOSE the motion of the earth on its orbit were stopped, an amount of heat would be developed sufficient to raise the temperature of a globe of lead of the same size as the earth 384,000 degrees of the Centigrade thermometer; or, in other words, the heat thus raised would be equal to that derived from the combustion of fourteen globes of coal each equal to the earth in size.

STEAM JETS.—It may be interesting to know that the application of the steam jet can be traced back to the time of the ancient Romans. Ewbank, in his work on "Hydraulics," gives some interesting particulars on the subject, and shows that blowing fires by a jet of steam, either into the fire or up the chimney (like the modern (?) steam jet), is of very ancient application.

M. WELT, a civil engineer, has just published a curious and speedy method for coating a given metal with another. Iron, whether wrought or cast, steel, &c., are simply put into a bath containing a salt or oxide of the metal with which they are to be coated, the solution being aided by potash or soda, with the addition of either tartaric acid, glycerine, albumen, or some other convenient organic matter. A piece of zinc or lead is then thrown into the solution, upon which the deposit is instantly formed on the iron, and adheres firmly to it without any further preparation. —*Galignani.*

A CLOCKMAKER at Horsforth has designed and made a miniature steam-engine and boiler, which he placed in the Wakefield Exhibition. It is described as the "smallest steam-engine in the world." It stands scarcely 2 in. in height, and is covered with a glass shade. The fly-wheel is made of gold, with steel arms, and makes 7,000 revolutions per minute. The whole engine and boiler is fastened together with thirty-eight screws and bolts, the whole weighing 14 grains, or under 1 oz. The manufacturer says of it that the evaporation of six drops of water will drive the engine eight minutes.

ARSENIC.—Of all metalloids, arsenic is most easily isolated by electricity, for it is almost as good a conductor as a metal. By means of an apparatus (known as simple in electro-chemistry), all the metalloids they contain may be very rapidly extracted from arseniferous substances. Place a solution of arsenical matter in a platinum vessel, plunge a zinc wire into the liquid, and the arsenic will appear on the platinum; by prolonging the action, the whole of the arsenic is extracted from its compound. This method may be varied in different ways, and renders valuable service in medico-legal researches; it is much superior in sensibility to the process actually in use.

PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1867.—The Imperial Commission has confirmed by public notification the report concerning the plan to be adopted with respect to the motive power to be employed at the Exhibition. Instead of concentrating the generators and motive engines on one spot, as in the case of former exhibitions, the Imperial Commission deems it preferable to distribute them in several distinct buildings around the palace, in order to give increased facilities, and at the same time more security against accidents or interruption in the service. It has decided also that the power shall be supplied, not by the Commission, but by private engineers and contractors, who will be invited, on certain conditions, to set up one or more groups of generators, with all the necessary means of

transmitting power to the machinery to be driven. The contractors for this service will, as far as possible, be taken from the body of French and foreign exhibitors, and the boilers and driving machinery will form an integral portion of the Exhibition. The duty undertaken by each exhibitor of motive machinery is to be explicitly noted in the catalogue. The power may be obtained by steam or any other means offering sufficient guarantee. Of course the exact details of the work to be undertaken cannot be given until the arrangements are more advanced; but those who desire to tender for the supply of motive power may consult a statement of the general conditions laid down by the Commission for such service, and now lying for reference at the offices of the Commission at the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées.

NEW FUEL.

A NEWSPAPER of Tepic, Mexico, speaks in high terms of the late discovery that has been made to apply to purposes of fuel the stone of the guacoyol, the fruit of a species of palm that grows on the Pacific side of Mexico. From experiments made on board of English war steamers, it has been discovered that, used as fuel, the stone of the guacoyol is equal to the best coal, both for the length of time it burns and the intensity of heat produced.

It has likewise the advantage over coal, that there is no disagreeable smell from the exhalation of gas, nor does it dirty the holds, nor the persons who have to take it out; its shape is also in its favour for employing directly, and it is not subject to spontaneous combustion or damage by leakage of the ship.

The guacoyol, as already stated, is the fruit of the palm with which nature has covered the Mexican coast of San Blas and the valley of Bandera. The quantity of this fruit, which can be collected annually is incalculable. Thousands of tons, says the Tepic newspaper, can be gathered at a very slight expense, and easily supply all the steamers of the Pacific Coast—the difference of price between it and coal at San Francisco being about one-half. The objection is that the supply can only be temporary, as the daily consumption of one vessel would take the produce of thousands of trees to supply it.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.—Potatoes belong to the solanum genus, and a vegetable base of deleterious quality, called solanine, may therefore be extracted from them. This base is especially developed in the potato when it is shooting. Dr. Haaf has ascertained that solanine not only exists in a considerable proportion in the shoots, but in the tubercle itself, and at two extreme periods of its existence, viz., when scarcely formed and when very old, the skin containing more of it than the pulp. Hence people that chiefly live upon potatoes should beware of new ones, which are generally so highly prized as delicacies; at all events, they ought at least to be carefully peeled, and rather boiled than fried, because water carries off a good deal of the solanine.

ANOTHER NEW GUNPOWDER.—Near Potsdam, in Prussia, gunpowder is being manufactured from wood, on something like the gun-cotton principle. It is now some years since we first heard of the conversion of sawdust into an explosive by means of acids on the gun-cotton principle; but Captain Schultze, of Potsdam, appears to have carried out the invention into a practical manufacture. By machinery he cross-cuts beech and other timber into very thin veneers, which are easily crumbled into a coarse-grained powder or sawdust, which is then exposed to the action of acids, probably in much the same way that cotton is to form gun-cotton. The grains are thus reduced in size, and rendered explosive when dried, without yielding either smoke or smell in the combustion, but giving a brilliant light suitable for pyrotechnic displays.

DISCOVERY OF A PIECE OF FOSSIL IVORY IN A CAVERN IN PERIGORD BEARING A REPRESENTATION OF A MAMMOTH.—On 21st August last M. Milne-Edwards communicated a letter from M. Lartet to the Academy of Sciences of France, on the discovery (May, 1864), in the ossiferous deposit of La Madeleine, of fragments of a plate of ivory, upon the surface of which rude lines of the figure of some animal had been cut. The late Dr. Falconer (who was present with MM. Lartet and Christy when the drawing was found) at once recognized the head to be that of an elephant, and from a number of lines on the neck, that it was intended to represent an elephant with a long mane—in fact, the "mammoth." As a figure of this interesting relic has not yet been published, it would be unwise to pronounce finally upon its authenticity; but we have the favourable opinion of MM. Lartet, Milne-Edwards, Quatrefages, Desnoyers, and of our own distinguished countrymen, the late Dr. Hugh Falconer, and Mr. A. W. Franks, President of the Society of Antiquaries, who have seen and examined it. The importance of this positive evidence of the contemporaneity of man with the mammoth in the

south of France cannot, we think, be too highly estimated. Numerous carvings on bone and horn, accurately representing the reindeer, musk-ox, horse, and other animals, found in these same caverns of Dordogne, afford ample proof of the artistic skill of these ancient people, and of their ability to represent the wild animals with which they were familiar in the chase. It is extremely improbable that they would have drawn an elephant from imagination: how much more improbable that they should, without knowing the mammoth, have depicted not only his general form, but represented him as a hairy beast with a thick mane—as described by M. Adams in 1799, from the specimen found imbedded in ice at the mouth of the Lena in Siberia, some of the long hair of which may be seen in the British Museum.

MANUFACTURE OF ARSENIC ACID.—Girardin suspends powdered arsenious acid in water, and passes chlorine into the mixture, by which he soon obtains a clear solution of arsenic acid in hydrochloric acid. By evaporating this solution, a mass of arsenic acid containing no trace of arsenious is procured. As it is difficult to keep any considerable amount of arsenious acid in suspension in water, the author finds it better to make a saturated solution of that acid in hydrochloric, and pass the chlorine into such solution while hot. The stream of chlorine is stopped when a little of the fluid neutralised with potash no longer gives a green precipitate with bichromate of potash, thus showing that all the arsenious acid has been converted. The hydrochloric acid may then be recovered by distillation, and the syrupy solution of arsenic acid left in the retort evaporated.

TEST FOR OTTO OF ROSES.—Hagar mixes five drops of the otto to be tested with twenty drops of pure concentrated sulphuric acid. Whether the oil be adulterated or not, a thick yellowish brown or reddish brown mixture results. When this mixture is cold, it is shaken up with three drachms of absolute alcohol. If now the otto is pure, a tolerably clear yellowish brown solution results, which, after heating to boiling, remains clear. But if the otto is adulterated with geranium, palm rose, or pelargonium oil, the solution remains very cloudy, and in some cases a darker fluid separates, in which a deposit forms. On heating this solution, the sediment melts together, and from the size of the mass the author infers the degree of adulteration. If, for example, the mass has one-fourth the volume of a drop, he concludes that the otto was mixed with at least one-third of foreign oil. If the otto is adulterated with spermaceti, this substance separates and floats on the surface of the solution, or remains suspended in the liquid as a scaly crystalline mass. The above test is founded on the circumstance that pure otto of roses forms, with strong sulphuric acid, a resinous substance, which is completely soluble in absolute alcohol; while the substance formed with other oils is only partially soluble. Guibourt has observed that the odour of pure otto is not affected by mixture with strong sulphuric acid, but if other oils are present a disagreeable odour is developed.

PERSONS BITTEN BY DOGS.—A few weeks ago a Parliamentary return was issued of all persons bitten by dogs and conveyed to hospitals between the 1st of January and the 28th of June last. The numbers are as follows:—Charing-cross, 56; German Hospital, 9; Guy's, 40; London, 70; Middlesex, 32; Royal Free, 13; St. Bartholomew's, 61; St. George's, 28; St. Thomas', 27; Westminster, 24; and St. James's Hospital, 1. One death from hydrophobia took place at Guy's. At St. Thomas' a man died from hydrophobia caused by his dog licking his face.

NEW OCEAN STEAM ROUTES.—The United States and Brazil Steamship Company has obtained another subsidy of £22,000 per annum from the Brazilian Government for ten years. The company is to open a new route. The ports of departure and call are to be St. Thomas, West Indies, which will give a long-needed connection by means of the royal mail and French steamers, with all the west mails, and the north coast of South America, Para, whence Brazilian and Peruvian steamers run 2,500 miles up the Amazon, Pernambuco, Bahia, and Rio de Janeiro. The Para connection is deemed of the utmost importance by the Brazilians.

A TOURIST just returned from Sebastopol states that the town is being put into decent order, but that the graves in the English cemeteries are treated with the most shameful neglect. The lower class of the Russians are in the constant habit of opening them to search for articles of value, and the authorities do nothing to prevent this desecration. An officer—a captain in the army—has been appointed by the French Government to reside on the spot and look after the graves of his countrymen, in consequence of which they are respected by the people of the place.

England, with that parsimony which has of late been so frequently the subject of comment, has no custodian there, and the sergeant of Engineers in charge of the cemetery of Bosphorus is precluded by his orders from quitting his post even to pay a visit on this errand to the Crimea. The consequence is that, for the sake of saving a few pounds a year, the graves of the men who died in the execution of their duty are perpetually desecrated.

FACETIE.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him sage.

Brunos has a great faculty for getting things cheap. The other day he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for next to nothing. He kicked a dog.

"You would be very pretty indeed," said a gentleman, patronisingly, to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger." "My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you don't fill them."

HIGHLY SATISFACTORY DISCOVERY.—Wine-drinkers will, we are sure, think the discovery alluded to in the following advertisement is "highly satisfactory."—"Partner wanted.—A practical distiller, having been experimenting for the last seven years, can now produce a fair port and sherry by fermentation, without a drop of the grape juice."

THE BACHELOR OF NORMANDY.

A bachelor of Normandy had one day a little mouldy bread for his dinner. To make it go down more easily, he went to the tavern, and asked for a derner's worth of wine.

The landlord, who was a rough, ill-natured man, after having filled the measure at the cask, handed it to the gentleman with so much rudeness that he split half of it. To cover his rudeness he said:

"You will become rich, Mr. Bachelor, for spilt wine is a sign of good fortune."

To fall into a passion with this brute would have been foolish; the Norman had more tact.

He had yet a small coin in his purse; he gave it to the landlord for a piece of cheese to eat with his bread.

The landlord took it up with an ill grace, and went to the cellar for the cheese.

The bachelor then went to the wine, and taking out the stopper, let it run.

When the landlord returned and saw it running upon the floor, he hurried to the cask and stopped it, then sprang at the gentleman, whom he seized by the collar, to beat him.

The latter, being very strong and vigorous, threw the landlord upon the floor, and would have killed him if the neighbours had not come to separate them.

The matter was carried before the king. The landlord made his complaint, and demanded damages.

The king, before condemning the bachelor, wished to know what he had to answer.

He related his adventure with the most exact truth, then finished by adding:

"Sir, this man told me that spilt wine brings good fortune, and that I should become rich, when he had made me lose half a measure of it. Gratitude enlarged my generosity, and to enrich him still more than myself, I split for him half a caskful."

All present applauded, and gathered around the Norman. The king himself laughed even to tears, and sent away the parties, saying:

"What is spilt, is spent."

LORD PALMERSTON AND "HONEST JOHN."—Old John Day was an immense favourite with his lordship, as he was with numbers of other noblemen; in short, he was a privileged character, who could say anything to anybody. Wanting to see his lordship about an appointment for a son, he went down to the House of Commons, found his way into the corridor, and was proceeding to pass the door, when he was stopped by a policeman, who asked what he wanted. He replied, "I want to see Lord Palmerston; I am John Day." The policeman, doubtless taking John, with his white neckcloth and eternal umbrella, for an elderly curate in search of a Crown living, refused him admittance, saying that his lordship could not be disturbed. This terribly put out John, who had a very dignified manner, and he was the more annoyed because a crowd of people gathered round him. However, the present Lord Stafford (than Lord Enfield) coming up, took compassion on him, passed him through an inner door, to the great astonishment of the policeman, and returning shortly after, said that Lord Palmerston would come in a few minutes. He did so, to John's great delight; and, after shaking hands most kindly, asked what he had come to see him for. "Why, my lord, I have got a son I have brought up as a doctor, and he wants an appointment to a poor-law union in

Mertfordshire; I have had him tried very high, and he has won his trial easy, so I am sure you will give it to him." "Certainly, John," said the kind-hearted Premier, who then entered into a discussion on the Derby, which promised to be of such duration that John thought it time to hint that he was afraid he was detaining his lordship, who he knew had plenty to do. Again shaking him by the hand, Lord Palmerston bade his trainer good-by, and was turning away, when John amused him beyond measure by calling out, "Mind, my lord, you write to the right man this time; the last time, you remember, you wrote to the wrong one."

POPPING THE QUESTION.

"But why don't you get married?" said a bouncing girl, with a laughing eye, to a smooth-faced, innocent-looking youth, who blushed up to his eyes at the question.

"Well, I—," said the youth, stopping short with a gasp, and fixing his eyes upon vacancy, with a puzzled and foolish expression.

"Well, go on—you what?" said the fair cross-questioner, almost imperceptibly reclining nearer to the young man. "Now, just tell me right straight out—you what?"

"Why, I— Oh, pshaw! I don't know!"

"You do—I say, you do know. Come, now, I want to know."

"Oh, I can't tell you."

"I say, you can. Why, you know I'll never mention it! and you may tell, of course, you know; for haven't I always been your friend?"

"Well, you have, I know," replied the beleaguered youth.

"And I'm sure I always thought you liked me," continued the maiden, in tender and mellow accents. "Oh, I do, upon my word; yes, indeed I do, Maria," said the unsophisticated youth, very warmly; and he found that Maria had unconsciously placed her hand in his open palm.

There was a silence.

"And then—well, John?" said Maria, dropping her eyes to the ground.

"Eh! oh! well!" said John, dropping his eyes and Maria's hand at the same moment.

"I'm sure you love somebody, John; it's a fact," said Maria, assuming again a tone of railery; "I know you're in love; and, John, why don't you tell me all about it at once?"

"Well, I—"

"Well, I! Oh, you silly mortal, what is there to be afraid of?"

"Oh, it ain't because I'm afraid of anything at all, and I'll—well, now, Maria, I will tell you."

"Well, now, John?"

"I—"

"Eh?"

"I—"

"Yes."

"I am in love! Now don't tell; you won't, will you?" said John, violently seizing Maria by the hand and looking in her face with a most imploring expression.

"Why, of course you know, John, I'll never breathe a word of it; you know I won't, don't you, John?"

"Well, Maria," said John, "I've told you now, and you shall know all about it. I have always thought a great deal of you, and—"

"Yes, John."

"I am sure you would do anything for me that you could—"

"Yes, John, you know I would."

"Well, I thought so, and you don't know how long I've wanted to talk to you about it."

"I declare, John, I—you might have told me long ago, if you wanted; for I'm sure I never was angry with you in my life."

"No, you wasn't; and I have often felt a great mind to, but—"

"It's not too late now, you know, John."

"Well, Maria, do you think I'm too young to get married?"

"Indeed, I do not, John; and I know it would be a good thing for you, too; for everybody says the sooner young people are married the better, when they are prudent, and inclined to love one another."

"That's just what I think; and now, Maria, I do want to get married, and if you'll just—"

"Indeed I will, John; for you know I was always partial to you, and I've said so often behind your back."

"Well I declare! I've all along thought you might object; and that's the reason I've been always afraid to ask you."

"Object! no, I'd die first; you may ask of me just what you please."

"And you'll grant it?"

"I will."

"Then, Maria, I want you to pop the question for me to Mary Sullivan, for—"

"What?"

"Eh?"

"Do you love Mary Sullivan?"

"Oh, indeed I do, with all my heart!"

"I always thought you were a fool."

"Eh?"

"I say you're a fool; and you'd better go home, your mother wants you! Oh, you—you—stupid!" exclaimed the mortified Maria, in a shrill treble, as she gave poor John a slap on the cheek that sent him reeling.

It was noon-day, and yet John declares he saw myriads of stars flashing around him, more than he ever saw before in the night.

A CLEVERMAN, thinking to puzzle a Quaker, asked him, "Where was your religion before George Fox lived?" "Where things was," said the Quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time. Now," added the Quaker, "pray let me ask thee a question—Where was Jacob going when he was turned ten years of age? Canst thou tell that?" "No, nor you either," said the Quaker. "Yes, I can," replied the Quaker; "he was going into his eleventh year."

THE CITIZENS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

Two citizens went on a pilgrimage. On the road, they joined a countryman who was bent on the same mission, with whom they agreed to share the fortunes of travel; they even had their bread in common. But half-a-day's journey from the house of their saint, their provisions had nearly failed; there remained only a little flour, scarcely enough for a small loaf.

The citizens most dishonestly planned to divide it between themselves, giving none to their comrade, whose rustic manner had led them to believe he could easily be duped.

"We ought each to have a part," said one of the citizens, "but that which cannot satisfy the hunger of three persons, may satisfy that of one. But that there may be no injustice, I propose that we should all lie down to sleep and dream; and that the bread be given to him who has the finest dream."

His comrade, as was to be expected, greatly applauded this idea. Even the countryman approved it, and seemed to fall into the snare.

The bread was made, and put to bake in the ashes, and they all lay down. But our citizens were so tired that they soon fell asleep. The countryman, more shrewd than they, watched his opportunity, rose, ate the bread, and lay down again.

One of the citizens having awaked, called to his two companions:

"Friends," he said, "listen to my dream: I was carried by angels to purgatory. A long time they held me suspended over the abyss of eternal flame. There, I saw all manner of torment."

"And I," said the other, "I dreamed that the door of heaven was opened to me; the archangels, Michael and Gabriel having borne me through the air, conducted me before the throne of God; I beheld his glory."

And then the dreamer told the wonders of paradise, as the other had told the wonders of purgatory.

The countryman, during this time, although he heard everything, pretended to be asleep.

They went to him, and awakened him.

Affecting a kind of a shock, like that of a man who has been suddenly waked from a sound sleep, he cried out, in a frightened tone:

"Who is there?"

"Ah, these are your travelling companions. Do you not know us? Come; get up; and tell us your dream."

"My dream! Oh, it was a strange one, and will make you laugh heartily. Wait! When I saw you carried away, the one to heaven, the other to purgatory, I thought that I had lost you, that you would never return. Then I arose, and, on my faith, I ate the bread."

PROVINCIAL anthropologists and ethnologists have been studying some wild men recently carried about as a show. The show, however, seems to have turned out a failure, and one of the "wild men," not being able to get his wages, applied to a magistrate, to whom he stated, in very good English, that he had been hired out of the "Asiatic Home" in London to personate a wild man.

A curious match has been made at Aldershot Camp by some sporting officers of a gallant corps of infantry quartered there. It is that two officers are to ride one horse the distance of a mile against an officer mounted on a thorough-bred nag. A few striplings who join the army weigh less than 7st 7lb, the heavy weight will be rather more than 15st, for the double rug or saddle, or whatever they ride on, must add a little to the living weight, while the light weight may not exceed with a racing saddle 8st. It will be a curious sight to witness, and will remind one of the old caricature of the two jolly "blue jackets" riding on

Portadown race-course, the foremost tar guiding the helm or bridle, and the after one clinging on by his knees, as if in the act of "shinning" up the mainmast, and rousing the animal along at a tremendous pace.

A PALETTE-ABLE JOKE.—One of our lady subscribers was being chaperoned through the studio of our next-door neighbour, and on seeing specimens of still life in embryo on his easel, inquired of her friend, "Who is the artist who paints these pictures?" "Mr. Brookes," was the reply. "Ah, yes, of course; I ought to have known that when the birds and fishes are so plentiful, brooks must be in the vicinity."

WHY is Chang the laziest man in the world?—Because, on account of his height, he lies the longest in bed.—*Punch.*

VERY DRY.—There is melancholy news from Berlin. The Spree is almost dried up, and that's no joke for the Prussians.—*Punch.*

A PASTORAL.—How should a shepherd arrange his flock?—In Folds.—*Punch.*

A COMMERCIAL CONVERSATION.

As Brown the other day was reading an "Investment circular," which the post had brought him, among other curiosities of commercial nomenclature, his eye fell on the following: "The Patent Atmospheric Marine Salvage Company Limited."

"Patent Atmospheric Salvage! Why, what on earth is meant by that?" said he, in sheer bewilderment.

"Oh, don't you see?" responded Jones, "it's some patent dodge for bottling the sea breezes down at Brighton, and so saving them for fellows to take home to their families, who are thereby spared the bother of having to leave home."

"Or, more likely," remarked Robinson, "it's a company for catching the wind wasted in a storm, and saving up the surplus atmosphere for the use of ships becalmed, and that's why it is called the Atmospheric Salvage Company."

"Oh, thank you," replied Brown. "So I suppose then this new company is meant to raise the wind when wanted. Well, with money at eight per cent, that will certainly be found a serviceable patent."—*Punch.*

VULCAN AND MINERVA.—Ato the railway blacksmiths to hammer away at Alma Mater? Is Vulcan to invade the sacred precincts of Minerva? Surely not, if there be any respect left for letters and for learning. It has taken some six centuries to make Oxford what it is, and shall we let a railway in six months or so half ruin it? Build an engine-smithy there, and in less than a year's time you hardly will know Oxford. The fair face of Alma Mater will be so thickly veiled in smoke, that her best friends will barely recognize her. And oh, the shame of spoiling the beauty of her colleges by building hideous factories and foundries in their midst! A walk in Oxford now is a thing to be remembered with infinite delight. Business reigns supreme in well nigh every town in England, but at Oxford business bustle at present is unknown. If Vulcan once sets foot there, Minerva will be deafened by the clanging of his forge. Only let a railway factory be erected in the place, and who knows but a cotton one may soon after be built there? No, no, gentlemen of the Great Western. Let Oxford be a place of manufacture, if you will, but let it only manufacture graduates and scholars, first-class men and double-firsts.—*Punch.*

CLOCKS AND WATCHES.—There has been a great falling off in the number of clocks imported this year. Thus the total imported to August 31st was only 149,916, as compared with 212,315 in 1864, and 196,087 in 1863 (corresponding periods). The number of watches received from abroad in the first eight months of this year was 96,401, against 87,282 in 1864, and 190,888 in 1863 (corresponding periods). The number of clocks imported will be seen, however, notwithstanding the reduction observable this year, to be still very large, and considering that the home clock manufacture is not inactive, it is difficult to imagine what becomes of all the results of the foreign horological efforts which we press into our service.

EXHIBITION OF FISHING APPLIANCES.—The Prefect of the Pas de Calais has established an international exhibition of fish and fishing appliances at Boulogne-sur-Mer, under the patronage of the Marquis de Chasseloup-Laubat, Minister of Marine. The object of the prefect is to give the fishermen in his department an opportunity of learning the manner in which fish are caught in other countries, both in salt and fresh water. It may be interesting to state that the Society of Arts, nearly one hundred years since, opened an exhibition of a similar character at its house in London, for the purpose of instructing English fishermen in the methods employed by the

Dutch in the turbot fishery, which was at that time wholly in their hands. And further, the Society offered the sum of £500, to be awarded as prizes of £5 and £3 for each hundred of fish of given size, caught and brought to shore by English vessels. In order further to facilitate the learning of the art, each vessel was allowed to have one foreigner on board.

REMINISCENCE.

A cottage white, near a winding stream,
Quite hidden by trees from the sunlight's gleam;
A field near by, on a sloping hill,
Where the violet grew and the daffodil;
A little girl and boy at play,
Whiling the summer hours away.

One had darksome auburn hair,
Both were young, and both were fair;
One a girl, of summers seven,
One a boy, not quite eleven;
There upon the grassy lawn
They'd play till twilight's hour from dawn.

Months passed by, and soon came years,
Fraught to many hearts with tears;
The girl to maidenhood had grown,
The boy claimed man's estate his own;
Both had lived to learn their life
With cares as well as joys was rife.

A cottage white, near a winding stream,
Yet not the same as in youth's bright dream,
Is the home where dwells a man and wife,
With not a cloud to dim their life;
While by their side, with a curly head,
A baby lies in a trundle bed.

A. T.

GEMS.

Those who boast of plain speaking generally like it only in themselves.

We always like those who admire us, but we do not always like those whom we admire.

It is only when we get a little that we begin to envy a great deal.

IDLENESS.—Idleness necessarily shortens life, because it makes us weaker. Idleness is a rust which wears faster than labour. "The more a key is used the cleaner it becomes," says poor Jacob. If you love life, do not waste time, for it is the stuff of which life is made. How much do we lose by sleeping longer than we need, without remembering that the sleeping fox catches no chickens. If time is the most precious of all things, then the wasting of it is the greatest waste of all.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

ARMENIAN OR DIAMOND CEMENT.

This article, so much esteemed for uniting pieces of broken glass, for repairing precious stones, and for cementing them to watch cases and other ornaments, is made by soaking isinglass in water until it becomes quite soft, and then mixing it with spirit in which a little gum mastic and ammoniacum have been dissolved.

The jewellers of Turkey, who are mostly Armenians, have a singular method of ornamenting watch cases, &c., with diamonds and other precious stones, by simply gluing or cementing them on.

The stone is set in silver or gold, and the lower part of the metal made flat, or to correspond with the part to which it is to be fixed; it is then warmed gently, and has the glue applied, which is so very strong that the parts so cemented never separate; this glue, which will strongly unite bits of glass, and even polished steel, and may be applied to a variety of useful purposes, is thus made in Turkey:—Dissolve five or six bits of gum mastic, each the size of a large pea, in as much spirit of wine as will suffice to render it liquid; and in another vessel, dissolve as much isinglass, previously a little softened in water, (though none of the water must be used) in French brandy or good rum, as will make a two-ounce vial of very strong glue, adding two small bits of gum albanum, or ammoniacum, which must be rubbed or ground till they are dissolved. Then mix the whole with a sufficient heat. Keep the glue in a vial closely stopped, and when it is to be used, set the vial in boiling water.

Some persons have sold a composition under the name of Armenian cement in England; but this composition is badly made; it is much too thin, and the quantity of mastic is much too small.

The following are good proportions:—Isinglass, soaked in water and dissolved in spirit, two ounces (thick); dissolve in this ten grains of very pale gum

ammoniac (in tears) by rubbing them together; then add six large tears of gum mastic, dissolved in the least possible quantity of rectified spirits.

Isinglass, dissolved in proof spirit, as above, three ounces; bottoms of mastic varnish (thick but clear) one and a half ounces; mix well.

When carefully made, this cement resists moisture, and dries colourless. As usually met with, it is not only of very bad quality, but sold at exorbitant prices.

LORD PONSOMBY'S PRESCRIPTION FOR THE CHOLERA. All you have to do is to place the patient in bed and not to overload him with clothes or plague him with any external applications, but leave him to the medicine, which is one-sixth part of camphor, dissolved in six parts of strong spirits of wine, or two drachms of camphor to an ounce-and-a-half of spirits of wine. Of this, immediately on being attacked, the patient is to take two drops on a little pounded sugar in a teaspoonful of cold or iced water, in five minutes after, two more drops; and so continue till the symptoms begin to yield. If the vomiting should be violent, so as to render it difficult for the stomach to retain the camphor, a small piece of ice about the size of a nutmeg must be given before and after the camphor; proceed till there is a sense of returning warmth, with a disposition towards perspiration, and a manifest decrease of sickness and cramps. This will never fail if given at once, and will always do good at any period of the disease; but the least mixture of other medicine neutralizes the effects of the camphor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The earth receives one out of 2,300 million parts of light and heat given off by the sun.

TEA was first introduced into Europe about 1660, and was sold for sixty shillings per pound.

It requires upwards of 14,000 millions of silkworms to produce the silk annually used in the United Kingdom.

Snow has fallen thickly on the Lower Alps, and in sunny Italy evident signs of winter have shown themselves before the chilly North has thought of winter.

We believe that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keau will leave New York on the 16th of April, and make their *reentrée* at the Princess's Theatre on the 16th of May.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL has just conferred an annual allowance of 450*l.* on the son of Giuglini, the tenor, to facilitate his admission into a naval school.

HER MAJESTY has sanctioned the publication of the correspondence of King George III. with Lord North, between the years 1769 and 1782. The letters are in the Royal Library at Windsor.

By a strange coincidence, while Lord Palmerston was dying, Mr. Gladstone was making a speech near Workshop in memory of another colleague, the Duke of Newcastle, who had died that day twelvemonth.

GENERAL TOM THUMB has been assessed over £10,000 a year for income. There is no doubt he is making a greater income than a Prime Minister, though, of course, his work and worth are exceptional.

A DEAL mackerel boat, while fishing in the North Sea, caught in the mackerel net a fine specimen of the bottle-nose shark, a native of the Southern Seas. The monster is about eight feet in length, and weighs five cwt.

ANOTHER ascent of Mont Blanc, being the 35th this year, has been accomplished by a young English lady named Brevost. The number of ascents now amounts to 233, and of them 178 have taken place since the annexation of Savoy to France, that is, within the last five years.

MR. W. C. BURDET, the well-known meteorologist, has recently died at his residence at Clifton, at the comparatively early age of forty-three. The deceased gentleman was the discoverer of the small but beautiful comet of March and April, 1864, and also of the large comet of June and July, 1861.

ROYAL PRESENT OF PLAYTHINGS FOR SICK CHILDREN.—The little patients under treatment in the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street have again been the objects of Her Majesty's kind and thoughtful regard. The hearts of these suffering little ones were a few days since gladdened by another present of toys from the Queen. A large packing-case full of articles selected by Her Majesty as suitable for distribution among the children arrived from Coburg. These toys are given to the patients, who highly prize them, and carry them away when they leave the hospital. Numberless small mementoes of royal consideration thus find their way into some of the holes and corners of the poor in London and the country, as this hospital receives patients from all parts of the land.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THANKFUL.—See reply to "M. S. D."

J. D.—The request will be attended to, when possible.

J. A.—The lines entitled "A Mountaineer's Death" we must take leave respectfully to decline.

F. A. R.—A man 5 ft. 6 in. high, on the sea shore, or on level ground, can see about three miles distant.

LAVINIA.—The colour of the hair is very dark brown, a colour which is frequently but erroneously called black.

INNOCENCE.—The colour of the hair is—1. Light brown; 2. Medium brown. (The handwriting requires practice.)

MARGARET.—See reply to "Anxiety" in present number as regards a cure for warts.

ALPHA.—The handwriting is exceedingly good; it could not possibly be better.

O. H. P.—We shall not fail to bear your request in mind, and comply with it when enabled to do so.

FRED. LLOYD.—No doubt amongst our readers there are many musical amateurs, who would be willing to meet your views.

MARIA R.—We regret that we cannot avail ourselves of the lines entitled "Twilight Musings," which are declined with thanks.

JOHN M.—We regret that we cannot give you any further assistance, having already imparted all the information which we possessed on the subject.

M. S. D.—We cannot put you in possession of the address of the medical practitioner in question, which is unknown to us.

PETER QUER.—Any respectable music publisher or bookseller will procure for you a book of songs in the French language, if you specify title, &c.

O. H. J.—Gas-pipes of half an inch in diameter supply a light equal to twenty candles; one inch, 100; two inches, 400; and three inches, 1,000.

PENFLEXED ONE.—If not within the prohibited degrees of affinity, there is not the least impropriety in a lady of twenty and a gentleman of nineteen being "engaged."

DAIST would like to correspond with a respectable tradesman, who is in want of a wife willing to help him in business and thoroughly competent to render home happy.

RED ROSE, who is just twenty-five years of age, and very prepossessing, would willingly correspond and exchange verses with a gentleman rather older than herself.

VIOLET is just twenty years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, with dark eyes and fair hair, and would like to enter into a matrimonial correspondence; a preliminary exchange of verses with the gentleman being desirable.

JOHN W., a widower thirty years of age, tall and fair, is considered handsome, and has no children, will be happy to correspond with a domesticated lady with a view to matrimony.

JOHN N.—Yes, Government accords its assistance readily to such intending emigrants as you. Apply to the Government Emigration Commissioners, 8, Park Street, Westminster.

N. B. would be happy to correspond matrimonially with a young gentleman who would make a loving husband. Is 5 ft. 2 in. in height, with dark hair and light grey eyes, and very domesticated.

D. I. wishes to correspond matrimonially with a young lady. Is twenty-eight years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, fair, full beard and moustache, and has £400 a year. Hopes "M. F." (No. 126) may respond.

X. Y.—Cannon balls moving 1,000, 1,200, 1,500, and 1,600 feet per second penetrated elm 20, 15, 30, and 16 inches respectively; the balls were from 2 to 5½ inches in diameter.

R. H., twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, dark complexion, considered good-looking, and has an income of £300 per annum, from a substantial manufacturing business, wishes to correspond with a lady about nineteen or twenty years of age.

READERITAS.—Military schoolmasters are men who, having enlisted in the army, have been promoted to that position for their superior educational attainments. They are non-commissioned officers on the staff, and are appointed by the respective colonels of regiments. There is no set form of examination, and only elementary knowledge is necessary. (The handwriting is tolerably good.)

P. G. A. is anxious to marry quickly. Is forty years of age, of medium height, is passably good looking, with dark eyes and auburn hair; considered amiable, clever, and affectionate; has read extensively and travelled much; has an income of £400 a year from trade, and a very comfort-

able home, handsomely furnished. He would not object to a young widow of some means, prepossessing in appearance, or any lady from twenty-five to thirty years of age, of religious principles, dark, kind-hearted, domestic, and possessed of a small fortune. (Would like to hear from "Cottager Annie.")

J. W.—The bitter substance of strychnine is so intense that its taste can be detected in 500,000 times its weight of water.

AMELIA, who is eighteen years of age, tall, fair and with hazel eyes, light brown hair, is domesticated, and a good housekeeper, wishes to correspond and exchange verses with a gentleman from nineteen to twenty-one years of age, tall and good looking.

MATILDA, seventeen years of age, about the middle height, inclined to embonpoint, has brown hair and dark grey eyes, is good tempered, and will have a small fortune, would be willing to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with a gentleman.

LIZZIE, who is seventeen years of age, tall, with dark brown hair, bright blue eyes, fair complexion, and is extremely domesticated, wishes to correspond with a gentleman from twenty to twenty-five years of age, tall, dark, and rather good-looking. (A respectable tradesman preferred.)

ECYVA M. G., who is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, with dark brown curling hair, large sparkling eyes, is considered very handsome, and is of a good family, wishes to correspond matrimonially with a gentleman from twenty-three to twenty-seven years of age.

JULIUS CARRAR, who is thirty-four years of age, 5 ft. 7½ in. in height, gentlemanly in appearance, good looking, well educated, a thorough musician, has travelled much, and possesses an income of £60 a year and a business, would be happy to enter the estate of matrimony with a tall lady.

G. S.—A player at whist may hold 635 thousand millions of various hands; so that continually varying, at fifty deals per evening for 24 evenings, or 15,600 hands per annum, it might be above forty millions of years before he would have the same hand again.

MY LOVE.

Down 'mid the silent moonlit grove
Where softly rustle forest-trees,
I wander with the one I love,
And whisper fond words with the breeze.
I watch her form, her lovely face,
As moonbeams light those features fair;
I wonder at her sylvan-like grace,
Her shining locks of braided hair.
I long to pillow on my breast
That brow that gleams like coral white;
She sets my throbbing heart at rest—
She is my all, my soul, my light.
Love that the lips cannot press,
Her eyes doth speak—doth speak to me;
Those orbs, they light my weary soul,
Like moonlight on a lonely sea.
That wondrous flash of heavenly light
That sparkles from those beautiful eyes,
Tells me of future visions bright,
Of love—of love that never dies.
I feel the pressure of her hand,
I hear sweet music in her breath;
I know that sweet—that holy bond,
Will knit our souls in one life death. T. A.

INQUIRER.—The handwriting, with a little more care, and the avoidance of flourishes, would be very fit for a desk in a mercantile office; but we cannot inform you where to apply for an engagement as such. The advertisement in columns of the daily papers may, however, assist you.

D. H.—Holborn Hill has a rise of 1 in 18, Lambgate but 1 in 36; less than 1 in 12 requires the wheels of carriages to be locked.

HIBERNICUS.—We are constantly repeating that all depilatories are more or less injurious. A safe medium, however, for eradicating superfluous hair is a pair of tweezers; some little fortitude, perhaps, and patience being also necessary. (In No. 53, however, we gave a receipt which you will find useful.)

LILY CHAMBERLAIN.—Admissions to the halls of the *dile* are not easily obtainable, even by persons moving in good society, such introductions being closely watched over by lady patronesses, who admit admissions only on well-known vouchers. Your professional adviser might possibly (as you suggest) be able to assist your views.

F. R. T. is desirous of corresponding matrimonially with one of our fair readers, from seventeen to nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, who must be a lady by birth, have brown hair and blue eyes, be very handsome, and affectionate. "F. R. T." is twenty-two years of age, a gentleman by birth, has dark hair and eyes, is good tempered, and possesses an income of £500 a year.

H. H., a Lancashire gentleman, twenty-four years of age, considered handsome, and having an income of £800 a year, is desirous of receiving a matrimonial introduction to a young lady from seventeen to twenty years of age, who must have auburn hair, hazel eyes, be 5 ft. 4 in. in height, fond of home, and very affectionate and pretty. *Cartes de visite* to be exchanged as a preliminary.

J. H.—A pendulum of 39 in. gains a second in every thousand, and one of 39½ loses seven seconds in every ten thousand.

JANE, who is eighteen years of age, of medium height, has dark hair and eyes, fair complexion, is good tempered, and considered very ladylike, wishes to correspond with a gentleman of comfortable means. Would be glad to hear from and exchange verses with either "T. D." or "O. O. R. W." (No. 125).

ANXIETY.—To get rid of warts, pare the hard and dried skin from the tips, and then touch them with the smallest drop of strong acetic acid, taking care that the acid do not run upon the skin, for it would occasion inflammation and pain. Continue this treatment once or twice daily, with regularity, and the warts will doubtless disappear.

CLARA H., who is twenty-one years of age, inquires whether some one of our numerous bachelor readers, who is on matrimonial thoughts intent, and who will think that affection and good sense (without wealth or beauty) are qual-

ifications sufficient to make a good wife, can be induced to correspond with her. One wish Clara alone expresses—that the respondent may be educated; rightly thinking that an educated and an uneducated person can never properly understand each other, beyond commonplaces.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

AGNES will willingly exchange *cartes*, &c., with "E. G." A. B. wishes to correspond and exchange verses with "T. D." Is not yet twenty, is of medium height, fair, and good tempered.

SOPHIA would like to hear further from "W. D. R." Is a widow, thirty-seven years of age, rather stout and dark, has a little money and a business, is domesticated, and of a loving disposition.

ESTHER, a young lady aged nineteen, talented, a good linguist, fair, and of prepossessing appearance, will be most happy to open a correspondence and exchange verses with "F. D." with a view to matrimony.

E. H. R., a respectable, cheerful, domesticated, but very lonely widower, with a small independent income, offers himself to "Cottager Annie."

BERTHA thinks she is all that "Alphonso D. D." can require in a wife. Is domesticated, in manners and appearance a lady, is respectfully connected, and will be glad to exchange verses.

ANABEL would be happy to correspond with "T. B." Is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, has golden brown hair, large deep blue eyes, a graceful figure, good temper, and can sing well.

K. H. thinks that she could make "T. D." happy as his wife. Is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, of fair complexion, and fond of music; would be glad to exchange verses.

T. C. H. will be happy to exchange verses and correspond matrimonially with "Sue M." Is thirty-five years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, fair, with dark brown hair and eyes, is a manufacturer, of good family, a thorough man of business, and so forth.

W. E. D., a private in the Royal Artillery, would like to open a matrimonial correspondence with "M. F." Is twenty-three years of age, with blue eyes, brown hair, and fresh complexion, and feels sure he would make a very loving husband.

W. J. G. would be most happy to correspond with "Lizzie" with a view to matrimony. Is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 11 in. in height, has black hair and whiskers, dark eyes, is steady in habits, and about commencing in a lucrative business.

ALICE W. has no objection to forming a matrimonial engagement after a preliminary correspondence, with "S. E. M." Is twenty-two years of age, fair, with light hair and blue eyes, is rather petite, thoroughly domesticated, and has a small annuity.

E. S. T. would be very pleased to hear from and exchange verses with either "Laura" or "Lizzie." Is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, with dark hair; estimates religious principles, and is very steady.

W. R., who is the son of a very respectable tradesman, and has good expectations, would be most happy to correspond with "Alicia," with a view to matrimony. Is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, with auburn hair and slight moustache, and considered very good looking.

GERAUNDA ROSE would like to hear further from "A. T. M." (If disengaged), with a view to matrimony. Is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 5½ in. in height, has dark brown hair, hazel eyes, clear complexion, an amiable temper, and possesses a yearly income.

LOVING HEART, who is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, good looking, neither fair nor dark, with abundance of facial ornaments, of kind and generous disposition, and belongs to a profession which in a few years will yield a handsome income, will be happy to be accepted by "Louisa."

E. J. J. will be happy to open a correspondence with "M. F." (whose *carte* is desired), with a view to matrimony. Is twenty-eight years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, with jet black hair, whiskers and moustache, and good looking.

R. A. F., who is twenty-six years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, considered tolerably good looking, now in possession of £800 a year, and has to property worth £200 per annum, would be happy to open a correspondence and exchange verses with "M. F." as a preliminary to matrimony.

F. Q. estimates that he feels deeply interested in "Morning Star," with whom he will be glad to enter on matrimonial relations. Is 5 ft. 7 in. in height, of gentlemanly appearance, has a very cheerful disposition, and is considered tolerably good looking; is a professor of music, has an income of £140 per annum, and a business besides; is well educated, and has travelled in most parts of the world.

JOHN ASHLEY and **GORDON A.** respond to "Emmeline" and "Louisa." The former, who is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 9½ in. in height, dark, good looking, and "well-to-do," would be happy to hear from and exchange verses with "Emmeline." **GORDON A.**, who is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, dark, handsome, energetic, and with good prospects, would be happy to hear from and exchange verses with "Louisa."

WALTER and **ALFRED** will be happy to correspond and exchange verses with "Ella" and "Alicia," with a view to matrimony. Both are considered handsome, and each is in receipt of £100 a year. "Walter" is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, of dark complexion, with black eyes, black whiskers and moustache. "Alfred" is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, not dark nor fair, has hazel eyes, slight whiskers, and heavy moustache. Each of these matrimonial candidates possesses good temper.

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